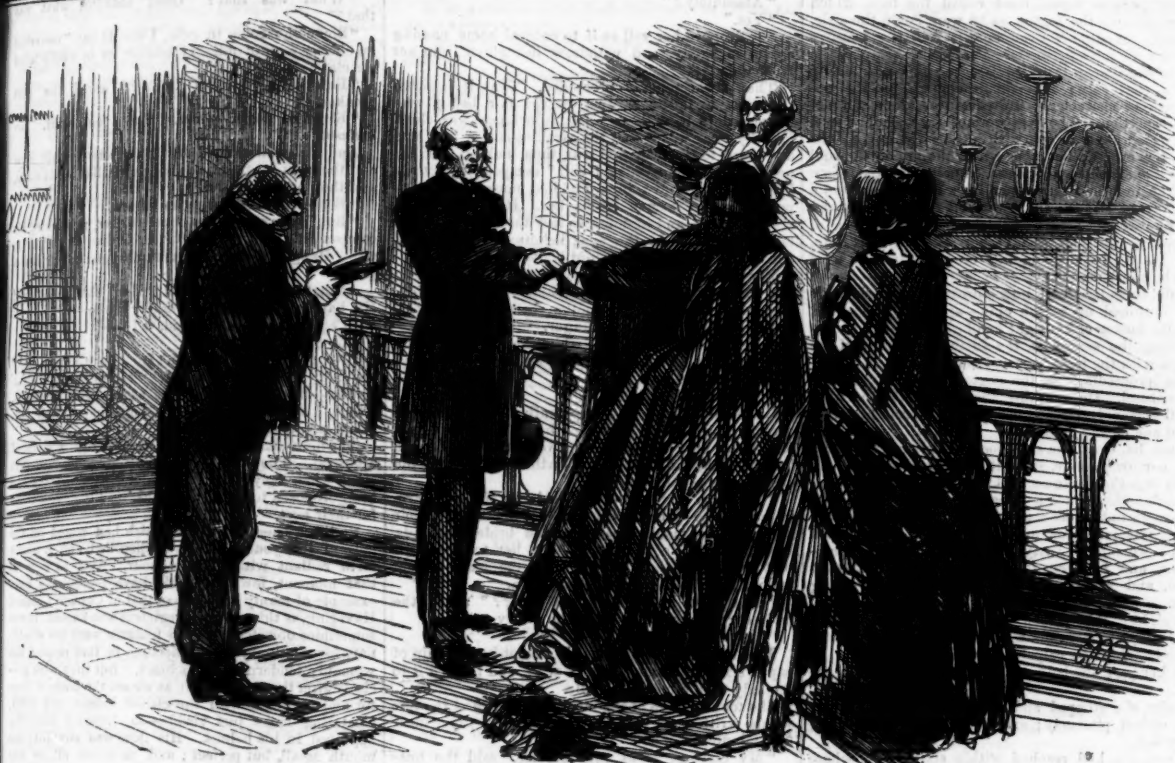


THE LONDON READER

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FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 28, 1865.

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[THE SISTER'S SACRIFICE.]

THE SEVENTH MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

The Warning Voice, "Man and his Idol," "Mrs. Larkhall's Boarding School," &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE WEDDING IN THE FOG.

We come here to be married. *The Hunchback.*
Here is some mystery: the thing portends
More than it is in seeming.

Two Noble Kinsmen.

London had been swallowed up in fog for three
days. Its inhabitants had during that time lived in a
phantom world, in which everything was dim, vau-
ry, shadowy, and indistinct.

The spectre of a dead sun looked with a sickly
glance through a coppery atmosphere, and they knew
was day: the spectre vanished—the atmosphere
grew black and almost palpable to the touch, and they
were conscious that night had come.

But day and night were alike in this, that life seemed
to pass throughout both as in a dream, in which every-
thing was unreal and bewildering.

So far as the eye could tell, the City of the World
might have disappeared, might have been submerged
in one of the cities of the plain, and what was
visible might have been only miasmatic vapours,
draping themselves in mockery of the realities that had
passed away. In the heart of the City, in Regent
Street, in the Strand, and away toward the East End,
people, themselves spectres to one another, walked
through unfamiliar shadows of familiar things, mis-
took their roads, passed their own houses, became
confused and desperate in a sort of fog-madness, and
in utter despair, held up impalpable fore-fingers to
phantom cabmen, perched on cloudy vehicles, that
came and went, swift and noiseless, as in a world of
ghosts. To be "lost in the fog," became the common
experience of every man; to fall a prey to thieves and
ruffians who plied their desperate callings in noon-
day as under the cover of night, or to be knocked down

or ridden over by the spectral traffic of the road, were
occurrences too frequent to call for much remark.

Still, in spite of the fog, and of all the misery and
danger it brought with it, the course of life flowed on.

The mighty heart of the great city throbbed with
the high-pressure beat which has become natural to it.

Men must work, and women must weep,
whatever befall, and so, in spite of the blinding,
choking, bewildering, exasperating fog, the Registrar
General's accounts were made up as usual—births, so
many; deaths, so many; marriages, so many. There
was very little difference in the sum totals under either
heading. Infancy choked with the fog—but thrive;
old age gasped at it, and gave up the struggle; but
the relations of life and death, in respect of numbers,
remained much the same as if the human tide had
been flowing under the sunny skies of June.

Even the number of marriages was up to the mark.
Nobody would, one would think, be married by
choice in the thick of a London fog. It is death to
the romance of the occasion, when the face of the
loveliest of brides looks blue and mottled; when no
colour is becoming, no style of dress attractive, and
when even a coach and six is but an "unsubstantial
pageant," of no more account than a hackney cab.
Yet people are married in fogs; and on the morning
of this third day of the prevalence of that inflic-
tion, in the month of December, there was an un-
usually long rank of carriages, of the unmistakable
wedding type, in front of a gloomy old City church,
which we will call St. Asaph's, and which enjoys a
monopoly in the matter of weddings.

At no time is St. Asaph's a lively edifice. Its ugliness
is its distinguishing feature; and this is in-
creased from the fact that it is crowded up a lane,
and almost shouldered out of sight by the business-
houses which have reared themselves close to its very
windows. It dates from George II.'s time, when archi-
tecture was at its lowest ebb; it has suffered from
generations of churchwardens, and it will be enough
to say that it still retains its heavy galleries (with the
names of churchwardens in gold letters on their fronts),
and that the pews are high and square, as in the days
of our grandmothers.

On this particular morning the aspect of the place
was deplorable.

It seemed to be one of the great strongholds of the
fog, and was so gloomy that even the gas-lights about
the altar were red and dim—mere blurs upon the at-
mosphere. The rest of the church was almost in
total darkness.

Yet no less than six weddings had taken place
there that morning, several of them of a very sumptu-
ous and imposing description, and the officiating
clergyman was growing hoarse with repeating the
beautiful marriage service, and swallowing so much
fog as that entailed; and yet his morning's work was
not done.

As the sixth bride, who was a marvel of rustling
millinery, quitted the vestry, leaning on the arm of
her proud and happy husband, the sexton whispered
in the ear of the minister.

"Special license," was all that was audible.

"Ah, yes, I forgot!" said the other; "but they
are late."

"No, sir. All right."

"Are they in the church?"

"They will be by the time we've cleared out the
rabble, that 'ave been a-stuffin' up the pews all the
mornin', sir."

"They—these persons about to be married—object
to publicity, then?" the clergyman asked.

"Most decided, sir; most decided."

"But why—what is their motive?"

"Ah, there you 'ave me, sir. I don't know no more
than the child unborn. All I do know is, they 'ave
bound me to secrecy, leastways, he 'ave; and now, if
you please, sir, I think—"

"That they are ready?"

Without replying, the sexton led the way into the
church, which looked even more gloomy and depres-
sing in contrast with the vestry, in which a bright
fire was burning. With the last bridal party all the
spectators had apparently departed, and the church
seemed empty—with this exception, that a solitary in-
dividual stood with folded arms and drooping head
immediately in front of the altar rails.

Hearing the sexton's shuffling steps, this stranger

looked up, and a meaning glance passed between them. It was evident that they understood one another.

As he raised his head, his folded arms unloosed and dropped to his side. It might then be seen, so far as the light revealed anything in that dismal sanctuary, that he was over six feet in height, and admirably proportioned—indeed, so well-formed, and dressed in such perfect keeping that he might have passed for forty. In reality he was over sixty years of age.

Most persons would have called the face, which turned towards the sexton as he went down the aisle, decidedly handsome, even now. And the features were for the most part good—the forehead square, the nose of the Roman type, the jaw smoothly rounded up into a cleft chin; but square enough to indicate strength of character. Two features alone did not bear inspection. The eyes were of that peculiar steel grey which never warms with enthusiasm, never melts with tenderness; but over which the fire of the soul plays, like sunshine upon ice. Equally unsatisfactory was the mouth. The upper lip was deep, and had a tendency to stiffen; the lower one was too full, and as if he was conscious that this was an indication of sensuality, the man was perpetually drawing it in, until his really large mouth often contracted to a mere button-hole.

It did so as he stood now—dressed in a dark frock coat, buttoned up to the chin—apparently absorbed over the button of his right hand glove; but in reality watching the sexton at the further extremity of the church with the most intense interest.

The proceedings of the sexton were only simple and natural. On reaching the great doors opening into the lane, leading to the public thoroughfare, he closed and locked them.

Then he went to a side door, which gave on to a long, narrow passage, shut it open, and waited.

The fog, the darkness, and the intervening pillars, in combination, made it impossible to see what next happened; but before many moments had elapsed, the sexton was returning up the side aisle, accompanied by the woman in rusty black who acted as port-opener, and between them walked a lady, thickly veiled, and wearing an elegant but dark walking dress.

At sight of this person the man beside the altar-rails betrayed a nervous trepidation, and his left hand, which held his hat, palpably trembled.

On her part, the lady could with difficulty reach the altar.

Twice she stopped and put her hand to her heart, then sighed piteously; and, as if with a great effort, proceeded.

When she had reached within six yards of where he stood, the stranger stepped hastily forward, and held out his right hand.

Apparently she could not repress a shudder, a sensation of loathing, and instead of meeting him face to face, she turned half-side, and drawing her gloved hand from the grebe muff in which it rested, held it out.

He noticed that the hand was gloved—hesitated—then took it with his own and pressed it.

"You have come?" he whispered.

"Yes."

The answer was so low as to be scarcely audible.

"You have thought better of it?"

"Oh, worse!" she groaned.

"Better—depend on it—better," he returned, in the same low tone.

"You are inexorable?" the lady asked, as if in the last extremity of a forlorn hope.

"Quite."

His upper lip stiffened, his lower lip was contracted into nothing, and the light dying out of the grey eyes left them as pitiless as if they had really been of welded steel.

The lady gave an upward glance, through her veil, at the face as it now looked; and chilled to the bone by its hardness, sternness, and cruelty, gave up all hope, and tottered to the altar-steps.

The officiating clergyman was ready, book in hand.

"Is this the lady?" he asked.

"Yes," was the stranger's short answer; but that was sufficient to reveal that even his voice had a metallic ring in it.

"Any friends present?" the clergyman inquired.

"I will act," the sexton answered, readily.

"And this good lady," said the stranger, pointing to the pew-opener, who dropped a curtsy as he spoke.

"You will please raise your veil," the clergyman said, addressing the trembling woman who knelt before him.

She hesitated—then complied.

The face, only partially revealed, was one of great beauty, and of the purely aristocratic type.

The charm of it consisted in the extreme delicacy of the features, set off by a complexion so pure as to be almost transparent. It might have been excitement

which, at this moment, overspread it with a roseate flush, and this showed to the utmost advantage the eyes of liquid softness, which were raised once, and once only, during the ceremony.

"Your glove," said the minister, as soon as he had recovered his surprise at the singular beauty of the face revealed to him.

"Is that necessary?" the young girl asked, with an imploring accent.

"I'm afraid so," was the answer.

"Absolutely?"

"Yes."

She dropped her veil as if to conceal some passing spasm of agony, and withdrew her glove from her left hand.

Then the ceremony proceeded. That it inflicted the most exquisite torture on the fair being who consented to it with manifest reluctance was clear.

Equally clear was it that the sacrifice on her part was a triumph to the man who was thus making her his own.

When the words "I will" escaped his victim's lips, she sank down in a huddled mass, partly supported by the woman beside her. It was then that she looked up, and in doing so saw the light of exultation glancing in the eyes bending upon her, as a flame might glitter in a sword blade.

For the moment they thought she had swooned; but she asserted her strength and went heavily on.

The only other trace of emotion betrayed was when the ring was placed on her finger.

She held out her little white hand, ring at the finger tip, and the man clutched at it with a claw-like finger and thumb.

At that she cried out.

Had he hurt her? No, apparently not! The mere contact of hands had overcome her. But it was only for a moment. When the ring was on, she recovered her strength, and betrayed no further emotion till the close of the ceremony.

Then man and wife walked side by side—not arm in arm—into the vestry, and there signed their names. The maiden name of the bride was Ada Loman, while he who had bound her to him with that knot which the tongue ties but the teeth cannot undo, signed himself Immo Carmeson.

"You have brought it—the paper?" asked the bride eagerly, as they quitted the vestry.

"Yes. It is here."

The husband took from his pocket-book a slip of paper, six inches long by three wide, and handed it to the lady with a meaning smile.

She took it, gave one shuddering glance at the few words written on it, and then tore the paper itself into minute fragments.

"My carriage is at your service," said the husband.

"Thank you," was the answer; "I return on foot."

He shrugged his shoulders and held out his hand. She did not, or would not, see it, and, dropping her veil, made for the open side door. The husband waited a moment or two near the altar, watching the tall, elegant figure that swept from him, and as he did so the expression of his face was demoniacal.

"No matter, my lady," he muttered; "you are my wife."

Soon after, he also made for the door, and left the church in which this singular ceremony had transpired—alone.

CHAPTER II.

INTERRUPTED FESTIVITIES.

Fair as women in the idea are.

Courtesy.

What noise is this? Not dead! Not yet quite dead? Othello.

The gloomy day had long since given place to a night choking and dismal, and even the busiest thoroughfares were for once almost silent and deserted.

Only those whose business compelled them to be abroad, dared the perils and discomforts of the night with the homeless outcasts, whose wretchedness even such weather could hardly increase.

Now and then a dull red spot in the fog accompanied by a muffled sound of wheels indicated the passing of a vehicle—invisible even from the pavement near which it rolled. And more than once those bleared streaks of light—in reality blazing carriage-lamps, and that rumble of wheels, would be followed by a sound that even the fog could not crush out—a cry of human agony.

Those who heard it, and in whose ears it would ring for many a night, knew that some hapless straggler had been run down and was lying bruised and mangled on the highway. But, knowing this, they were powerless to render help or express sympathy. It was madness to attempt it in the fog.

It was an hour after midnight when such a cry

broke on the momentary silence of a boisterous party assembled in the drawing-room of a mansion in the neighbourhood of Westbourne Park, Raywater. Some dozen persons were present at the revel, which was of a fast and furious character, and as they sat round the table each distinctly heard the cry; but only one remarked on it.

He was a young man who occupied what might be termed the place of honour, and his face paled a shade as he exclaimed:

"What was that? Good heavens, what was that?"

"Some one come to grief, I should say," remarked an elderly man of military bearing, as he coolly filled his claret glass.

"Run over, do you think?" asked the first speaker.

"Knocked down, p'raps. Serve 'em right. No business out."

And the speaker held his glass between his eyes and the light, so that the wine glowed like a carbuncle, and then put it to his lips.

"But—" the young man began.

"But," interrupted the claret drinker, mimicking his companion's tone, "what on earth does it matter to us? Hanged if the man hasn't changed colour like a girl."

At that imputation he did indeed change colour! His handsome face became deadly white.

"Captain Fowler," he said, "I—"

The other stopped him.

"No, no, old fellow. Don't begin to 'Captain' me," he said, "all in good part. You're every inch a soldier—though your heart is as soft as a woman's. There, I call that a handsome compliment, well put. What say, gentlemen?"

The individuals referred to, replied with a shout of approval. They had, for the most part, reached that stage when they would have done so, whatever had been proposed to them, and thus readily gave a cheer for their host.

So the momentary cloud which had rested on the face of the young man was dispelled, and it shone forth radiant with good humour. And, as soon at that moment, few faces could have presented a finer example of manly beauty than that of Captain Leonard Havering, as this pet of his regiment was named. It was sometimes objected that his features were too effeminate for a military man, reflecting, in that respect, the womanly tenderness of his heart. But they were precisely after the Greek type: as we see the busts of Hector and Achilles, with the classic helmet and short, clustering locks just visible—so Leonard Havering appeared in his helmet. His nose was straight; his mouth small, but perfect; and, to crown all, he had "an eye like Mars, to threaten and command," only that its brown depths more frequently reflected "the melting mood." What of manly strength such a face is sure to be deficient in during early youth was now supplied by a short, curling beard, which, like his hair, was of the true chestnut colour, so rarely met with.

The classic head, which we have thus imperfectly sketched, was in keeping with a figure to which it was impossible to take exception—tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, lithe and graceful, Leonard Havering became his uniform; or it became him, shall we say, in a manner that was the envy of every officer in the crack cavalry regiment to which he belonged.

That regiment was at this time stationed at Canterbury; but he had run up to town for a few days, and was giving this party to celebrate his twenty-second birthday.

In a few moments, the conversation, which had been interrupted, as we have seen, was renewed; the cause of interruption was forgotten, and all were devoting themselves to the general enjoyment, when they were again startled—this time, by two tremendous peals one at the "Visitors" and the other at the "Servants" bell, followed by a thunderlike, reverberating rap at the street-door.

"Fire, by Jove!" cried Captain Fowler.

"Never?" ejaculated two or three, incredulously.

"What else can it be—eh, Havering?"

The host turned coolly to the inquirer. There was nothing in this sound to touch his heart, and he was wholly himself, as he always was when his feelings were not concerned.

"We shall hear," he said. "The servants are below."

"Hang it, captain!" expostulated a young cornet of the party. "That's cool. Hark!"

The ringing was repeated.

While they listened, a footman burst into the room.

"Well?" asked the master, with perfect calmness.

"Lady ran over, sir. Brought her here, sir," was the announcement.

"Brought—a—lady—here?"

"Yes, sir."

"But why here?"

"She's very bad, sir. Onsensible, and they do say—"

dying," persisted the servant.

"But that is no reason for bringing her into this house. This is not a hospital. However—"

He rose and hastily quitted the room, accompanied by

as many of his guests as felt themselves able to move.

Two or three of the foremost followed him as he

descended the stairs into the hall; the rest hung over

the balusters, and stared down so as to command a

view of what was passing near the open door, through

which the fog was pouring, intensified as it seemed

by the smoke-like breath of a crowd of persons, chiefly

of the vagabond order, who were thrusting themselves

forward, all curiously intent on some object upon the

ground in the midst of them.

This, it was just possible to make out, was the

body of a human being—a woman, with long trailing,

mod-stained garments.

As Leonard Havering approached, a rough sailor-

like fellow, wearing a taupeulin hat, and a blue

gown, stepped up to meet him, and respectfully

knocked his hat.

"Your lady, sir; run over, sir," he said.

"My lady!" ejaculated the young man. "No lady

live here."

"Beg your pardon then, sir, but—"

"What on earth made you think she lived here?"

Havering asked. "Bad case, I dare say; but you

know where such cases ought to be taken. Coming

here and disturbing me and my friends!"

"Shouldn't he done it, sir, axin' your pardon agin,

if we hadn't found this 'ere card in her pocket—all

there was there," the man added hastily, as if to fore-

stall any suspicion of his honesty.

The young officer took what was offered him. It

was a small French unglazed card, limp and soiled.

As he raised it to the light, he could not forbear an

exclamation of surprise as he read "Hon. Leonard

Havering," followed by the address of his country-

house.

"My card?" he said.

"Just so, captain."

"And you took this from her pocket?"

"We did."

Trifling as the incident was, it was certainly singular

in its character; and moved by feelings of curiosity as

well as pity, the officer stepped forward, and bent

down over the form prostrate before him.

The friends who had followed, now joined by those

from the stairs, engaged in expressive pantomime

behind his back.

But even they were startled when he lifted the veil

which half-concealed the face of the hapless woman, and

revealed it to their gaze. Its exquisite loveliness

confounded them; perfect regularity of feature, extreme

purity of complexion, and a certain indescribable, but

obvious stamp of high breeding combined to render the

effect of his magical.

It was one of those faces which one meets once or

twice in a life-time; passing in the street, it may be,

but the image of which never fades out of the

memory.

Singularly too, rare as such beauty is—this was the

exact counterpart of the woman who had become the bride

of Isaac Garmon, at St. Asaph's that morning.

"Is she much hurt?" asked the young man, as soon

as he could recover from his astonishment.

"Can't say," was the answer of the rough indi-

vidual who had before spoken. "She's fainted. But

they will faint, you know, sir."

"True. It may be nothing more," said Havering,

his eyes fixed on the pale face by a sort of fascina-

tion.

Captain Poulter, who had managed to descend the

stairs, in spite of the wine he had taken, bent down

and made a critical examination through his eye-glass.

"All right," he said. "Dead fit, nothing else. But,

by Jove, does credit to your taste, Leonard! Ha! ha!

Sly dog—sly dog!"

"On my honour, I have never seen her till this

moment," said the host with unnecessary warmth.

A litter went through the crowd.

"Never gave her your card, it seems," Poulter re-

joined with a wink.

"Never."

"And that's a fact," chimed in the young cornet,

giving the words a Yankee twang, which was very

suggestive.

"I give you my honour—yes, it is a fact," returned

Havering, in a curt and resentful tone.

"Strange about the card, ain't it?" asked the incorri-

gible cornet.

"The mystery is as great to me as it possibly can

be to you, sir," Havering said; "but that this lady is a

stranger to me, you have my word."

"Then we'd best move her out of your honour's

place?" suggested one of the crowd.

"Well—"

He hesitated. It was no place for a woman, he felt

that; but then she was so beautiful and the circum-

stances were so peculiar that he did not know how to

act. The suppressed laughter of the incredulous

friends decided him.

"Yes," he said; "if she is capable of being removed

I must request you—that is, it will be best that

she should be taken where she will receive proper at-

tention."

Though he gave this order, he did not rise; but

remained where he had sunk on one knee, and with

his eyes fixed upon the inanimate face.

As he gazed, a slight flush suffused the cheeks and

the lips slowly parted.

"Hang it, Leonard!" Captain Poulter was be-

ginning.

"Hush!" cried the young man, holding up his hand.

"She speaks."

They all bent over, and listened intently.

The parted lips moved. One word escaped them. It

came like a sigh, yet all heard it.

"Havering!" was the word uttered.

His name!

The friends of the handsome young officer burst

into a shout of laughter which made his cheeks crim-

son.

"And he has never met her before?" they exclaimed

in one irresistible outburst of derision.

Both astonished at what he had heard and stung by

the reflection on his veracity conveyed by the words

just uttered, Leonard Havering came to a sudden

resolution.

"Leave her here," he said, addressing the crowd. "I

will take the responsibility on my own shoulders. But

let a surgeon be sent for instantly."

The unconscious woman was carried into the dining-

room. The crowd received a gratuity for which they

were clamorous, and before long a medical man

drove up to the house in a hack-cab, and was instantly

admitted.

CHAPTER III.

THE BANKER'S APPOINTMENT.

ROA—Here break we off.

JAC—The story is not told?

ROA—There is no need. Silence will serve the rest,

Wild Huntsman.

THE dawn of morning—if morning may be said to

dawn in London in mid-winter—found Captain the

Hon. Leonard Havering pacing the floor of what he

called his room—though every room in the house was

his, for that matter—a little snugger, in which he

spent most of his idle hours.

As in most apartments of its kind, the captain's

room was odorous of tobacco-smoke, and was crammed

with costly lumber of no particular use, but supposed

to be the right thing to collect. Officers, who had

been with the army in India, had presented him with

gems from their spoils. Officers, who had assisted in

"looting" exploits in China, had given him of their

treasures. The Crimean War, if it was useless in

other respects, had served to give a Russian flavour to

this collection. The owner's continental ramblings

had left their mark here, and thus persons of inquiring

minds had an opportunity of bewildering themselves

in the pursuit of knowledge in this retreat to any

extent.

The pursuit of knowledge, by the way, was not the

chief attraction to the snugger among the captain's

friends. The pursuit of folly, amusement, dissipation,

and the means of frittering away their lives, took first

rank among the attractions of the place, and there

were even those who abused its owner roundly be-

cause he had brought hither a case of his favourite

authors—just as if, they said, an officer could be ex-

pected to have leisure for reading!

Leonard Havering's appearance showed that he had

not been to bed. His eyes were sunk and his cheeks

haggard; moreover, he was trying to get rid of the

fumes of the overnight's wines, and to cheat sleep by

means of a towel soaked in cold water, which he had

twisted about his head like a turban. On most people

the effect would have been hideous; but this man

could not look other than handsome, and, as he threw

himself, in his red damask dressing-gown, on one of

the couches, he looked like one of Byron's corsairs re-

posing.

But whether he walked or rested, he was always on

the watch.

His eyes were always directed toward one of the

two doors of the room—the one leading to a bed-

chamber usually devoted to guests.

Presently this door softly opened. An elderly man

appeared: it was the doctor who had been sent for

overnight.

"Well?" the young man asked, impatiently.

"We are better," said the doctor. "Natural sleep

has succeeded the comatose condition."

"And the injuries—are they serious?"

"I think not. Unless there is internal disorganisa-

tion."

"Thank you. The nurse you sent in is watching?"

"Yes. And now take my advice—sleep. You need

it."

"Pshaw! what matters what I need?"

"As you will. I advise you—that's all!"

And the doctor passed out of the door opposite that

by which he had entered.

Havering threw himself again on the couch.

"He is right," he muttered, "and I can sleep now.

But what a weak fool I am! What is this woman to

me? Why should she inspire me with this over-

powering interest? Is it curiosity only, or does the

spell lie in her marvellous beauty? Nonsense! I

have seen pretty women before! Seen—and despised

them!"

Unable to solve the question he had put to himself,

the captain coiled a huge tiger-skin wrapper about

him, and after some difficulty, fairly dropped off, over-

come with weariness and watching.

Three hours might have passed, and it was broad

day.

Several times the captain's valet had softly peeped

in; but finding his master asleep, had withdrawn.

His rest, therefore, had remained undisturbed.

But now he suddenly started up, wide awake. A

sound had disturbed him, so slight in itself, as to be

almost inaudible.

The door leading from the bed-room had again

opened, and a woman's foot had fallen on the pile

carpet.

And as he started up, and tore the turban from his

brow, he beheld the beautiful sufferer of the over-night,

standing in the door way. Her hair hung about her

shoulders in a profuse mass, and she still wore the

dress, a purple silk one, in which she had been brought

to the house.

Before he could recover himself sufficiently to speak,

the beautiful girl tottered forward, and half sank at his

feet.

"Oh, Captain Havering!" she exclaimed, in a feeble

voice. "How shall I thank you?"

"Not a word," he replied, in tremulous tones.

"Pray, not a word. I have simply done my duty."

"It is so good of you to say this," was the re-

joinder, "but I could not rest until I had thanked you,

and—"

She hesitated. Her whole frame seemed convulsed

with a sudden tremor.

"Might I suggest," interposed the young man,

earnestly, "that you are too weak to endure this

emotion, that you need further rest, and had better

return to your room for the present?"

"Oh, no, no!" the fair girl pleaded. "Not till I

have said what I came here to say. I am ill, but I

cannot rest with that upon my mind. How I shall

speak it, heaven only knows! What you will think

of me, I shudder to imagine! But when I have told

you all—when I have explained my position, and ap-

pealed to your sympathy, I think you will pity me,

even if you cannot grant me what I came here to ask."

She clasped her hands and raised them toward him,

her attitude being that of one in supplication.

Pained at the sight, the young man gently assisted

her to rise.

"Pray be seated," he said. "Whatever it may be

to which you wish me to listen, I will patiently hear

it; but you must not kneel to me."

weary you; I waste time and words, and all because—because I am a coward and shrink even from my duty."

In the paroxysm of the moment she crossed her hands over her eyes and pressed them hard, as if to shut out some terrible sight.

Leonard Havering regarded her with amazement, and with the liveliest sympathy depicted in his handsome face.

"Surely," he said, "you can have done me no injury? I am conscious of none."

"No; you are right. I have not," she replied.

"It is not of yourself, then, that you came here to speak."

"No, not of myself; and in this lies my sore trial. While I speak to you for the best, so far as my poor judgment goes; I may be betraying one who ought to expect protection at my hands. His name once mentioned—"

"It is of a gentleman you would speak," interrupted the young man, in an unintentionally altered tone.

"Yes. But you will listen. The name of Imlac Garmeson is, I believe, well known to you?"

"Perfectly. He is one of the firm with whom I bank. Indeed, I have an engagement with him; I expect him here this morning, within the hour."

"I knew it."

"You?"

His surprise was genuine. How could this fair being have arrived at the fact that one of the firm of Plater, Garmeson, and Co. had made a business appointment with him for that morning?

"It is quite true," said the fair girl; "and it is to my sorrow that I know it. The object for which he comes here is equally known to me—and mine. But—"

The abrupt opening of the door, opposite to that leading to the bed-room, caused her to pause.

A servant appeared with an announcement.

"Mr. Garmeson," he said.

"That man! One moment!" cried the distracted woman. "Only one moment!"

"An hour, if you will."

"He must not come here till I have spoken one word to you."

"He shall not. Pray speak!" cried Havering.

"We shall not be interrupted?"

"No."

He turned to the servant.

"I will see Mr. Garmeson in a moment or so," he said.

"He is here," said the servant.

A heavy step in the passage without confirmed the announcement.

Frantic, the woman rushed from the room, and the one door closed behind her as the other opened, and admitted the man who had signed the register at St. Asaph's on the preceding morning.

The young officer turned fiercely upon him as he came in.

"I am engaged, sir," he said.

"Engaged!" the other echoed with perfect coolness. "Your own appointment, captain."

"That may be—"

"It is."

"Quick then—what is the difficulty now?"

"There is none. We telegraphed to you yesterday?"

"Did you? I have half a dozen telegrams not read. The telegraph's a bore."

"In this case I am glad you treated it as one. Our firm has for once been guilty of a mistake. It conveyed to you our suspicion that improper use had been made of your name."

"That it had been forged?"

"Yes."

"In what way?"

"We believed that a cheque for a thousand pounds had been drawn in your name by an accomplished forger, and that the money had been imprudently paid. Closer examination convinces me that we were wrong. Still I should like to have my view confirmed. Please to look at that."

He held out a long, narrow slip of paper as he spoke, and a peculiar smile played about his upper lip and the corners of his mouth.

"This? Oh, this is all right! The cheque I gave Lord Downcaster the other night—or morning, rather—at the club. Signature shaky—but all right!"

"Thank you," said the banker. "Rather irregularly drawn—no name—large amount—wouldn't have troubled you if one of our people hadn't telegraphed the supposed forgery, and asked for this appointment. Good morning."

The banker took his hat and his leave; the smile about the corners of his mouth giving it a sardonic expression as he did so.

On the instant that his back was turned, the young officer tore open the other door. The fair girl, who had fled in mortal terror at Imlac Garmeson's ap-

pearance, was leaning for support against the wall—her face was rigid, and her bosom heaved convulsively.

"I owe you a thousand apologies," said Havering. "No, no," she gasped. "This has saved me a most painful revelation!"

"This interruption has done so?"

"Yes."

"What you were about to communicate to me then—"

"Is now unnecessary."

"And the favour you were about to do me the honour of asking?"

"Has been anticipated."

"Indeed!"

"Pray do not question me, or seek to know further. Enough that the peril I dreaded has been averted, in what way heaven only knows! And now, if you will grant me a few hours' rest, I need intrude on your generosity no further."

With this, she waved the young officer back with a trembling hand, and tottering toward the door by which she had entered, passed from the room.

He gazed after her with a mingled feeling of admiration and astonishment.

"What does this mean?" he ejaculated. "What mysterious connection is there between the accident of last night and Imlac Garmeson's appointment with me this morning?"

The question was easily asked, but not so easily answered.

(To be continued.)

THE COURSE OF THE STREAM.

THROUGH the green and sunny meadow,
Deep beneath the waving shadow
Of the silent grove,
There flows a pleasant little stream,
Of sparkling in the bright sunbeam,
Whispering gentle love.

Here and there it rushes madly,
Now and then it murmurs sadly,
Here again it stills;
In its journey ne'er delaying,
O'er the polished pebbles playing,
Ever moves the rill.

In its cool and dark recesses,
O'er which hang gay leafy tresses,
Waving all about,
Or beneath the sunlight basking,
Kisses from the waters asking,
Dwells the speckled trout.

From its birthplace in the mountain,
From the sparkling, dropping fountain
Moves it in its course.
To its grave, the mighty river
Flowing headlong, flowing ever,
Sounding deeply hoarse.

Like a stream all nature moving,
Unto mortal hearts still proving,
We must ever on.
As the stream returning never,
We through life must journey ever,
Till our task is done. C. G. C.

UNDER THE PEAR TREE.

"THERE she goes, this very minute. Do get up and look at her, Arthur."

"I hardly think it's worth the trouble," said the young man; but, nevertheless, he lifted himself indolently from the lounge on which he had stretched his full length, removed his cigar from his mouth, dropped his paper on the floor, and walked to the window.

Beneath his gaze lay the expanse of shrubbery which clothed the grounds; beyond, there stretched the country road, curling its dusty length along, and the solitary figure there at once arrested and concentrated the young man's attention.

It was a small figure, moving at a somewhat rapid pace, and in a way which gave you some vague impression of strength and reliance, yet thoroughly womanlike or girlish, for the owner of this figure was one of those to whom youth in some sense clung—to her face, to her movements, and, finer and deeper, to the soul within all these. Her dress was almost Quakerlike in its simplicity. She wore a smart grey, loosely fitting sacque, and her dress had a grey tone too; and the country hat, with its dark, simple trimmings, gave a certain harmony to the whole.

"What is her name, did you say, Jessamine?"

"A homely, old-fashioned one, but somehow I think it suits her—Miss Rachel Allison."

Arthur Greene made a wry face.

"It has a slight dairymaid odour about it."

Jessie, or Jessamine Greene, as her brother had

called her almost from her babyhood, until the name had become naturalized in the household, possessed a slight vein of antagonism, which had a pretty way of discovering itself in an argument with Arthur.

"I think 'dairymaid odour,' as you call it, is the sweetest in the world—the scent of new-mown hay, and fresh clover, and warm milk. I like this name, Rachel."

"I won't dispute your taste now; only what kind of a person is this parson's little daughter?"

"Little! She's taller than I."

"That may be; the term admits of comparison. Be a good girl, now, Jessamine, and answer my question."

"She is unlike anybody whom you have ever met. I am certain. There is something wonderfully quaint, and simple, and straightforward about her; she is very intelligent, too."

"Is she pretty?"

Asking the question which a man is so apt to, and feeling a languid curiosity in his sister's description.

"You must go and see her, and judge for yourself, Arthur. To me she is interesting. I shall return her call next week, and you can accompany me."

"I think I will go," answered Arthur Greene. "It would be stimulating to meet a young lady with a little individuality, or a spark of naturalness. Education, fashion, society turn them out after one type, all in one mould."

"Do you mean to include me in that sweeping denunciation of my sex?"

Arthur Greene looked down on the face which was lifted to his with a pretty defiance of glance and motion.

A very fair face it was, fresh and sweet as a child's; it had latent strength and force, too; but these the years had not developed.

Arthur looked at her fondly a moment.

"No, you little peach-bloom of a woman, I'll exclude you from the strictures which I pass on most of your sex. There'll always be something bright and fresh about you, which even society and 'our set' cannot spoil."

The praise was sweet to her, for it came from the lips she loved best on earth. The sunny blue eyes darkened with a swift tenderness, and she leaned forward and kissed her brother's forehead.

All this seems light talk, so light that I hesitate to commence my story with it. Yet you shall find that it strikes deeper roots at last.

Arthur and Jessie Greene were the only son and daughter of a wealthy shipping merchant.

It was a great misfortune in every sense that the boy and girl had lost their mother in their early youth.

The father was indulgent to his children, but absorbed in business, and in making the money which placed them in ease and surrounded them with luxury.

There was half a dozen years' difference in their ages, the seniority being on Arthur's part.

The old merchant was very proud of his son and heir. Arthur had given evidence of more than ordinary ability from his childhood, and no pains had been spared in his cultivation in every form of knowledge which he fancied. He had studied both at home and abroad, and always had done himself credit. If I tell you that he was supercilious and a little cynical, indolent, and in some sense selfish, you must not conclude that there was not in him much that was strong, and hearty, and manly. His better instincts were constantly asserting themselves. Every day they rebelled against his present life of luxury, of ease, of self-seeking; every day this man's conscience scourged him for his wasted opportunities, for his life, which, after all, was "of the earth, earthy," one of indolence and pleasure, with no high aims or faithful endeavour to exalt it. But then indolence and habit held him with their strong but soft withes. He was a favourite, too, with men and women, having social and conversational gifts of no ordinary kind. He was perfectly aware of his power over others, and was vain of it, and then again despised himself for the vanity.

Arthur Greene had, with all these advantages, a face that attracted every one; not handsome, certainly, but with force or fire in it as the occasion might need, and a slender, firmly knit figure—in outward gifts and graces, as you see, quite the material for a hero.

The young man had persuaded his father into purchasing a country-seat in Dayton, the old town where his mother was born. It was a quiet inland place, not widely sought, and yet having a reputation for its picturesque scenery.

And so Mr. Greene had made a pretty Gothic villa on the old site where the cottage in which his wife had been born had gone to decay; and each window commanded some new beauty of landscape.

Nature had done much for the grounds, and cultivation and art made them charming.

As for Jessamine, she was half wild with the idea of passing her summers in the country. And for the

father, he went back and forth on flying visits. But his children had come in May to their new home, and settled there for the summer.

In this life things often turn out as unlike our plans as possible, even when they serve the same ends.

Jessamine had it all nicely arranged the evening on which she was to call at the parsonage with her brother, and had obtained his consent to the little visit of ceremony with less difficulty than she expected; for Arthur, like most men, abominated fashionable calls. But his introduction to Rachel Allison was destined to be of a most informal character.

One afternoon, whose delicious persuasions of sky, and earth, and air the habitual idleness of Arthur Greene could not resist, he mounted his horse and rode down to the river and past the mill into the still country beyond.

It was late in the spring; now, the May was leaning over to clasp hands with the summer; the luscious air was penetrated with all the young vital fragrances of the woods; the pastures around him sloped up to the hills, knotted all over with strawberry vines.

The young man had slipped a book and some fishing-tackle in his pocket.

Between its banks the river flashed a broad smile on its way to the sea.

Arthur Greene dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, took out his book and his tackle.

For half an hour anybody who watched might have seen him under the oaks and swamp willows, lazily dragging his line along the water, and shouting exultantly every time he drew up perch or pickerel.

It was more fascinating than he had fancied, and his book lay unopened on an old stump where he had laid it.

Suddenly into the stillness of the May afternoon leaped a cry—a cry sudden, smiting along the echoes with some terrible amazement and anguish in it; a cry that came just beyond the bend of the river on his right, less than a quarter of a mile off.

It was a woman's cry, too, in some terrible strait for help.

The lines were dashed down, and in the next breath Arthur Greene sprang to the rescue.

He was fleet of foot, and his speed was sorely needed at that moment.

He dashed around the bend of the river, and there, on its very bank, he saw her standing, and he knew her at the first glance, in her grey dress and the brown tail fallen over her shoulders—Rachel Allison.

She stood like a statue, and her face, possessed of that still white terror, was like one.

Two little sunburnt children, a boy and girl, were clinging and sobbing to her dress.

She stood on the very edge of the bank, her strained eyes leaning over into the water, her hands stretched out; she looked as though she might plunge into the water at any moment in her dread and terror.

This was no time for any conventionalisms. "What has happened?" shouted Arthur Greene, half-forgetting the truth, and pulling his coat off.

She turned quickly. Into the white terror of her face he saw the light of a swift hope dash. "Timon has fallen into the river—see there!"

And she pointed to a small head coming up, out far in the river, and sweeping down the current.

In a moment Arthur Greene was in the water. He was a fine swimmer, and the swift strokes bore him rapidly out; but the current was strong, too; there was a mighty struggle for the life and death of the drowning child, and, white and silent, as though turned to stone, Rachel Allison stood on the river bank and watched, and the sobbing children clung to her dress.

But life gained the victory this time. The matted hair was clutched at last, and so Arthur Greene bore his unconscious burden to the shore, and, almost exhausted himself with the short, sharp struggle, laid him at the feet of Rachel Allison.

She had come down this afternoon to the river to gather some wild strawberries; her father was fond of these, and Rachel adored her father, and was always devising some pretty pleasure or surprise for him.

Beyond the mill, in a small red-brick house, lived an old woman, who had been for years a kind of "upper servant" and nurse in the minister's family.

She had, in her old age, the care of several grandchildren, for her son and his wife were dead. Rachel Allison never allowed a week to slip without visiting the little red house beyond the mill. The old woman and the little children there adored her. This afternoon her generosity had a double impulse to go down to the meadows after strawberries.

They would please her father, and she could stop and take the children at the red house along with her.

Such a merry time as they would all have in the fresh pastures! Rachel had a keen relish for out-of-door frolics of this kind, the childhood her years had in some sense foregone clinging to her still. They

did have a frolic in the meadows. The parson's daughter, who had, on occasions, something of her father's reticent dignity, overbrimmed with frolic, and ran out and in among the young grass and the trees, just like one of the children. At last, however, they became absorbed in gathering the berries, which were unusually abundant and fine that year.

Timon, as they nicknamed the youngest of the three children, because it was a slight refinement on Tim, was a mischievous, venturesome little rogue of six years.

The berries allured Rachel some distance from the children, for she had quite set her heart on filling her basket, and fancied Timon was with his elder brother and sister. But they, too, had become absorbed in their work, and wandered off in a different direction.

Timon, left to himself, naturally gravitated towards some peril. The river attracted him, and he trotted down to the banks, and improvised boats out of oak leaves and sticks, which he set floating on the water, regardless of his dangerous proximity with it. Provisionally Rachel was gradually drawn in the direction of the river. Bending down close to the earth, a loud childish shout suddenly smote her ears. She looked up and saw Timon leaning over the very edge of the bank, watching the boats he had fashioned and set afloat on the stream.

Rachel sprang forward, not daring to utter a cry, for fear the sound should startle the boy, and a movement in the wrong direction would inevitably plunge him in the river. Before she could reach him, however, he dipped his little fat ball of a body forward, intending to give a fresh impulse to one of the boats, when he rolled over, head first, into the water.

The children up in the pastures heard the sudden splash of water and the shriek of Rachel, which had reached the ears of Arthur Greene. They gained the river only a moment before he did, although he had three times the distance to run.

"Is he alive?" asked the white lips of Rachel, as she received the dripping burden from the hands of Arthur.

"I think so, but unconscious."

Then, in a moment, he scrambled up the bank, took the child from her, although she made a slight effort to retain it; but he saw that she was hardly equal to carrying herself just then.

"No, let me have him. My horse is close at hand, and if the child's home is near, I had best carry him there. He needs help at once," looking at the white, dripping face which only a moment before he had snatched out of the very arms of death.

Rachel pointed to the small red house in the lane behind the mill.

"That is his home," she said, and it was all. Words cost her something just then.

"I am afraid you will faint," looking at her blanched face, and half fearing to leave her.

A brave spirit mounted into her eyes.

"No, don't step for me."

And Arthur Greene went.

In three minutes he was at the door of the little red cottage.

The poor old grandmother was quite bewildered and helpless with terror when she saw her dripping, and apparently dead grandchild brought into the house, and sat down wringing her hands and staring impotently at the two. But Rachel Allison followed in less than three minutes. Her senses had not deserted her.

She hastened for whatever restoratives the house afforded, and applied them with the aid and under the directions of Arthur Greene, who had sometimes officiated, when a boy, at school, in resuscitating his half-drowned companions when, with more zeal than knowledge, they had ventured beyond their depth in taking their first lessons in swimming. In a few moments the child opened his eyes.

"He is safe in your hands now, until we get him in the doctor's," said Mr. Greene. "I shall start for him at once; meanwhile, my dear young lady, do take care of yourself."

"I think I may repeat your advice, sir," she said, glancing at the young man's wet clothes; and her lips sought for a smile, and then let it go, as though they were too weak to retain it, and yet the faint motion gave Arthur Greene a notion of what Rachel Allison's smile might be.

"It is not necessary in my case, I assure you. My tastes and habits are so far aqueous that water does not harm me;" and he went, and in less than ten minutes later the doctor was in his place, and Timon was resuscitated.

An hour later, Arthur Greene returned to the red house from which his own right arm had so lately turned aside the hand of death.

The old grandmother, whose honest pathos was really touching, fairly overwhelmed him with gratitude. Rachel Allison sat with a shadow of pallor on her fair, calm face at the head of the bed, smoothing

Timon's wet hair with a touch that the child thought wonderfully cool and soft.

"My buggy is at the door, and my way home passes the parsonage. May I set you down there, Miss Allison?"

The young lady's eyes filled with blank amazement!

How did this stranger, whom she regarded as some guest at the hotel, idling away a few days amidst the charming scenery, know both her name and her residence? Then the brown eyes flashed into swift recognition.

"Oh, you are Mr. Greene. I see now the general likeness to your sister."

And her second smile did not go so easily as her first one, as it was like an illumination over all the sweet gravity of her face.

"You are right. My sister had engaged to return your call with me this evening, and introduce me with all proper ceremonies. But fortune seems to have anticipated us in a most informal fashion."

It was never a very easy matter for Rachael to get away from the little red cottage when once her feet were set inside of it, and it was doubly difficult now, as the inmates were drawn to her by the swift peril and the brave rescue in which she had borne no light part.

Grandmother and children all clung to her, and there was no doubt that their entreaties would have overruled her own wishes, had not the gentleman seen plainly enough that she needed rest and change, and adroitly rescued her from their importunities. In a few moments he had safely seated her in the carriage.

Like some old parchment, yellow and dried, the highway spread itself before them, the cool dark meadows on either side.

Mr. Greene remarked the scenery, thinking it best to draw the girl's thoughts from the event which had so recently strained them.

She tried to answer him; she was more surprised than he to find that she could not. Instead, the large thick tears came in a swift jet down her cheeks. "She turned her face toward him in a way half-pitiful, wholly childlike."

"I am very much ashamed, Mr. Greene," she said, her lips trembling with the effort to keep her voice steady.

"I saw that you were making too heavy a drag both upon your feelings and your strength," he said, passing by her remark in a way which set her at ease, as no answer to it could have done.

For a little while she did not speak, and the tears, brought on by the stress of mind and feeling, dropped softly upon the hands which lay in her lap. But this did not last long.

Rachel Allison was of too sound a nature, both moral and mental, not to react from this excitement in a little while.

She looked up at last in Arthur Greene's face, with a smile, the like of which it seemed to him he had never seen on any woman's face, and said:

"What a good work you have done this afternoon? one that will make you happy, when you think of it, as long as you live."

He smiled back:

"Well, then, you deserve a large share of the happiness, as you had a large part in the work."

"Did I? Let me see. I have forgotten."

"Forgotten? It was your shriek which first apprised me of the danger, and made me hurry to the rescue?"

"Did I shriek?" asked Rachel Allison, with the child-like wonder in her soft, grey eyes. "I remember just what I felt"—and she shivered—"when I looked up in the strawberry-bed, and saw Timon's little round head going under. But I was not conscious that I made a sound. The awful terror must have leaped out when I did not know it."

"Probably; but that only proved what I said—you title to a share in the happiness you so profusely awarded me."

"How providential it was! We can see God in all this!" half under her breath, and yet with a kind of reverent exultation.

They had reached the parsonage now—a little white cottage behind a couple of towering horse-chestnuts, in immense contrast with the stately home of Arthur Greene.

Perhaps it struck Rachel for the moment, not with any foolish shame or sense of inferiority. She was above that; but she said, as the gentleman helped her to alight:

"It is so small, I doubted whether you would be able to find it." Then she added, a little more gravely, but with the winning courtesy which she had learned in no school, "Lapa and I will always be happy to see you and your sister; but I have three little brothers who want a world of looking after, and we keep but one domestic, so I have little chance for visiting."

He made some courteous and half complimentary

answer, such as never failed Arthur Greene, and so they parted.

"Jessamine, I've seen Miss Allison, and talked with her," was the young gentleman's first remark as he entered the sitting-room where his sister was practising at the piano.

The young girl turned her fair face around in a swift surprise. "You have, Arthur, where—how?"

"It's a long story, and I'm tired. I'll tell you at tea-time, and that is close at hand."

"But what did you think of her?" persisted the young girl.

"I thought that it should be no fault of mine if I did not know her better." At that moment the teabell rang.

Arthur Greene fulfilled his prediction: he did know Rachel Allison better than summer. I cannot follow the progressive steps of the acquaintance. The young man took care to improve all his opportunities of meeting the clergyman's daughter, and when these failed him he was not slow in inventing reasons for interviews, and no man could do this with more tact and grace than Arthur Greene. And the more he saw of Rachel Allison the more he admired her. Perhaps one reason of this was that she was so unlike any of the women whom he had seen; she had more strength of character, a great deal more moral independence, and yet she was not the less gentle than these, while she was the more womanly.

Nature had made Rachel Allison a lady. Her social advantages had not been wide, for although her father doted on his only daughter, and was disposed to indulge her tastes to his utmost ability, a little country parish afforded small social opportunities. The clergyman was a scholar, and Rachel inherited her father's tastes. Her mother had been dead several years, and to supply her place, in some sense, to her father and her orphan brothers, had been the noble aim of the young daughter's life. This purpose had wonderfully developed and matured her character.

Arthur Greene had a high and noble ideal of woman. To his honour be it said, that all which was best and noblest in him recognised the strength and loveliness of Rachel Allison's character. Those soft, earnest eyes of hers seemed, when they lighted on his face, to clear away some mist which had gathered about his soul—mists of selfishness, and doubt, and vanity. Books to read, flowers and fruits to offer, rides, walks, sails, all these things brought them together, and so the fair, sweet face of the parson's daughter, with its womanly gravity and flashes of childlike merriment, grew clearer every day in the foreground of his thoughts.

"There's 'no milkmaid odour' about her, as you feared," said Jessamine, archly, for she had penetrated her brother's liking for Rachel.

"No. If I had seen her at the time, as you had, I should not have made that remark."

"I suppose not; and if Rachel had overheard it, she would only have smiled in that sweet, genial way of hers, with a little twinkle of fun in her eyes. I do love her!" said Jessamine, after her vehement fashion.

"I begin to believe I do, too," thought Arthur. But, assuredly he did not repeat this to his sister, although the thought followed him all through the day with several others. Prominent among these was the question: "How did Rachel feel towards him?"

This man, whose society so many women had courted, so many smiled on and flattered, could not answer this question. He knew that Rachel enjoyed his society, had a friendly liking for him, certainly. But did her feeling go into any deeper sentiment than that? Arthur Greene resolved to know. That very afternoon he went over to the parsonage, not with the intention of uttering the thought which had tarried in the secret places of his heart all day, but of finding a path that should lead him, in fitting time and place, to the story which he had resolved that, sooner or later, Rachel should hear from his lips.

As he entered the parlour he caught a glimpse of Rachel with her sun-bonnet in her hand, while Tom, the youngest of her brothers, put his round, rubicund face inside the door a moment, surveyed his sister's guest with a glance which was anything but gratified, and then darted away, while Arthur caught the boy's opinion, delivered in a tone about equally divided between disappointment and vexation.

"There! if he hasn't come again, Rachel. I just wish he'd kept away until our fun was over; and now it's all spoiled!"

"Tom, Tom, that is dreadfully inhospitable," said the soft, representative voice of his sister.

And here Arthur opened the door, and, bowing to the sister, said:

"No, Tom, I won't spoil the fun, provided you'll let me take a share in it."

For a moment Thomas Allison looked amazed and disconcerted; but the rubicund face soon cleared itself up into an expression of animated delight.

"Will you go," said Tom, "and help us shake the

pear-tree? The boys are waiting down there now for Rachel; and it's such fun."

He looked at the sister; her eyes said she would like to go.

"Does Tom's permission include yours?"

"Oh, yes; only shaking the old pear-tree is a sort of family frolic, and the boys generally go half-wild over the sport."

"Don't apologize for them. I was a boy once myself, and would go back now into the old, free, careless, happy years again; but they swung their gates sharply on me long ago."

He said this as they were going down through the garden path, with rows of currant-bushes on either side, to the small orchard beyond.

"I am glad to hear you say that, Mr. Greene," chimed the silvery voice of Rachel Allison, as she walked by the side of her guest, swinging her sun-bonnet in her hands. "When a man outgrows his love for and sympathy with his boyhood, I think that he has lost something more and better than the world can ever give him."

"You sympathize with boy sports, then, Miss Allison? Young ladies are not apt to do that."

"Yes, I do," she said, those soft, grey eyes of hers darkening, as they always did when she was thoroughly in earnest. "I enjoy them thoroughly, heartily, and am never much happier than when I am having a real merry, rollicking time with the boys. Do I shock you?" her smile running through her words like a small current of sunshine.

"Not a bit, unless by asking the question, which proves how little you understand me."

"But it is so dreadfully rude and unladylike, you see; still you know that my habits and tastes were never run in any fashionable groove."

"I wish that no woman's were," said, fervently, Arthur Greene.

And then the young hostess went on to explain to her guest the historical and traditional glory which attached itself to the old tree.

They had reached it now; and, as she stepped lightly over the logs which divided the orchard and the garden, Rachel turned to her guest and said, with a warm light glimmering through her dark eyes:

"There it stands, Mr. Greene, with the weight of its hundred years, gaired, and old, and scarred; but the sap is strong in its limbs yet, and the birds build their nests and sing sweetly in its branches, as they did a hundred Mays ago; and in all these years it has not failed once to wear its crown of blossoms or to sprinkle the grass underneath with its tribute of fruit. I introduce you to our brave old pear-tree, Mr. Greene."

Then they went to work, each one with a will. The boys ran up and down the tree like young Indians, shouting and shaking the branches, or picking off the ripe fruit where it clung tenaciously to the limbs.

The pear-tree had outstripped itself that year; its fruit lay in small green and golden heaps on the grass, ready to be piled up in the baskets the boys had brought to receive it.

It was pleasant to look at Rachel; her laugh rang out with the boys'; not so loud, but with such a clear thrill of pleasure in it; her lips burned red, the faint colour in her cheeks steadied itself into a wide glow; the parson's sedate little daughter was a very child in this out-gushing of her spirits.

"I am afraid we shall frighten you, Mr. Greene," she said, looking up suddenly in his face, while they both were kneeling on the grass, and he gathering the fruit into the baskets.

"Do I look so?"

"Not a bit. But you see that my brothers and I count on a frolic here once in every year, and I have such pleasant associations with this old pear-tree. If papa were only here at home! Once a year he forgets that he is a clergyman, and scrambles and shouts just like any of the boys. You must just fancy that you are he for an hour. We should have waited for his return; but he will be absent for a week, and the pears are just ripe for picking."

"I am very happy to supplant your father this time. You keep a seat here, I see," glancing at a rustic bench of twisted boughs.

"Oh, yes. I pass a great many hours under the shadow of the old tree, dreaming dreams which oftenest go away. I believe this is almost the dearest spot on the earth to me."

The path which he had been seeking opened now all of a sudden.

"Miss Rachel, I have something to say to you; and, although I cannot now give you the slightest clue to its nature, still, I should like to say it within the shadow of this very tree to-morrow evening, if it be agreeable, at half-past seven."

"That will be at twilight," she said, with wonder in her large eyes, eyes of which now he saw that no other thought held possession.

"Yes, and the time of the new moon, too. She will

just lift a faint little silver horn in the sky. Will you come?"

"Oh, yes, I shall do all that. And bring Jessamine, too, will you not?" with not the faintest suspicion of the kind of communication in reserve for her.

"No; I shall not let Jessamine into our confidence; you will understand why when you receive it."

And here the boys broke in, loud and importunate, as boys will, and ended the talk.

Two nights later, Arthur Greene sat under the pear-tree, a little before the appointed time.

The winds, with some faint breath of the distant sea, dashed themselves among the leaves, or sang in a sleepy monotone among the branches.

The west was a river of golden light, whose edges were fading into a pearl grey; and the young moon smiled serenely over the earth, going with her evening service into the night.

I think that Arthur Greene had never felt quite so humble and solemn as at this hour.

He was about to ask Rachel Allison to be his wife, for her own sweet sake solely, for her truth, her purity, her womanliness, and because the best part of himself had discovered these things in her, and loved and honoured them above all things which other women could bring him of wealth, and station, and deeper culture.

He felt that her influence about his life would make him what his highest wishes and aims pointed towards—a better man; and, as his whole life rose up and passed before him, it was full of reproaches for weakness and failure, for spasmodic efforts in right directions, for high impulses which had not developed into earnest performance.

It was, as I said, almost the tenderest, humblest moment of the young man's life, as he waited under the tree.

"Mr. Greene,"

The small figure had come lightly over the grass, and he did not see her until she was at his side; and her voice had a little shyness in it not quite natural with Rachel Allison.

Arthur Greene turned and looked at her.

There she stood, the woman of his heart's seeking, in some faintly tinted lawn, with a cambric frill like a fine frostwork about her neck, closed with a large ancient brooch, in the centre of which a cluster of carbuncles smouldered and blazed.

"I half-expected to anticipate you," she said, as she gave him her hand.

"No! I have waited for you nearly a half-hour."

Their talk for a while was light enough.

It had in it, indeed, some unusual element of jesting on both sides, but gradually grew serious.

The young moon smiled on overhead, the stars came out one by one, until the sky seemed all sanded over with drops of golden dew, and then Arthur Greene spoke.

"Miss Rachel,"

"What is it?"

"Have you wondered at my inviting you to meet me here to-night?"

"Well, yes," she said, in her serious, simple way. "I must acknowledge that your request struck me as singular. Still, I have no doubt that it will justify itself."

"And you have no faint suspicion of my object in all this?"

"Oh, no! How should I have, Mr. Greene?" and her eyes rested, half-grey, half-brown, with their sweetness and their candour, on his face.

And then Arthur Greene told her—not with the words he had expected to use; a most unusual feeling of doubt and unworthiness took possession of him; and Rachel Allison listened, her sweet face drooping down and half hidden under her sheltering brown hair, so that he could only see her profile and the hurrying blushes on her cheeks.

When he had finished, she turned and looked at him with her clear, serene eyes. I think that amazement had quenched all other expressions in her face at that moment. "Do you mean what you say, Mr. Greene?"

"As before God!"

She drew her hand, a little soft hand, across her eyes, as though to assure herself she was awake.

The action was so characteristic of her. "I never dreamed—I never thought this possible," she said.

"Why not, Rachel?"

"Because of what I am and what you are. In many senses utterly unfit to be your wife, lacking in all the worldly advantages and social culture which I fancied would be indispensable in the woman of your wooing. You have certainly done me a great honour, Mr. Greene."

But she did not say it with the shy joy that he wanted; he drinking her words, watching her face greedily.

"But, Rachel, you do not answer me."

She shook her head sadly, and yet into the same

grey-brown eyes there came some softness before her eyelids veiled them. "You will get over this strange fancy in a little while," she said. "You will learn to smile at it."

"Rachel, Rachel, do not mock me; I tell you my love is changeless"—with a passionate tenderness in his voice that choked back other words.

The tones moved her; her sweet face was shaken with some troubled yearning. "Think what your life is—what mine has been. How many women you have admired and flirted with; you would soon tire of me as you have tired of them. And then I should not, I could not, be what you desire in a wife."

"Why not?" he asked quickly.

"Because my conscience would forbid it. A life of luxury, of graceful ease, and refined enjoyment would be very alluring to me, but I know there are better and nobler aims in living than all these." She faced him now, this calm little Rachel Allison, with a steady brightness in her eyes. "Life is a solemn, earnest thing to me, Mr. Greene. It has awful responsibilities, duties, and services, which cannot be ignored, and which hold very close relations with another."

And here Arthur Greene spoke as he had never done before to man or woman; the better, truer part of his nature cleared itself into speech.

Rachel Allison listened, amazed.

This man, whom she had fancied, with all his gifts of heart and mind, with all his taste and cultivation, to be merely floating listlessly down the smooth currents of life—this man showed her his dissatisfaction and disgust with his past aimless life—his hopes and resolves for the future—his longings to break away from all the indolence and sweet enticements of his youth, and live for some better purpose; and then he told Rachel Allison how she was the one only woman whom his heart desired—to give his manhood her sweet, womanly sympathies, and help, and love.

And the tears swam into Rachel Allison's eyes as she listened.

"I need strength and help myself—how can I give either to you?"

He told her. But she was doubtful of his love still. It had taken her so completely by surprise.

"Would it stand the test of time and absence?" she asked.

"Do you wish to try it?"

"Yes; come to me, a year from this very night, under this old pear-tree, and say, if you can, what you have said now."

"And if I could, Rachel, what would my answer be?"

Her face dropped away from his gaze; but, through the indrawn breath, he caught a faint little whisper:

"Wait, and see."

It was late now.

The leaves overhead were still. The blue expanse of the sky was thick with stars as village windows with lights, and so the compact was made betwixt them.

So they parted. He struck down through the lane which led west of the parsonage, and was half through this when he caught a light sound of feet on the grass, and Rachel Allison stood by his side. She laid her hand in his, and tried to speak.

"What is it?" he asked, clasping the warm, little fingers close.

"If—if you should come back as you go, Arthur, my heart will welcome you."

"Rachel, dear Rachel!" he said, drawing her to him for a moment in unutterable tenderness.

She slipped away from him in a moment, and he watched the gleam of her faintly tinted dress as it went up the lane, until it was drowned in the darkness.

That night Arthur Greene said to his sister, "Jessamine, next week I shall start for Italy."

The book which she was reading dropped to the floor.

"For Italy! Arthur, what do you mean?"

"Only what I said. Don't look so shocked. I expect to be back in less than a year."

Under the old pear-tree, in the October nightfall, Arthur Greene sat alone again. The winds rumbled the leaves, the river of golden light burned in the west; it was the twin sister of the night a year ago, he thought.

He was emburied with his year's travel. He had reached his home only the day before, after a stormy passage, and had only given himself time for rest before he started for Dayton. And now he awaited Rachel. He knew that a terrible shadow had fallen upon her life within the last year, for the stately kindly-hearted old parson slept now by the side of his wife, and the burden of household cares, with narrow means, had fallen heavily upon the young shoulders of Rachel.

A soft step stole along the grass, and there she stood in her black dress, with the little fancy frill about her neck.

"Rachel! Rachel!" I cannot repeat the exultant joy and tenderness of Arthur Greene's tones, as he uttered these words. The fair, pale face went up from doubt into light and gladness that were beautiful to see.

"Oh Arthur, Arthur, have you come back to me as you went?" There was a piteous cry in her tones.

"As I went, Rachel, dear Rachel!"

She burst into passionate sobs, and he gathered her to him—he had earned the right—under the old pear-tree.

"It was a foolish, romantic fancy of mine, Arthur, to try your love for me by such a test," she said, a long time after this, when the tears were dry upon her cheeks. "I saw it so, after dear papa left me, and my heart was sick and lonely. I ought to have trusted you deeper. But it was hardest for me, after all," with the little indrawn breath, and the faint whisper he remembered.

"No, it was wisest and best, Rachel. I have learned my need and the depth of my love for you in this absence, as, perhaps, I never otherwise should. I have tried to live, as we said that night. The test has done me good in all ways."

She looked up at him and smiled the smile that broke up into a great gladness all the sweet gravity of her face.

"And Rachel, my darling, you are ready to come to me now, ready to let my heart take into its shelter and love your sweet womanhood, and find your rest there until God shall part us."

"Until God shall part us," answered softly through her tears the voice of Rachel; and overhead His stars smiled on them, as they sat together under the old pear-tree.

V F T.

LADY VENETIA.

CHAPTER XXI.

Thou wilt proceed with me as thou hast power.
Thou know'st I neither fear nor brave thy rage.
What I have witnessed here—that, too, thou know'st.

From the German.

An exclamation was at length uttered by one of the labourers, and he looked around with a face which, in spite of the severe exercise he had taken, was blanched with horror.

The men caught the appalled expression, and the nun cried out:

"Have you found her? Is life yet in my darling?"

Baldoni replied to her in a tone he vainly endeavoured to render sympathetic:

"Alas, sister! it is not Lucia, but the unfortunate marquise, who seems to have perished terribly. We shall doubtless find Lucia near him; but our first duty is to remove him, and see if life yet lingers in his frame."

The nun came forward and looked on, with nerves strung to the task before her. She never permitted herself to shrink from suffering; but this tragic scene was far beyond anything she had hitherto been called on to witness, and, if possible, alleviate.

The mangled body of the marquise, crushed almost out of the semblance of humanity, was reverently lifted and conveyed to a safe spot beyond the ruins, where it was laid upon the green turf—an object at once of horror and compassion.

It was evident that life had long been extinct, for the skull was shattered, and the body already quite rigid.

"Nothing can be done here," said the nun, sorrowfully. "The marquise must have been killed at once. He was spared the horror of knowing that he was buried beneath the ruins of his own house. Father Boniface will watch over his remains, while the rest of us return to the scene of action, and seek those who may yet be benefited by our care."

"You also can remain beside the marquise, signora, and I will direct the search for Lucia," said Baldoni. "You cannot doubt that I will do all in my power to rescue her, if she is yet living."

"Why should you insinuate a doubt as to that?" she sharply asked. "Lucia is too young, too full of vital power to perish from exhaustion; and if she has escaped injury, my child will be restored to me."

"I trust it may be so, signora, and I promise to do all that is possible toward saving her. My presence among the workmen will suffice, while you can remain with the good father, and pray with him for our success."

Sister Maria looked him searchingly in the face, and she calmly arose, and said:

"I shall go with you myself. One watcher is sufficient for the dead when the living stand in need of help."

"As you please," replied Baldoni, indifferently;

though he fervently wished that he possessed the power to force her to remain distant from the scene of action.

He was in a state of feverish dread, lest Lucia might be found alive and conscious! that in the first moment of deliverance she might proclaim aloud what he felt the assurance she must have witnessed if she had not been struck lifeless with the first concussion. He knew that if she revealed the indignity with which he had treated the body of his late master, and the appropriation of the jewel-casket, his life would scarcely be safe among the men around him.

The dividing wall between the two apartments was still standing, with the wide rift in it, and he knew that the last cry of the marquise would, if heard, cause his faithful attendant to seek any aperture through which she could ascertain what had happened to him.

That Lucia had looked through this fissure Baldoni felt an internal conviction, and he knew that henceforth her safety was incompatible with his own.

A few moments were wasted by the workmen in seeking Lucia in the apartment of the marquise, and Baldoni insisted that they should be prosecuted further, as it was extremely unlikely that the young nurse would leave her patient for a moment in the weak condition to which his own observation had assured him the marquise was reduced.

To the men this reasoning seemed plausible; but the nun pushed her way among them, stern and resolute.

"Men, I know not why the steward wishes to prolong the search where I am sure my child is not to be found; I leave that to God and his own conscience. Let him follow his own will with those who have the right to control; but you, Bertolo, Giuseppe, and others who came hither with me, obey my orders. Seek Lucia in this smaller room, across the door of which a large beam has fallen. If she is safe, you will discover her in the space partially sheltered by it; if she is not there, I give up all hope of finding her in life."

The men obeyed her commands; and, followed by fateful glances from Baldoni, they commenced their labours in this new direction, while the steward persevered in removing the wreck from the apartment of the marquise, though perfectly aware that no living creature was to be found within it.

A shout from the servants' portion of the building presently informed them that those who had been sought in that direction had been discovered. The housekeeper and butler had taken refuge in the pantry, and they were found there alive and without vital injury, though they were wounded in several places and nearly stifled for want of air.

Many busy hands ministered to them, and they were soon able to join the priest in his watch beside the mangled remains of their late master.

A few minutes later the boy who acted as page in the establishment was drawn from another portion of the ruins, quite dead.

His body was placed at the feet of the marquise, and the mournful group left to the tears and prayers of the watchers.

The rubbish that encumbered Lucia's room was carefully removed, and Sister Maria with frantic eagerness, rushed in as soon as an opening was made, and worked with the others, in spite of their endeavours to prevent her. A large stone had fallen on the couch, and her heart gave a great bound when she found that Lucia was not buried beneath it. A huge pile of broken fragments lay heaped against the corner near the door, and beneath these the unfortunate girl would probably be found.

The nun plied her strength with the stoutest man there in removing the obstacles which lay between herself and the object of her search. Her hands were torn and bleeding, but she heeded it not, and presently her efforts were rewarded by a glimpse of a white robe. Suddenly unnerved, she sunk down helpless, pointing mutely to the evidence that Lucia was indeed there.

With redoubled energy the men commenced tearing away the obstructions that prevented them from reaching her; but she started up with renewed strength and exclaimed:

"Be careful, I conjure you, or you may bring down destruction upon her. Pause a moment, and let me speak to her; she may be able to direct us how to reach her."

The men obeyed and wiped the streaming perspiration from their faces, whilst Sister Maria bent down and cried in an imploring voice:

"Lucia, I am here to save you. Speak, my child, and tell me that you yet live. Give me some assurance that we have not laboured in vain to rescue you."

There was a dread pause; no answer came, and the nun wrung her hands in anguish.

"She cannot speak; she is insensible; she cannot be dead; I will not believe it till every effort to restore her has failed. Open the way for air to reach her,

but beware how you suffer anything to fall against her precious form."

She tore at the obstructions with her own mutilated hands, aided more efficiently by the strong arms that seemed nerved with renewed energy by the sight of her frantic efforts to restore the helpless girl once more to the light of day.

An opening was gradually and carefully made, through which Lucia was drawn, warm and flexible, but apparently quite lifeless.

Her untiring friend received her in her arms, and, aided by willing hands, bore her from the terrible spot in which she had borne all the agonies of premature interment.

A shout of exultation, mingled with a wailing cry of pain, apprised Baldoni and his daughter that the quest had been successful, and the two drew rapidly toward each other.

Pepita placed herself between her father and those nearest to him to screen his agitated face from observation.

He whispered in a hoarse tone:

"They have found her! curse them for their officiousness! Go and see if she yet lives; I dare not approach her just now."

"It will be best for you to keep out of her sight," she replied, in the same tone. "If she is sensible, you know not what she may say in the first excitement of seeing you."

He nodded assent, and Pepita rapidly threaded her way toward the grassy space on which the nun had sat down, supporting the head of the insensible girl upon her lap, while she applied such stimulants as had been provided to restore suspended animation.

Several moments elapsed without any apparent success, and Pepita slowly said:

"It is quite useless to work with her, for she will never breathe again."

The eyes of the excited sister glared a moment on her, and she asked:

"Are you and your father anxious to have her perish, that both seek to impede my efforts to restore her to life? Stand aside, that the air may blow upon her; assist me to chafe her hands, or I shall believe what you would be sorry to have any one think of you, Pepita."

With a curl of her lip, the girl haughtily replied:

"I care not what you may think, signora. I will assist you for humanity's sake, but this poor girl is past hope now."

She kneeled beside the pale form, took one of the nerveless hands in her own, and pretended to move her fingers tenderly up and down the snowy surface of the bared arm. A moment later she felt the faint lifeless pulse quivering beneath her touch, but she said:

"It is useless labour; Lucia is quite dead."

"She is not dead, but I am afraid if she were left to your mercy she soon would be," said the nun, impulsively. "I feel the throbbing of renewed life in this wrist, and you must feel the same in the one you hold, yet you insist that she is dead. Go away, Pepita; I do not want any one who is inimical to my child to be near her at such a crisis as this."

"Why should you say that I am unfriendly to her?" asked Pepita, with an expression of indignant surprise. "I have known and loved Lucia longer than you have, and you have no right to speak to me thus. I still believe our efforts vain to restore her, but I shall not cease making them any more than yourself."

Silenced, but far from convinced that her suspicions were not correct, Sister Maria poured wine through the half parted lips of her charge, and soon, with inexpressible joy, saw that Lucia's eyelids began to quiver and her breast to heave.

After a long interval, she faintly muttered:

"What has happened? Where am I?"

With a cry of joy, Sister Maria snatched her to her heart, exclaiming:

"Oh, my precious darling, you are safe! You are with those who will take the best care of you. Unclose your eyes, Lucia; look on me again, that I may know that sense and life are in them."

With a great effort, Lucia lifted her heavy eyelids, and murmured:

"Thank you, my best friend. I shall be better soon; but the marquis—where is he? What has happened to him? I saw something so dreadful; but my head is confused, and I—I—"

She relapsed again into insensibility; and Pepita said:

"This is no fitting place for her now. Let us have her carried to our cottage; it is near enough to get her there in a few moments."

As she thus spoke, she arose and beckoned some of the men to come to them; but the nun firmly said:

"Lucia must come with me, and I shall take refuge in the cottage of Guiseppe. It is quite as near as your father's house, and I shall have her removed there."

Pepita would have remonstrated, but there was

something in the face of the speaker that warned her it would be best not to do so.

Fear and hatred were aroused in her heart, and she comprehended that in Sister Maria she and her father had as great an enemy in the future as Lucia might prove if she had really witnessed the theft perpetrated by Baldoni.

She signed to him to remain at a distance, and stood silently looking on while the efforts of others again revived the insensible girl.

At length, Lucia sat up and swallowed a cup of wine which was offered her; but she seemed utterly exhausted by all she had gone through, and could only murmur:

"The marquis—where is he? He was struck down; he must have been severely injured. Oh, what has happened to him, sister?"

"Don't talk now, Lucia. You are too weak. The marquis has been taken out, and he has all the care he needs," was the evasive reply.

"Then he is safe. Oh! I am so happy that he was rescued; and she sank upon the supporting arm that sustained her with a faint smile, but the next instant an expression of intense pain passed over her face. In a tone of alarm the nun said:

"You suffer, Lucia; tell me if you are seriously hurt. Your limbs are uninjured; nothing seemed to have pressed upon your body. Tell me, darling, if you feel any internal pain."

"My breast hurts me, and my limbs feel as if paralysed—that will pass away. Oh! that giddy, rocking motion, and the terrible sense of suffocation after the walls fell, I shall never forget."

A shiver passed over her sensitive frame, and Sister Maria tenderly said:

"Don't think of them now, only remember that you are safe, with a sure friend beside you."

"Yes—to you I owe my resurrection, and I shall not forget it. But I must not think of myself now. Assist me to the marquis, that I may assure him that I would have gone to him in the moment of danger but for the beam that closed the way."

She made an ineffectual effort to rise, but her friend gently yet firmly held her in her arms, as she said:

"You must not go to him yet. He does not need you, and you must take care of yourself."

"Oh, I shall soon be well enough, if you will only let me join him. He must need me near him at such a time as this; and you know, dear sister, that he does not like any one to minister to his wants but myself."

The nun saw that no alternative remained but to reveal the truth; she very gravely said:

"Your presence cannot benefit him now, Lucia. He would not know you, if you stood beside him."

She turned her dilating eyes upon the speaker with an expression of horror, and the memory of what she had witnessed flashed suddenly upon her.

"Yes—I remember that fearful scene now. He was struck down, and I could not reach him, but—"

As she was about to utter the name of Baldoni her eyes fell on Pepita, and she stopped abruptly. She was an Italian, and she knew that if she imprudently betrayed what she had witnessed, her own life would not be safe from the steward's vengeance. Till the heir of Colonna returned, it would not be prudent for one now so friendless as herself to reveal the crime Baldoni had perpetrated. Sinking back with a shiver, she said:

"Take me away from this fatal spot. Get me to bed, for I am ill."

Pepita had not removed her eyes from Lucia's face from the moment she began to revive, and she perfectly interpreted the sudden pause she made. She now spoke:

"I have entreated the signora to have you removed to my father's cottage, but for some reason she may perhaps be able to explain to you, she insists that you shall accept an asylum in the meagre and comfortless home of Guiseppe. I know that with us you could be far better cared for, and the miserable cottage of a peasant is not a fit place for one of your habits."

"She will at least be safe there," said the nun, abruptly. "Lucia must go with me, and I shall take refuge in any peasant's cottage on the estate in preference to your father's."

"You will at least permit Lucia to decide for herself," replied Pepita, with an accent of disdain. "I will bestow on her as good care as you can, and you can visit her every day. Speak, Lucia, and say what you know to be true; that the hovel of Guiseppe, with his half dozen children, is no place for one in your condition."

Lucia hesitated a moment, for she saw that the invitation of Pepita was given with the hope that it would be accepted. She felt it impossible to seek the shelter of Baldoni's roof, yet feared to arouse his suspicions if she refused.

At length she faltered:

"Excuse me, Pepita, but I must go with Sister Maria. What is good enough for her will suffice for

me, and Guiseppe's family will do all that lies in their power to make me comfortable."

Pepita looked baffled, and a slight frown darkened her brow; but she replied, with a light laugh, which sounded terribly discordant amid that tragic scene:

"Oh, just as you choose. I am not one to press my hospitality on any one; and it certainly shall not be a second time offered to one so forlorn and friendless as you are now the marquis is dead and his son married to another. Good evening; I will join my father, and tell him that you would not be persuaded to come to us."

At the allusion to her father, in spite of her efforts to appear unconcerned, the face of Lucia slightly changed.

Though she had passed the taunt concerning Vittorio, with the scorn it merited, the reference to Baldoni caused her cheek to grow yet paler, and her lips to quiver—signs which Pepita was quick to note and understand.

Sister Maria, who observed each change in Lucia's expressive face, quickly said:

"It is settled, Pepita, that we shall both go to Guiseppe's cottage. I shall lose no time in removing Lucia, for her nerves have received a shock, from which, I fear, they will be long recovering. While I live she is neither friendless nor forlorn, for I have a roof to shelter her, and a humble competence for us both. I will add, in reply to your allusion to Count Vittorio, that if she had possessed as little principle as those I forbear to name, she might have had the right to remain in her old home as its lawful mistress. This is no news to you, however, and it is absurd in me to lose my temper so far as to reply to your impertinence."

"Impertinent, was I?" asked the insolent girl, with a cool stare.

Then moving slowly away, she added:

"I did not think anything I might say could be construed into impertinence by such nobodies as you and Lucia now are. Since your master is gone, you have nothing, and are nothing."

Sister Maria did not deign to notice this coarse retort, but busied herself in having a conveyance arranged in which Lucia could be removed.

In vain did she protest that she could walk the short distance that lay between the cottage and the spot on which she sat; her friend knew that the effort would too severely tax her weakened frame, and a *fauteuil* was extricated from the ruins, in which Lucia was placed, and borne between two of the men, with Sister Maria walking beside her. The procession soon reached the humble asylum the nun had chosen.

It proved to be miserable, bare, and poor; but it contained two apartments, and a clean bed was found for Lucia.

Sister Maria sent money by one of the men, to procure such things as she found to be absolutely necessary, though many of them were considered luxuries by the poor people, whose welcome was more cordial than that which is sometimes given in a palace.

The house, like that of most of the poorer classes in volcanic regions, was built of lava cut in square blocks, and rudely fitted together; and the only visible wealth of the family consisted of a flock of geese, which browsed upon some waste lands belonging to the Colonna estate.

The wife of Guiseppe—a worn, wiry-looking woman—bustled about, and quieted the numerous brood of children, while apologizing for the meagreness of the accommodations she had to offer.

The nun smiled in reply, and said:

"You need not trouble yourself on our account, Teresa. I only ask for shelter to-night, for it is my purpose to remove to-morrow, to the house of a friend who lives some miles from here."

"You have no better friends than my husband and myself, sister, and good cause we have for being such. But it is a great change for the Signorina Lucia to have to put up with our poor ways after living so long at the castle. She looks so white and scared like that it makes my heart ache to look at her. But no wonder, for she has had an awful fright, and a narrow escape, not to mention that the marquis, who was her best friend, has been snatched away in this terrible manner."

The nun glanced at Lucia, who lay upon the bed, pallid and motionless, with a fixed expression of terror in her eyes that alarmed her.

She approached her and spoke, but she only muttered, in a vague manner:

"There—there—don't speak! I see him—he is—oh! I dare not tell what he is doing, or he would kill me. Don't ask me—pray don't ask me. It is dreadful, dreadful!"

Sister Maria rapidly examined her face, felt her pulse, and then placed her hand upon her throbbing brow. She spoke in a troubled voice:

"The shock has proved too much for the poor child, and she is threatened with brain fever. Teresa, send your children to a neighbour, and you remain

quietly near Lucia, while I go and bring the doctor. He was sent for to the castle, and if he was not killed himself, he is there by this time. You should offer thanks to the Holy Mary, Teresa, that your humble home was spared to become the refuge of this young girl. Her presence will bring you a blessing, be sure of that; so see that you take the best care of her while I am gone."

"The signorina has been kind to me many times in days gone by, sister, and I will do the best I can for her. Bianca's house was not much injured, and she will take care of my little ones for a few days."

Calling to a black-eyed girl of ten, with bare feet and unkempt hair, Teresa gave the younger scions of the family into her care, and assumed her place beside Lucia's bed, while the nun sped towards the ruins of the castle, to ascertain if Dr. Strozzi had yet arrived there.

She found him mounting his horse to leave; he had dressed the contusions of the injured, pronounced life long since extinct in the marquis, and he was about to spur on to the village, to order coffins to be sent up at once, that the body of the marquis might be conveyed to La Tempesta, to lie there in state, while masses were chanted for the repose of the soul of the deceased nobleman and his little page.

Father Boniface and the steward undertook to have everything properly attended to; but there were so many sufferers from the late calamity that the physician could not long remain in any one place. He listened to the nun's statement with sympathetic attention, and then said:

"I am not surprised at what you tell me, for this poor girl has scarcely recovered from her late severe illness, and her sufferings in that living grave must have been terrible. Let us go to her as soon as possible."

He walked his jaded steed so slowly that Sister Maria could easily keep up with him, and they earnestly discussed the tragic events of the day. As he reined up in front of the cottage, Dr. Strozzi said:

"I trust that the signorina will not long require your care, for so many are suffering for attention that I could give you employment in every direction, suited to your taste. The fury of the explosion in this vicinity seems to have been chiefly limited to Colonna Castle; but a few miles hence the scene is far more terrible than even the devastation made there."

She shuddered at the picture thus brought before her mental vision, and together they entered the cottage.

A hectic flush now burned upon Lucia's cheeks, so lately colourless as marble, and the poor girl held her hand pressed upon her brow as if suffering severe pain there.

The physician looked into her dilated eyes, then around the comfortless room, and asked, in a low tone:

"Would it not be better to have her removed to the steward's house? She is threatened with severe illness, and here she cannot be properly attended to."

"That was proposed, doctor, but I declined going there, for I do not consider it seemly that Lucia shall take refuge in the house of a man like Baldoni, who has had the presumption to aspire to her hand. My care shall compensate for the absence of many things to which she has been accustomed, and she will do very well."

The physician smiled incredulously.

"Did Baldoni really think of marrying a girl who is younger than his own daughter? I had not believed him so great a simpleton. However, if such was the position of affairs, you acted perfectly right in bringing her here in preference to his house. I believe Lucia's delirium to be merely the result of the physical suffering she has endured within the last few hours, and I hope the attack will not prove so serious as the last one she battled through. Give her these drops at regular intervals; they will quiet her nerves, and perhaps throw her into a refreshing sleep. I understood you to say that she received no personal injury during her incarceration?"

"None that I could discover. She insisted that she was well enough to walk here; but of course I did not permit that. Soon after she arrived here I discovered that her mind was wandering."

"No, it was not," said Lucia, feebly but decidedly. "I only saw that fearful scene acted over again, and I spoke from impulse. My head aches badly, doctor, and my chest pains me; but I shall not have that low fever again. I cannot afford to have it now, for there is something on my mind I dare not speak of at present."

"Much has happened to-day that none of us would like to speak of," said the nun, quickly. "I believe that I was needlessly alarmed after all, doctor, and I will no longer detain you from others who need your assistance."

"Good-bye, then; and you, signorina, get well as speedily as possible, that your nurse may be spared to

others who, I trust, need her attentions more than you will."

The sufferer vainly attempted to smile, and so soon as Dr. Strozzi left, she motioned to Sister Maria to bend over her, that she might speak so low as to be unheard by Teresa. She then impressively said:

"The doctor may be right, but my head feels strangely, and I may say things that would—Dear sister, I cannot explain even to you; but if you will watch over me alone, and never repeat a word I may say till I give you leave, I shall be safe. In my present position, only in your discretion can I find safety."

Her manner was so earnest, though her words seemed so strange, that her friend was impressed by it, and she replied in the same tone:

"I give you my promise. If your mind shows any symptoms of wandering, no one shall watch over you but myself."

"Thank you; then all will be well. I will explain some day, when I dare do so. Give me the drops, if you please."

They had the effect of producing a feverish kind of repose, which was neither sleeping nor waking; and, in this state, words escaped Lucia's lips which gave the astute watcher a clue to the source of her uneasiness without betraying its cause.

That Baldoni had become to her an object of terror and aversion was evident from the tone of horror with which she often pronounced his name; but, immediately after doing so, as if aroused to a species of semi-consciousness, she would firmly close her lips, and keep back the words that seemed struggling for utterance.

Clear-sighted as the nun was, she could not connect her mutterings with anything that had lately happened at the castle; and she marvelled why Lucia should dwell so constantly on one train of thought, and repeat again and again the words, "Robber!" "Ingrate!" in tones of such piercing reproach.

Contrary to the physician's hopes, Lucia suffered many days from a low nervous fever, the result of the violent shock she had undergone; and a week elapsed before she was strong enough to think of leaving the humble asylum in which she had been received.

During her illness Baldoni called many times to see her, but, at her earnest request, was not permitted to enter the room in which she lay.

Fruit and wine were sent to her from his house, much to the annoyance of Sister Maria; for she had a vague suspicion that the steward was interested in ridding himself of Lucia, and she believed these luxuries would not be willingly refused by the invalid.

Much to her surprise, Lucia declined tasting them, and in an excited manner, entreated the nun to find means to destroy them without permitting any one to partake of them.

"Your thoughts then chime with my own," she said, fixing her penetrating glance upon the varying cheek of the sick girl. "You fear Baldoni."

"I do fear him more than any living being. I am the only witness to his —. But I must not speak of this even to you, sister, for the secret it involves is not my own. When I am better I may be able to decide on the best course to pursue; in the meantime, bear with me, and protect me from this bad man. I cannot yet think clearly, and I must be cautious, for I have a wily adversary to contend with."

"My dear, I am always ready to assist you. When you need advice, call on me as on your mother."

Lucia smiled, kissed her, and pointed warily to the delicacies which both father and daughter had believed irresistible to her sick appetite. The nun removed them from the house without delay, broke the wine bottles, and cast the fruit in a deep ravine near the cottage, so overgrown with underwood as effectually to conceal it from the children of the family.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Yes! here it is! I can endure no longer
To creep on tip-toe round this house, and lurk
In ambush for a favourable moment!
This loitering, this suspense, excites my powers.
Goethe.

THE injuries done to La Tempesta were hastily repaired, and the body of the marquis was placed upon a stately catafalque in front of the altar, to await the day of interment.

The chapel was a small gothic building, rich in architectural beauty, and ornamented by a few rare paintings and sculptures representing sacred subjects. The windows were exquisite specimens of painted glass, through which poured the vivid light of a southern sun, illuminating the interior with rays of purple, orange, and crimson, in gorgeous rivalry.

Lighted tapers burned constantly upon the altar, and in front of it was placed the coffin of the deceased marquis, covered with a magnificent black velvet pall,

on which were embroidered in gold the armorial bearings of the family of Colonna.

The marquis had been a kind and benevolent master, and groups of peasants came, at all hours, to show their respect for his memory by joining in the prayers which were constantly offered for the repose of his soul. Two young priests had been summoned to the assistance of Father Boniface, and one or the other was found constantly on duty.

The ruins from the fallen portion of the castle had been partially removed, and everything of value taken from them. The wings were but slightly injured, for the fury of the earthquake seemed to have exhausted itself upon the apartments occupied by the marquis and his young protégée.

An exact account of what had happened, and a detailed description of the present position of affairs, were despatched by the steward to the young heir; but Baldoni knew that several weeks must elapse before Vittorio could make his appearance at Colonna, even if he should desire to return to the home of his youth to find it in ruins.

In that time, he could carry out his own plans, provided Lucia did not circumvent him; and he made a silent vow in the depths of his own heart that she should never again stand face to face with her former lover, to denounce him as a criminal.

Baldoni reasoned that Lucia would not dare to trust so momentous a communication to the uncertain post of that day, and he felt serenely secure of his power to entrap her before Vittorio could possibly return.

On the night before that appointed for the funeral of the marquis, the steward sat alone with wrinkled brow and compressed lips, studying minutely the chart which was to guide him in his descent to the treasure chamber.

The removal of the rubbish at the castle had opened the way into the vaults, and that morning he had penetrated to them, and satisfied himself that the pathway could be easily traced.

Baldoni had provided himself with a dark lantern, candles, and the means of striking a light should any accident happen to the one he carried.

The night was overcast, and intensely dark. When the hour of midnight sounded from a small clock which stood on a shelf in his room, he arose, wrapped himself in a dark garment, and concealed his features beneath a large sombrero.

As he was stealthily leaving the house, a figure appeared suddenly in the gloom of the passage, but his alarm was somewhat allayed by the whispered tones of his daughter's voice.

She reproachfully said:

"I suspected that you would attempt to evade me, and I have kept a watch on your movements that I might be sure you did not get off without me. It is my fixed purpose to accompany you; so wait a few moments, till I throw on my mantilla."

He turned back, and went with her to her room, in the faint hope that his remonstrance would be listened to.

"Pepita, I do not know what is before me, and it will be best for you to wait till I have visited the place, and ascertained what condition the passage is in. Even if that is unobstructed, you will find it dreadfully fatiguing to scramble through the piles of rubbish still left in the way."

"Pooh! I am younger than you, strong and active of limb, and I am not afraid to encounter fatigue. You need say no more, for it is my will to go, and I do not choose to be baffled."

When she spoke in that tone, her father knew that further words were useless; and he sadly said:

"I would merely have opened the way for you, Pepita; for you know that it is only for your future elevation that I am about to commit this act of treachery. I believe you fear that I shall appropriate a portion of this treasure without your knowledge; but why should I desire wealth save to raise you to the position of a lady?"

"Oh! you have your dreams and aspirations of your own, and I am aware that among them a young girl looms in the foreground as your future wife. If you can secure the silence of Lucia by inducing her to give you her hand, it will be well enough; but if I am to become Marchesa of Colonna, I naturally wish a fair share of Vittorio's wealth to return to him with his bride. I am quite ready now, so let us set out on this adventure, which has something attractive for me."

While speaking, she had muffled herself in a dark mantle which effectually disguised her, and the two lightly passed the door of Lettorio's room and issued from the house. They knew the woman was a heavy sleeper, and had few apprehensions that she would discover their nocturnal expedition.

Over the devastated ground the two rapidly moved, Pepita bounding over every obstruction with the buoyant step of youth and expectation. At so late an hour they were not apprehensive of encountering any one, and in a short time they stood beneath the dilapidated walls of the castle.

Intense darkness reigned, only broken by the faint circle of light spread by the lantern Baldoni carried in his hand. He did not offer to assist Pepita over the fallen fragments which yet encumbered the ground, but silently held the light in such a position as enabled her to surmount them.

They reached the entrance to the vaults, and silently descended a long flight of steps made of rough stones, placed one above the other.

These led into an immense wine-cellar, filled with casks of every size and vintage known to southern Europe, for the late marquis had been a connoisseur in wine.

Many of the casks had been violently hurled from their places, and, in falling, had burst open, pouring their precious contents upon the rocky floor, but others still remained uninjured.

On one side was a mass of broken bottles lying in a confused heap, and Baldoni pointed to them as he ruefully said:

"There lies a small fortune smashed to atoms. The wine those bottles held was of the most precious vintage, and it was offered by the marquis only to his most distinguished guests. Yet there it lies, mixed with broken glass. Mind how you walk, Pepita, or you may injure yourself, and then I should have more cause than ever to lament your obstinacy in coming hither."

"You need have no fears for me. I think I have shown you before this time that I am quite capable of taking care of myself. The only wonder to me is, that a single cask was left in its place, after the injury done to the house."

"That will not seem so strange when you remember that we are now nearly a hundred feet below the castle, and the solid granite from which these rocks are hewn seems successfully to have resisted the throes of old Etna. Follow my steps carefully, and do not be looking about this gloomy den."

(To be continued.)

RESUSCITATION AFTER HANGING.—The subjoined incident we had from a friend, whose father was high-sheriff of Tyrone about forty years ago. A country lad was hanged at Omagh for sheep-stealing; a penalty and offence frequently associated at that epoch. After the prescribed time, the criminal was cut down and delivered to his friends for interment. They made the usual attempt at reviving him, and, in this instance, succeeded. The lad recovered, retaining no outward marks of what had happened beyond a slight distortion of the neck. It was thought by many that he had no right to be amongst the living, and that unholier agencies had helped him. He was shunned by his former companions, could obtain no work, and wandered about an alms-beggar. Necessity drove him to the house of the gentleman who, in his official duty, had superintended the execution. He recognised, relieved, and dismissed him, not being disposed to pursue the matter further; but, first, as a physical inquiry, asked to describe the sensations on being turned off. He replied that he felt the jerk, but not so acutely as to produce insensibility, or even confusion. He appeared to have the power of looking above, below, and around. All was a bright vermilion colour. An agreeable sensation then crept through his frame, until he became insensible. "But," he added, "I can find no words to express the agony of gradual returning consciousness!" Necessity or natural bent, or what modern cant would call "his mission," drove him back to his old trade, which drove him again to the gallows, but this time without benefit of resuscitation.—*Two Remarkable Executions, from the Dublin University Magazine.*

A DOG STORY.—One day, in feeding the dogs, I called the whole of them around me, and gave to each in turn a capelin, or small dried fish. To do this fairly, I used to make all the dogs encircle me until every one had received ten capelins apiece. Now Barbekark, a very young and shrewd dog, took it into his head that he would play a white man's trick. So every time he received his fish, he would back square out, move a distance of two or three dogs, and force himself in line again, thus receiving double the share of any other dog. But this joke of Barbekark's bespoke too much of the game many men play upon their fellow-beings, and, as I noticed it, I determined to check his doggish propensities; still, the cunning, and the singular way in which he evidently watched me, induced a moment's pause in my intention. Each dog thankfully took his capelin as his turn came round; but Barbekark, finding his share came twice as often as his companions', appeared to shake his tail twice as thankfully as the others. A twinkle in his eyes, as they caught mine, seemed to say, "Keep dark; these ignorant fellows don't know the game I'm playing. I am confounded hungry." Seeing my face smiling at his trick, he now commenced making another charge, thus getting three portions to the others' one. This was enough, and it was now time for me to reverse

the order of Barbekark's game, by playing a trick upon him. Accordingly, every time I came to him he got no fish; and, although he changed his position rapidly three times, yet he got nothing. Then, if ever there was a picture of disappointed plans—of envy at others' fortune, and sorrow at a sad misfortune—it was to be found on that dog's countenance as he watched his companions receiving their allowance. Finding he could not succeed by any change of his position, he withdrew from the circle to where I was, and came to me, crowding his way between my legs, and looking up in my face as if to say, "I have been a very bad dog. Forgive me, and Barbekark will cheat his brother dogs no more. Please, sir, give me my share of capelins." I went the rounds three times more, and let him have the fish, as he had shown himself so sagacious, and so much like a repentant prodigal dog!—"Life with the Equimaux." *The Narrative of Captain Charles Francis Hall.*

ALL ALONE.

By E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Hidden Hand," "Self-Made," &c., &c.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

A RIDE IN SEARCH OF A LOST LOVE.

Let winter come! Let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world and tempest-troubled deep,
Though boundless snows the withered heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm;
Yet shall the smile of constant love repay
With beaming light the melancholy day!
And when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-bound waters slumbering on the shore,
How bright the faggots in the little hall
Blaze on the hearth and warm the pictured wall!

Campbell.

THE steed upon which Arthur Powis went forth to his adventure was certainly not a very handsome horse; it was a stout, short-bodied white cob, better built for service and safety than for elegance and display. And, upon the whole, it was a very good horse for the rough road and hard riding that lay before it.

As the young man rode away from the gate of Ceres Cottage he looked up anxiously at the sky.

The day that had dawned so brightly was now darkened with clouds, and the snow was beginning to sift downward in that fine, white downy dust that promises a long-continued fall, and two or three feet of depth.

This gave him some uneasiness; but still he hoped to reach the point of his destination before the road should become impassable.

And he fully resolved, be the weather or his health what they might, he would go on to Dranesville, and see Gladdys that night.

So he put whip to his horse, and started at a good pace on the road to Dranesville.

The greater part of his way lay through a thick forest, whose closely entangled boughs and twigs were now covered with snow instead of leaves—clothed in virgin white instead of fairy green.

As he rode onward through the wintry woods, he also, with his steed, became thickly covered with snow; so that both together looked not unlike the figure of Death on the Pale Horse.

It was quite late in the afternoon when—cold, tired, and hungry—he reached the little village which was the first stage of his journey.

He rode through the deep snow up to the inn, where a number of weather-bound travellers were already taking shelter from the thickening storm.

"Have your horse put up, sir?" inquired the ostler, who took the reins from his hands as he sprang from the saddle.

"No," replied Mr. Powis, shaking the snow from his clothing; "but take him under shelter somewhere, take the saddle off of him, rub him down, and give him a good feed of corn."

And as the man led the horse away, the rider walked into the parlour of the inn, where a number of half-frozen travellers, in Inverness capes and leggings, were standing around a huge fire, discussing the inclemency of the weather and other subjects.

A waiter entered to take the orders of the new-comer.

"A room, sir?" he inquired, with a bow.

"No; but you may bring me a cup of strong coffee and a plate of beefsteak immediately."

The waiter went out to fulfil this order, and Mr. Powis walked up to the fire to dry his coat.

The other travellers, who had arrived before him, and had been around the hearth for some time, were now so well warmed and dried that they were beginning to be roasted. So with one accord they fell back to make room for the new-comer, and dropped into chairs in groups about the room.

Arthur Powis stood alone on the rug, with his back

to the fire. Wrapt in his own thoughts, he paid no attention to the conversation that was going on around him, until the words of one of the speakers suddenly roused his attention and set his every sense upon the alert.

"I am sure it was the same young lady that came alone in the coach to Dranesville yesterday afternoon. Because I was there taking refreshment and giving my horse a feed when the coach drove up, and she alighted and went into the house—quite alone. And I noticed then what a pale, pretty creature she was. And in a little while there was a handsome, green, close carriage drove up to the house—a carriage that I know didn't belong to our neighbourhood, for I think I know every carriage in it—four-wheeled and two-wheeled. And no person got out of this one. But a lady, thickly veiled, put her head out of the door and spoke to the landlord, who, you see, had gone out himself to meet an arrival which came in such a handsome travelling carriage. And the landlord called a waiter and sent a message into the house. And presently the solitary young lady came out, and the landlord handed her into the carriage and shut the door, and— Well, I never saw horses start off at such a pace in my life! I thought they had run away with the carriage. But it appears they hadn't; but I suppose they were blood horses, and that was their way. When I asked old Briggs who these ladies were, he said he didn't know; that the young lady had come to Scotland to meet the old lady, he believed; but that they were both total strangers to him, as neither of them belonged to this part of the country. And, indeed, I knew of myself that they didn't; but I thought old Briggs knew the names of his own guests. That is all I know about it; but I feel morally certain that it is the same party you speak of."

"Yes, I think there is no doubt of it," said another. "Excuse me, sir, if you please; but—what party are you speaking of?" said Arthur Powis, approaching the group of talkers.

"Why, sir, a strange party and a strange circumstance as ever you heard of," said a third traveller—a stout man in a heavy grey overcoat and top boots—"if this weren't a respectable part of the country, and if these weren't peaceable times, I should say—looking back on it, that it was a case of kidnapping or highway robbery, or murder, or something."

"For heaven's sake, go on! What was it?" demanded Arthur Powis, thrilled with a vague alarm.

"Well, you see, sir," said the stout traveller, "having business in this direction, I left home yesterday morning, and had ridden to within about half-a-mile of Dranesville, when, in the road there that goes through the old woods, I suddenly, at the same time, heard dreadful, heart-rending screams and saw a dark green carriage dashing along the road that I was riding on. I thought, of course, that the horses had run away with the carriage. And I jumped off my horse to run and seize the leader's head and stop them. And while I was running towards the horses and the horses towards me, I caught a glimpse of a young, pale, scared-looking face, thrust, screaming, out of the window one minute, and snatched back the next. Well, I thought, naturally enough, that she was frightened at the running horses, and was trying to jump out to save herself, and very imprudently, too; because she might have been killed in the attempt. And I thought some one inside, more self-possessed than herself, had pulled her in again. Anyway, all these thoughts passed through my mind like lightning as I made a dash forward and seized the leader, and stopped the horses."

"You stopped them?" breathlessly demanded Arthur Powis.

"Yes; and now mind what followed. The minute I laid my hand on the leader's bit and the horses reared, the driver, instead of holding them in, just raised himself in his seat and hit me a clip over the head with the butt-end of his whip, and then lashed his horses into a gallop again. And I had just time to reel back to save myself from being thrown down and trampled to death when—"

"They got off?" demanded Arthur.

"They whirled up the road like a tornado, leaving me standing there, confounded. I am sorry now that I had not the presence of mind to mount my horse and gallop after the carriage, to see what came of it. But there! I had not, and that's the truth! So, after I had recovered myself a little, I mounted my horse and pursued my journey. I did not put up at Dranesville last night, or I might have heard more about that party, but I put up at a friend's house. And now, all I have got to say is this—I ever I do meet with that brute of a coachman again, and fail to thrash him into better manners, I hope he'll finish me the next time he assaults me, that's all!"

And the speaker took his pipe from his pocket and filled it, and went to the fireplace to light it.

"And I am sure, sir," said the first traveller who had spoken—"quite sure that it was the same party that left Dranesville about the same time."

"Yes, I think that is reduced to a certainty," answered Arthur Powis. And then he added mentally—"and to an equal certainty that my dearest friend has been again entrapped into the power of that ruthless woman."

At this moment the waiter entered to say that the gentleman's lunch was ready in the dining-room, and Arthur Powis left the parlour and went thither.

"Have my horse brought around immediately," he said, as he seated himself at the table.

The waiter left the room to give the proper directions. And Arthur Powis tried to benefit by the meal that had been placed before him.

In vain! Appetite was entirely destroyed by excessive anxiety. He drank his coffee as a duty. And then he got up and buttoned his surcoat closely, drew on his gloves, and took his hat, and hurried to the front door to see if his horse was ready.

The unlucky beast, whose evil fate it was to be compelled to carry his rider over eighteen, twenty or more miles of a rough road through a tempestuous night, on an adventure in which he felt not the slightest personal interest, stood ready saddled at the horse-rack, and testifying his impatience not to be off, but to be in.

The landlord, the waiter, the ostler, and several of the guests of the house were waiting in the hall for a look at the traveller who was mad enough to take the road in such a night as that.

The weather outside was in fact appalling. It was not yet dark—scarcely twilight, in fact; but the snow lay so thick upon the ground that it was half way up to the tops of the fences; and it was still falling fast.

"You will surely think better of it, sir, and not venture out," said the landlord.

"I am obliged to go," was Arthur's straightforward reply.

"How far do you travel, sir?" he inquired, in a sympathetic tone.

"To Dranesville," answered Arthur.

"To Dranesville!" echoed the whole company, in consternation.

"It is a good twenty miles from here," said the traveller in the grey overcoat.

"You'll never see Dranesville to-night, sir," said the landlord.

"I will make the attempt at any rate, friends. Good-night to you!" exclaimed Arthur Powis, as he vaulted into his saddle and rode off, flinging up clouds of snow-dust behind his horse's heels.

"He's after that party! that's my opinion," said the stout traveller in grey.

"If he is, he won't fall in with them to-night," said another.

"I'll tell you what! You'll hear of a man being found frozen to death in the snow!" said the landlord, as he and his guests returned to the house.

Meanwhile Arthur Powis pushed on in a cloud of snow—snow lying thickly on the ground under him; snow falling fast around him; and snow flung up in whirls by his horse's hoofs. Himself and his horse were soon covered with snow, and moved onward, an equine snowball, through the storm of snow.

Snow, snow, snow, everywhere; above, around, and beneath, nothing but snow!

It was as if heaven and earth were resolving themselves into snow!

Not a soul did Arthur meet in that solitary ride through the snow-laden forest! not a soul in the world seemed desperate enough to venture out on such a night as that.

Not a living creature did he see, except an occasional squirrel limping half-frozen into its hole in the hollow of some tree—or a poor little belated bird flitting across his path and listening to its home.

Night deepened; and it soon grew so dark that he could not even see the snow, but only feel it falling fast upon his face and settling into every opening of his garments;—so dark that he had to trust to the instinct of his horse to keep the middle of the dangerous road.

Still Arthur pressed onward.

The remainder of his night's journey was perfectly indescribable in its danger, horror, and difficulty. It was one persistent pressure onward through darkness, tempest, and peril.

It was ten o'clock when both rider and horse, more dead than alive, entered the village of Dranesville and stopped at the inn.

There were lights shining from the windows of the parlour and of the bar-room; but there was not a creature visible outside the house.

Arthur dismounted, so cold that he could scarcely stand or walk, and fumbled about until he found a place to fasten his horse, and then he went up to the house and entered the coffee-room.

There was seated the barman, and there were a few customers sitting around the fire.

And all these turned in astonishment to stare at the "snow man" that had walked in bodily before

them—looking as if he were an incarnation of winter or storm.

"Will you send somebody to look after my horse?" said Arthur, stepping up to the barman.

The half-stupefied barman rang a bell for the ostler, who presently made his appearance.

"Take my horse to the stable, rub him down dry with straw, give him a warm mash, and cover him with a blanket. Hang the saddle where it will dry before morning," said Arthur.

The ostler nodded rather ill-humouredly at being unexpectedly called upon to do his duty at so late an hour, on such a tempestuous night.

Arthur Powis turned again to the barman.

"I want supper in a private sitting-room, and I wish to see the landlord immediately, on business."

"Yes, sir," said the barman, ringing for the waiter, who immediately entered.

"Show this gentleman into No. 3, and take his orders for supper. Then go and see if Mr. Briggs is still out of bed; and if he is, tell him that a gentleman in No. 3 is waiting to see him, on business."

The waiter lighted a candle, and led the way into a small sitting-room, where there was a fire nearly burnt out.

"What would you please to have for supper, sir?"

"Anything at all that is ready. I want to see the landlord, first of all."

The waiter replenished the fire from a box of coal that was near at hand, and then went out to perform his errands.

Arthur Powis took off his wet overcoat, and hung it up, and then drew a chair to the fire to dry his feet, while he waited for the landlord.

"Old Briggs," as he was generally called, soon afterwards entered.

"You wanted to see me, sir?" he said, addressing his new guest.

"Yes, I wished to talk with you for a few minutes. Sit down."

The landlord drew a chair opposite to that of his guest, seated himself, placed his hands upon his knees, and looked attentive and interested.

"There was a young lady arrived here last night?"

"There was, sir," said the landlord, solemnly, as though he had been answering a question, propounded by the bench in open court, that might have concerned a murder.

"Do you know the name of that young lady?"

"I do not, sir," replied the landlord, looking equally full of solemnity and curiosity; as though he expected some strange revelation from this singular guest.

"She came here to meet a lady by appointment," continued Arthur.

"She did, sir," responded the witness.

"Do you know who that lady was?"

"I do not, sir."

"Do you suspect her to have been any one in particular?"

"I do not, sir."

"Did you hold any conversation with either of the ladies?"

"Only with the elder one, sir; and very little with her."

"What was the purport of that conversation?"

"Only this, sir—When I went to the carriage door—she came in a handsome close carriage—a dark-green one, drawn by two fine, spirited grey horses—and seeing such a distinguished-looking arrival, I went out myself to receive it—and as I said, when I went to the carriage door she put her head out and asked me:

"Is there a young lady here waiting for another lady to meet her?"

"I said:

"There is, madam."

"I am that lady. Go and tell her that I am here, but in too great a hurry to alight. And ask her to be good enough to excuse me, and to come out to the carriage."

"And the carriage immediately started off at full speed, as if it were running away."

"And that is all you know?" inquired Arthur Powis.

"All I know of my own knowledge, sir," answered the landlord.

"What description of young lady was she who came by the first?"

"Well, she was of middle height and slender, with a fair, thin face, and fine, soft features, and very black hair, eyes, and eyebrows. And her voice was very low, and her manners were very gentle."

"Gladdys! Gladdys!" said Arthur to himself. Then speaking up, he inquired:

"What sort of person was the elder lady?"

"Well, she was very tall, and rather thin; and she was dressed in black, and so thickly veiled that I could not see her face distinctly. But I judge from what I did see that she was dark."

"Mrs. Jay!" exclaimed Arthur, to himself. Then he said aloud:

"The elder lady who came to meet the young lady termed herself Elizabeth Fairbridge—and a widow. Do you know any one of that name in this neighbourhood?"

"Fairbridge?" Lots of them! answered the landlord, who, as he grew familiar with his questioner, gradually changed his witness-box style of delivery for his ordinary tone of conversation—"Lots of them, sir; though not one that looks like this lady, if you mean that. For this lady was tall and thin, and, as far as I could judge, dark-complexioned—whereas, every one of the Fairbridges are short and stout, and red-haired and fair—which all comes of their marrying in and in so much, to keep the property in the same family."

"Do you know any widow Elizabeth Fairbridge, who describes herself 'of Fairbridge'?"

"No, sir; but I know there is no such widow in the whole clan; and neither is there any one who has the right to describe themselves 'of Fairbridge'—(which is the old family seat where the heads of the family live)—except Colonel John Fairbridge and Mrs. Colonel John. If that lady called herself a Fairbridge, of Fairbridge, she was an impostor, sir; you may rely upon it."

"I have every reason to believe that she was," said Arthur Powis, very gravely.

"The whole affair had a very queer look, sir, and set folks here to talking about it, I tell you."

"What road did the carriage take?"

"Straight on, sir."

"The very road that she would have taken in going in the direction of Cader Idris," murmured Arthur to himself; then speaking out, he said:

"Landlord, you say that this affair set people to talking. Pray, have you heard anything of that party since the carriage left?"

"Well, sir, yes. I told you, if you remember, that I had given you all the information I possessed of my own knowledge. But I heard something from some others that makes me think that all was not right."

"What? What?" questioned Arthur, eagerly.

"First, sir, tell me—are you in the detective line of business?"

Arthur smiled as he murmured to himself:

"What next? I have been mistaken for a horse-breaker, a ghost, and now a detective! What next, I wonder!" Then aloud he replied: "No, my friend, I am not in the detective line; but I have the deepest personal interest in the young lady who has been carried off—"

"Carried off! There, I said she had been carried off! I told Tom Hodge so, when he told me what he heard," exclaimed the landlord.

"What, what, did he hear?" eagerly demanded Arthur.

"Well, Tom Hodge was driving his team along the old meadow road that crosses the turnpike, when, just before he got to the crossing, he sees a carriage come tearing along, as if the horses had run away, and a young lady with her head out of the window screaming as if she was in fits. And he sees a gentleman coming along the opposite way on horseback, jump off his horse and seize the heads of the carriage horses to stop them; and at the same minute he sees the driver strike the gentleman away from before the horses, and lash the horses into a faster gallop, and somebody pull the young lady back in the carriage, and shut down the window. And then he sees the carriage itself whirl away in a cloud of dust, and the gentleman that had tried to stop the horses get into his saddle and ride on, cursing every step he went; all this Tom Hodge sees as he rides up to the cross-roads. When he goes there, the carriage was out of sight in one direction and the horseman in the other."

"I heard something like this from a traveller I met this afternoon."

"This afternoon, sir! Surely you have not ridden through all this storm from that point?" said the landlord, in astonishment.

"Yes; but never mind me and my stormy ride! Tell me of that carriage and its occupants. Did you hear anything more of them?"

"Yes, sir! A gentleman, who passed this way to-day, hearing us talk of this strange party, said it must be the same party he had noticed at the wayside inn where he had got his horse fed. And he described it—a dark-green carriage; grey horses; a very silent coachman; a tall, thin, dark lady, dressed in black, and a young lady. But what particularly attracted his attention was the fact that the whole party looked as if they had been on the road all night; and that the young lady was lifted out of the carriage, perfectly insensible, being in a swoon, or a trance, or something of that sort. They went immediately to a private room; but only staid long enough to get some breakfast and change the horses, after which they set out again; the young lady being lifted back into the carriage, still in the same dead swoon or trance!"

"Oh, Gladdys! Gladdys! Ah, my dear love! My dear love! My lamb in the wolf's jaws! How you must have suffered! But—oh! how that woman shall pay for it all!" exclaimed Arthur Powis, breathing short and hard, as he jumped up and paced the room. Presently coming back, he said:

"What else?"

"Nothing, sir; that was all the traveller could tell us; and I have heard nothing more since."

Arthur walked up and down the room in troubled silence a few moments longer. Presently he paused and inquired:

"How far is Fairbridge from this place?"

"About five miles, sir. But still harping on the Fairbridges, sir? Bless you, sir, they are innocent of this job!"

"I suppose so—nay, I know so! But I will not leave the neighbourhood without making some inquiries at Fairbridge. The woman's use of the name was, in itself, a very singular circumstance. And by inquiring there I may obtain some useful information. Is the road from this place to Fairbridge a good one?"

"Well, sir, if you was to ask me to name you, as a curiosity, the very worst road that ever I knew in all my travelling, I should tell you it was the labyrinth of cross country roads, leading in and out, through hills and holes, between this and Fairbridge."

"Nevertheless, if it is at all practicable, I would like to reach there to-night."

"To-night! Lord, sir—to-night! Why, sir, if you wasn't a reasonable-looking young gentleman, I should think you had lost your reason altogether! To-night! through this storm! with this much snow lying on the ground, and more falling thick to blind you! Why, sir, it was difficult enough to ride to this place, as you must have found it."

"It certainly was almost impossible."

"Well, sir, still it was not impossible, seeing that you did get through. But I tell you, sir, that road you have come is one of the best roads in the country of the worst. And so it is many degrees beyond inquiry; whereas the road from this to Fairbridge is one possible for you to get there to-night. No, sir; you will have to wait till broad daylight; and even then it will be very dangerous to try it, until the snow has melted away; for now, with everything two feet under the snow, you may ride into one of them holes. I spoke of, unawares, and get your neck broke! Nothing more likely, even by to-morrow's light; but in to-night's darkness nothing would be more certain."

"I fear you are right," said Arthur Powis, drawing out his watch, and looking at the time—"I fear you are right. Besides, it is now eleven o'clock. It would take me an hour, at the least, to reach Fairbridge, even supposing I should get there in safety, and that would bring midnight—too late an hour at which to disturb a strange family upon my own especial business. But, landlord, I wish to be called as early as six o'clock in the morning."

"Very well, sir; you shall be called."

"And now, in order to be quite fresh for my early journey, I think I will retire at once."

"Very well, sir; but you did not order supper."

"Ah, yes! I had forgotten. Let it be sent in immediately, if you please."

The landlord went out; and his exit was shortly followed by the entrance of the waiter with a broiled beefsteak, fried potatoes, and the accompaniments.

Because he knew that he must take care of his strength in order to deliver Gladdys, Arthur Powis forced himself to eat. And as soon as he had finished a moderate meal, he retired to the room that was made ready for him, and tried his best to sleep.

Nature did more for him than all his efforts. Nature threw him into the deep sleep of fatigue.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

THE RIDE ENDED.

'Tis done! Dread Winter spreads his deepest gloom
And reigns triumphant o'er the invested year.
Thompson.

ARTHUR POWIS slept well until six o'clock, when he was awakened by the voice of the waiter who had been directed to call him at that hour.

Arthur Powis sprang out of bed, and, first of all, went to the window, threw open the shutters, and looked out.

It was snowing still!

Scarcely the dawn of day, and snowing still! the ground all heavy-shaded white; the sky all darkness; and the intermediate space filled up with the fine, white, cold, moist powder of sifting snow.

However, discouraging as was the aspect of the weather, Arthur resolved to proceed on his journey.

He dressed quickly, and went down-stairs to the parlour, where a good breakfast was already awaiting him.

"Have my horse fed and brought around immediately," was the order he gave as he sat down to breakfast.

By the time he had finished his meal, his order had been obeyed, in so far as his horse had also been supplied with the materials of a good breakfast. But as the horse was neither in love nor in a hurry, he naturally took more time over his meal than his master had done.

And so it was seven o'clock when Arthur Powis at length found himself in his saddle, and about to commence his journey, in defiance of the gravest cautions from the landlord and all his satellites.

Of that journey I cannot write in detail. Who can describe the indescribable?

As for the sky, the sun was up, certainly; but it might as well have been below the horizon for any efficient light it gave.

As for the earth, there was solid ground, of course, somewhere, but it was difficult to be found under the soft, deep, engulfing snow.

And then as for the journey, it was through a thick, fast sifting shower of cold, moist, white powder, and over steep hills, and into deep holes, and, in short, was such a desperate one as has never been undertaken by mortal man since the days of Tam O'Shanter. It took Arthur Powis nearly three hours to get to the end of it, so that it was close upon ten o'clock when he reached a fine, old-time manor, situated in the bottom of a wooded valley, that was now nothing but an abyss of snow and of bare forest trees, in the midst of which stood the mansion.

A gray-haired footman answered his knock at the door, and took in his card, upon which, in addition to his name, he had written the words, "On business of vital importance!"

The gray-haired footman returned in a very short time, and invited the visitor to enter the well-furnished library, where he was soon joined by a short, stout, red-haired old gentleman, who, walking briskly into the room, inquired, pleasantly:

"Well, sir! you wished to see me on business; what is it? But, be seated, sir; pray be seated," he added, waving his hand as he dropped into one arm-chair and nodded to his companion to take another.

Arthur Powis sat down and explained his business—so far as to say that he came to inquire whether Colonel Fairbridge could give him any information concerning a person calling herself the widow Elizabeth Fairbridge, who had, within the last day or two, engaged as a private governess for her children, a young lady friend of the inquirer.

"The widow Elizabeth Fairbridge?" I do not know such a person; but I do know there is no individual of that name connected with our family or belonging to our neighbourhood," said the colonel.

"Yet she writes herself of Fairbridge," said Arthur.

"Oh! she does!" exclaimed the colonel, with a touch of jealous pride; "then clearly she is an impostor, since there is no one who has the right to call themselves 'of Fairbridge' except myself and wife, and our children."

"Your answer is just what I expected, sir. I felt certain that the name had been falsely assumed by the person in question; but still I wished to hear my conviction confirmed by your lips. And now, sir, another question, if you please," said Arthur.

"As many as you please, Mr. Powis," replied the old gentleman, waving his hand politely.

"Did you ever chance to know a woman by the name of Jane Jay Llewellyn?"

A curious smile came over the face of the colonel as he heard this question, and answered:

"I knew such a woman once. Excuse me, why do you ask?"

"Because I feel morally certain that she is the person who, for nefarious purposes of her own, has falsely assumed your name."

"Ah, ha! has she so? Well, it will not be the first time that she has aspired to bear the name. But for what possible purpose can she have assumed it now?"

"To decoy into her power the person of a young heiress, whom she is anxious to force or to beguile into a marriage with her son."

"It would be just like her to make such an attempt; but how can she hope to succeed?"

"By the most unscrupulous means, of course. But the story of her evil deeds is too long a one to tell you, sir; and, besides, I have not the time. I am engaged now in hunting this woman down," said Arthur, rising to depart.

"Do not go, I beg you, sir. The weather is quite dreadful, and the roads very dangerous," urged the colonel.

"I thank you, Colonel Fairbridge, but my business will admit of no delay," replied Arthur, buttoning up his overcoat.

With many expressions of regret that he should expose himself to such terrible weather, the old gentleman accompanied his visitor to the door.

And Arthur Powis mounted his horse, and rode forth again into the storm.

He resolved to go straight to Cader Idris, for he felt persuaded that thither his stolen wife had been conveyed. But to go to Cader Idris, on horseback, was simply impossible. Even his adventurous spirit as he could, and to take the steamer and make the greater part of the journey by water. He urged his patient horse to as fast a gait as the circumstances of the bad weather and worse roads permitted; but often, in the covered hollows for instance, that gait was a series of plunging, slipping, and wallowing, that made it very difficult for the rider to keep his seat, and nearly impossible for the horse to get along. Often he must have missed his road, but for the fact that, up hill or down hill, it lay all the way through a thick forest, where the trees on each side fenced him in.

It was nearly two o'clock when at length he reached Dranesville.

And there he found it absolutely necessary that his exhausted horse should rest, but no rest would the young man allow himself. Finding, upon inquiry, that he could procure a fresh horse at the hotel, he determined to continue his journey.

While the fresh horse was being prepared for his use, he took a hasty dinner. And then he mounted and rode forth again, leaving Brother Peter's white cob to be forwarded to him next day.

As he rode out of the inn-yard, he noticed that the snow had ceased to fall, and that the clouds were breaking away before a brisk north-west wind. The weather was growing colder, and the ground beginning to freeze. Very soon it would be possible to ride over the frozen surface of the snow, and he would be able to get on faster, especially as his horse's hoofs had been rough-shod for the purpose.

With the fresh horse and the improved roads, he made tolerably good progress.

It was nine o'clock when he drew rein at the door of Ceres Cottage.

The old ladies were all up and keeping the supper waiting for him.

All three arose to meet him as he walked into the sitting-room.

"Oh, Colonel Pollard, sir! what a time you must have had in the snow-storm! And where is Mrs. Colonel Pollard, sir? We thought you would bring her back with you; but of course she couldn't venture out in such weather," said Miss Polly, officiously taking his hat and gloves, while Miss Jeany awkwardly helped him off with his overcoat, and Miss Milly drew the large stuffed arm-chair to the warmest corner of the fire-place for his comfort.

"Thank you, my kind friends; but how is it that you are ready with this warm welcome for me? Did you confidently expect me?" inquired Arthur.

"Why, of course we did! We knew you couldn't get back yesterday through the snow anyway, even if the distance had been shorter. But to-night we thought you'd be sure to come, and to fetch Mrs. Colonel Pollard, too. So we made up our minds to keep the fire up and the supper waiting until tea o'clock at least," said Miss Polly.

Arthur sank exhausted into the arm-chair; while the sisters, without troubling Harriet, who was performing the office of groom for Arthur's horse, bustled themselves with putting the supper on the table.

"And how did you find her, the darling?" inquired Miss Milly.

"I have not found her at all," replied Arthur.

"Not found her at all!" echoed Miss Milly, pausing with the coffee-pot in her hand.

"Not found her at all!" repeated Arthur.

"Oh, then, you didn't go as far as Dranesville? The storm stopped you somewhere this side I suppose?" inquired Miss Milly, while her sisters anxiously awaited the answer.

"Yes, I went through the storm straight on to Dranesville, and even to Fairbridge; but—I should have had to go further—to Cader Idris—to find her," replied Arthur.

"What? you don't say!" exclaimed all the sisters in a breath.

"Yes, my friends; she has been again entrapped into the power of that infamous woman. Yes, my friends; the person signing herself Mrs. Elizabeth Fairbridge, of Fairbridge, was no other than—Mrs. Jay Llewellyn!"

The three sisters lifted their hands in horror. "No! you don't mean it!" they at length exclaimed.

"Yes, but I do!" replied Arthur.

"And what are you going to do about it?" inquired Miss Polly.

"I am going on to Cader Idris early to-morrow morning," replied Arthur.

"Well, here! take a cup of coffee, and then tell us all about it," said Miss Polly, seating herself at the table, and beginning to pour out the coffee.

And over the good supper Arthur told the friendly old ladies all the incidents of his journey, and all that he had heard concerning the abduction of his wife.

The poor old ladies heard the story with great wonder and distress and self-reproach.

"We ought not to let her go! We ought not to let her go!" they one and all repeated over and over again.

"Knowing what I do of the circumstances of the case and of the character of my wife, I feel sure that you could not have prevented her, and therefore you have nothing whatever to blame yourselves for," said Arthur, soothingly.

But it was a long time before he could restore them to anything like peace of conscience.

Then he told them that a messenger from Dranesville would bring down Brother Peter's cob the next day and take away the horse that he himself had ridden, and that was now in the stable.

And then he bade them an affectionate good night, and retired to rest.

Early the next morning Arthur Powis bade adieu to his kind hostesses, and, followed by their prayers and benedictions, set out to walk to the steamboat wharf, where he arrived just in time to secure his passage.

It was late in the afternoon when the boat reached the little sea-side hamlet that was most convenient for the landing of any traveller bound for Cader Idria.

Here Arthur got off the boat, and, after some little difficulty, succeeded in hiring a horse to go forward that night.

Arthur rode the whole night through, and a part of the next morning.

It was eleven o'clock when he reached his destination; he put his horse up at the inn, took a single cup of coffee, and then set out to look up a magistrate.

He found Squire Browning, an old friend of the Llewellyns and the Powises, at home, and at leisure.

Arthur solicited and obtained a private interview, and then he told the story of Mrs. Llewellyn's crimes and Gladys's wrongs.

After some demur, Squire Browning issued a warrant for the arrest of Jane Jay Llewellyn, upon the charge of abduction and poisoning; a second warrant for the arrest of James Stukely, for aiding and abetting the said Jane Jay Llewellyn; and a third warrant for the arrest of Judas, upon the charge of highway robbery and attempted murder.

And armed with these warrants, and accompanied by three mounted constables, Arthur Powis set out again for Cader Idria.

All these arrangements had occupied so much of the day that it was quite late in the afternoon when the party rode off; and it was quite dark when they reached Cader Idria.

As they drew near the house, Arthur noticed with surprise that the whole front of the mansion was lighted up, as for some scene of festivity.

(To be continued.)

LIFEBOAT SERVICES.—It is gratifying to learn that, during the year which has just closed, the lifeboats of the National Lifeboat Institution saved 426 lives from various shipwrecks, in addition to contributing to the saving of thirty-seven vessels. It also appears that, in addition to the above number, 266 lives have been saved during the same period by shore boats and other means from different wrecks on the coasts of the United Kingdom, for which the Institution had granted rewards; thus making a total of 692 lives saved from various wrecks in one year alone, mainly through the instrumentality and encouragement of the National Lifeboat Institution. For these joint services the society has granted £1,500 in rewards, and twenty-two honorary acknowledgments, including silver medals and votes on vellum. The lifeboats of the Institution, during the past twelve months, have also put off in reply to signals of distress forty-eight times, but their services were subsequently not required, the ships having succeeded either in getting off their dangerous positions, or had had their crews saved by their own boats or other means. It often happened on these occasions that the lifeboat crews had incurred much risk and great exposure throughout stormy days and nights. The number of lives saved either by the lifeboats of the institution or by special exertions for which it has granted rewards since its formation, is 14,260; for which services eighty-two gold medals, 742 silver medals, and £19,950 in cash, have been paid in rewards. When we remember that nearly every life saved by lifeboats has been rescued under perilous circumstances, it will at once be seen what great benefit has been incurred by the Lifeboat Institution, not only on the poor men themselves, but also on their wives and children, who would otherwise be widows and orphans. How inadequately, then, can words express the aggregate

amount of misery which the saving of so many thousands of lives must have prevented; it could only have been fully appreciated by the parties themselves, and by their relatives and friends, whose expressions of gratitude for such important benefits are of the most feeling character. Since the beginning of the past year (1864), the institution has also expended about £14,770 on its various lifeboat establishments on the coasts of England, Scotland, and Ireland; and since its first establishment the institution has also expended £120,000 on its lifeboat stations.

FOX-HUNTING IN ROME.—A Roman letter of the 17th says:—"The first meet of the Roman hounds took place on Monday morning on the Appian Way, at the time-honoured locality marked by the tomb of Cecilia Metella. Upwards of 150 carriages, full of spectators, formed a long line between the tombs of the nameless dead, and a brilliant field of between sixty and seventy equestrians, including several ladies, followed the new huntsman, Mr. Hogg, and the lately imported pack of hounds, in their researches after reynard. Fortunately for the opening omens of this revived institution, no accidents took place, in spite of stone walls and stiff rails; but Mr. Hogg was not satisfied with the results of the day's work, in a sporting point of view, as no brush was brought home although five foxes were started. The fact is that the neighbourhood of the Via Appia abounds with so many old tombs and grottoes, and holds of one sort or other, that foxes are seldom at a loss for a place of refuge after a short burst, and the hounds become quite practical archaeologists with poking about the Triopio, the Pape Sulpizio, and the substructions of the Villa dei Quintili. Four capital English horses, the successors of the unfortunate animals burned on the Lyons railway, have arrived safely out to Marseilles, and are expected in Rome on Monday next."

HEART-DISEASE.

"It is a plain case of heart-disease," said the old physician, in a solemn tone, looking sadly at the fair young girl before him. "It pains me to inform you, madam, that the symptoms you describe in your daughter give unmistakable proofs of this malady; and the fact of her father's death from the same disease but increases its certainty. Still, your daughter may attain old age; but I warn you to shield her from violent exercise or intense excitement of any kind. That is she with the red cheeks and brown eyes," he said, looking from the window at the bright face of Ida Moore, by whose side I sat toying with the reins.

"That old doctor looks solemn as an owl," remarked Ida, nervously. "I hope mamma has not mentioned my slight indisposition. This palpitation of the heart is nothing. It seems absurd to speak of heart-disease, when my engagement to Fred. Harley is generally understood. Fred. says he has it severely, and his heart went pit-a-pat at a fearful rate the day he asked me to be his wife. Mamma is whimsical about me. There, now," she said, as Mrs. Moore beckoned us in, "I warrant she has told old fuss-and-feathers that my heart beats rapidly at sight of Fred. Harley, and that my sleep is disturbed by dreams of him, and that I am too indolent to walk a mile without becoming weary. I suppose the old pharmacist will apply a stethoscope to the tender little organism, and return a verdict 'in love or lazy.'"

But the old doctor did little jesting as he noted Ida Moore's symptoms, and prescribed simple remedies and moderate exercise.

"Oh, Fred! old Dr. Knapp has been sounding my love for you," she said, gaily, as we met her handsome lover, and made room for him in the carriage.

"And did he pronounce it shallow?" was the teasing inquiry.

"Unfathomable!" was the earnest reply, and in the dark eyes' trusting look was confirmation of its depth.

"For that pretty speech," said Fred. Harley, tenderly, "you and your friend shall see the beautiful lake in our grounds, in the adornment of which I was completely absorbed last week."

We drove towards the Harley mansion, through a winding avenue of noble trees, and as my eye took in the broad acres and spacious halls, I sighed, and looked on my friend with envy. This was her prospect; and I—I acknowledged it bitterly, as I ever did. I was poor and unmoved. I studied Ida Moore's face. The wealth of the Harley estates was lost on her. She was gazing with a tender and loving pride on the changing light of her lover's dreamy, restless eyes, and the fickle movements of his mobile mouth. My speculations were for the moment checked. Ida Moore loved this man, whom I could never love with his faults of character stamped so plainly on his face. Faults of character! Oh, heaven! How blind we are! Even then, I sat in judgment on Fred. Harley, and I did not see the great sins in my own heart. If

fickleness, inconstancy, and a constitutional unrest were faults, what were pride, envy, covetousness, and treachery? Alas! I did not think they all lay hidden in a single sigh.

We reached the glassy lake, and sat down on the rustic seats, skimming pebbles over the placid waters, as we chatted merrily. I was only half-conscious of my intent as I slipped into a light skiff, and sped across the waters singing merry bits of song; but when Fred. Harley sat by my side, as I launched out a second time, and the fickle, dreamy eyes were bent on my glowing face with admiration, I was conscious of a secret satisfaction, as if I had done my work well.

"I wish you could do such things, Ida," said Fred., earnestly, when we had returned and sat by her side. "You are like a little boathouse plant, and should inure yourself to out-door exercise, like Grace."

Ida sighed. "Like Grace," she echoed. "One day of Grace's life would prostrate me. Where is Beppo," she asked, as if desirous to change the subject.

"Beppo!" exclaimed Fred. Harley. He started violently, and, springing up, rushed away in the direction of the mansion.

"I know where he is kept. Come, let us follow," said Ida. "Beppo is a beautiful dog that Fred. prizes very highly."

When we reached Beppo's kennel, in a distant part of the grounds, we found Fred. Harley bending over his Newfoundland pup, which lay rigid and motionless.

Ida gave a low, startled cry when she saw Fred's white face and Beppo's quiet form, and inquired, "Is he dead? Oh, who could do it?"

"I did," said Fred., bitterly. "I killed him by neglect. He always followed me, and last week I was too busy with the adornment of my lake to be troubled with him, and I confined him here. Then I went away hastily, and none of the servants knew of his whereabouts, supposing him to be with me. Poor Beppo! poor Beppo!"

He looked up, and I had never seen so much remorse and anguish as were depicted on his blanched, horrified face. I saw it afterward. The same despairing look in the restless eyes; the same fearful setting of the white lips, only intensified beyond all telling. I saw it when my own heart stood still in terror, and I bent over a motionless form full of mute despair, that the life had gone out from her ever.

I think from that day I began my persistent efforts to win Fred. Harley's heart. I was scarcely conscious of it. I said to myself, "A person has an undisputed right to be as entertaining as possible," and I did not know an inordinate vanity prompted the lavish display of my powers when in Fred. Harley's presence. I never loved him. I only smiled with gratified pride when I discovered myself sought after, and found that he was content when I came. I never intended to win him quite away. I only wished to test my power.

So the weeks sped on, and one glorious summer's night my triumph and my misery were complete. Ida Moore had grown used to neglect. It was no new thing for Fred. Harley to leave her side and bend over my work or music, to join me in the dance, and escort me on all out-door excursions. That day we had been riding horseback, and I knew that I had pleased him with my daring feats of horsemanship, as well as an unwonted exhilaration of spirits.

Ida Moore had a sadly patient look when I entered the drawing-room that night, radiant with the glow of my out-door exercise, and a carefully-selected toilet, of hues that pleased Fred. Harley. I knew by the look in her eyes there was pain in her heart, as her lover turned an admiring gaze upon me, and followed me to the piano. I felt an emotion of shame even then; but I stifled my conscience and sang as I had never sung before, a wild, passionate song of love.

I was startled when I finished and caught sight of Fred. Harley standing by me; for there was a passionate gleaming in his dark eyes, and he exclaimed, almost involuntarily:

"Oh, Grace, if I dared love you!"

Then there rushed over me a full consciousness of my sin. I had robbed Ida Moore of a treasure to her priceless—to me, well nigh valueless; and I involuntarily turned, hoping she had not heard. She was not at the window when we left her; but I saw her white robes fluttering up the long staircase.

I dared not stay there. I dared not do greater injustice, and followed noiselessly up the broad stairs. I saw her in her room, seated in her easy-chair, one hand resting on the table, the other against her heart. My first impulse was to enter and plead forgiveness, but I did not dare.

A half-hour passed, and my room became stifling with that weight of sin upon my heart. I stole out upon the verandah, and passed her room. She was sitting in her chair precisely as I had seen her before. Not a finger had moved, not a fold of her dress been altered. That startled me. I halted at her window

"Ida," I said, softly.

She did not answer.

"Ida, Ida!" I called.

My alarm must have spoken in my tones, for Fred. Harley came bounding up the stairs, and together we entered the room; together we walked to that motionless form; together laid our hands on a cold brow, and met each other's looks of mute terror and helpless remorse. Ida Moore was dead.

On the table by her side was a letter, on which she had written a single sentence.

"FRED. AND GRACE,—I am thinking of Beppo."

It was enough for our rebuke; enough for our punishment; enough to fill us with life-long remorse.

It was a little comfort that Dr. Knapp expressed no surprise at her sudden death, saying he had feared it would be so. Fred. Harley and I could not absolve ourselves from our great wrong.

We shun each other since then. I dread him and he avoids me, for we always seem to look in each other's eyes with the mute horror that was written there when we read that rebuking sentence:

"I am thinking of Beppo."

M. C.

HOW THE BEAR KILLS THE WALRUS.—In August, every fine day the walrus makes its way to the shore, draws his huge body up on the rocks, and basks in the sun. If this happen near the base of a cliff, the ever-watchful bear takes advantage of the circumstance to attack this formidable game in this way: The bear mounts the cliff, and throws upon the animal's head a large rock, calculating the distance and the curve with astonishing accuracy, and thus crushing the thick, bullet-proof skull. If the walrus is not instantly killed—simply stunned—the bear rushes down to it, seizes the rock, and hammers away at the head till the skull is broken. A fat feast follows. Unless the bear is very hungry, it eats only the blubber of the walrus, seal, and whale.—*"Life with the Esquimaux."* *The Narrative of Captain Charles Francis Hall.*

The descendant of the knave of diamonds, M. Hulon de Galard, is about to marry the daughter of the Duke de Crassol. It may be remarked that the four knaves of cards took their names originally from the four most valiant knights of France, and the ancestor of M. Galard was the knave of diamonds.

THE ELECTOR OF HESSE IN TROUBLE.—Several of the German journals speak of the probability of the Elector of Hesse being set aside by the Diet as incapable of governing. The Landgrave William is the nearest agnate to the Elector; but as he will attain his seventy-seventh year in the present month, his son Frederick, aged forty-four, and married to the daughter of Prince Charles of Prussia, will, it is expected, should a change take place, be called to the functions of regent.

RAILWAY SAFETY.—One strong reason for the rareness of railway accidents in France exists in the criminal liability of the managers and servants of the lines from the engineer-in-chief downwards. The French penal code is as follows on the subject: "Art. 319. Whosoever, by unskilfulness, imprudence, inattention, negligence, or non-observation of rules, shall involuntarily commit a homicide, or shall involuntarily be the cause of one, shall be punished by imprisonment for three months to two years, and a fine of £2 to £24." "Art. 320. If the deficiency of skillfulness or precaution produces only wounds or blows, the imprisonment shall be for six days to two months, and a fine from 12s. to £4." These two articles of the code are enforced in all cases of accident in France; no privileges of station or influence are taken into account, and the man who is at fault, whoever or whatever he be, is sent to prison. If the same rigour was applied on this side of the Channel, the probability is that we should have fewer accidents.

WHALE-FISHING BY STRAM.—The general reports of the past season's whale-fishing, recorded in the Scotch newspapers, testify remarkably to the great advantage reaped by those who have adopted the use of screw-propelled vessels in the prosecution of this once-extensively valuable branch of our northern fishings. It appears that from the port of Dundee, six of the seven steamers which visited the icy regions in pursuit of whales and seals returned with very remunerative cargoes, bringing home 645 tons of oil, or about 107½ tons each, the seventh vessel having been lost on the voyage; whereas twelve out of sixteen sailing vessels sent to the fishing from Peterhead returned with the aggregate of 388 tons of oil, or an average of a little over 32 tons each vessel—a result which entails serious loss on the shipowners and others engaged in the undertaking, estimated at a sum amounting to upwards of £7,000; and this amount would have been still greater but for the present high value of seal-oil, of which the cargoes brought in by these vessels chiefly consisted. Four of the sixteen ships having remained behind, to pass the winter in these dreary climes, return no accounts, and, of course, must incur

the expense of a sixteen or eighteen months' absence ere those concerned can reap any benefit or ascertain the result of the adventure—an event looked forward to with deep interest by those engaged in this line of business, as it is amongst the first attempts made by the fishermen to risk so long an absence with, to a large extent, problematical prospects. It is exceedingly mortifying to observe the very great decay of the whale-fishing of Great Britain, once so inestimably valuable to her in every respect, particularly as a nursery for seamen. During the great war, our Greenland and Davis' Straits whale-ships numbered several hundreds, carrying thousands of seamen, and bringing in annually hundreds of thousands of pounds in value. The port of Hull alone sent out from 100 to 200 vessels—a fleet now almost extinct; and several other ports, which sent from six vessels upwards, do not now send out one. Does not such a trade appear to require a little assistance from the nursing hand of Government?

A BROAD HINT.—I have heard of a Duke of Montmorency in the reign of Louis XV., who was married to a lady of ancient family and great beauty; but, like many nobles of that time, he was not quite a model of what husbands ought to be, and lived a very riotous and improper life. He even went so far as to appear in public with the celebrated dancer, Mademoiselle Guimard, about whom all the young men of the day were raving. One night, on the duchess entering her box at the opera with several friends, she beheld, to her horror and amazement, the duke, her husband, seated at the back of the pit box in which the charming dancer displayed her charms. Whatever might be done in private, in those days a certain decorum was preserved in public, and the appearance of the duke in Guimard's box was an outrage which the duchess could not endure. She sent one of the gentlemen who were with her to request her husband's immediate presence, and thus addressed the astonished culprit:—"I have always been a devoted and faithful wife; but let me warn you in time. If you ever again commit such an outrage, remember this, that you cannot make Montmorencies without me, and I can make them without your assistance." The duke's pride and fear were roused by this very broad hint; and it is said that he, from that time, reformed, and became ever after *le modèle des pères des époux*.—"Celebrities of London and Paris."—By Captain R. H. Granov.

THE SWORD MAKER OF TOLEDO.

CHAPTER III.

Oh, God! how can I
Do otherwise? Am I not forced to do it?
My faith—my duty—honour?

Death of Wallenstein.

In a narrow street, not far from the residence of Ben Israel, was situated the largest and most celebrated sword shop of Toledo. In the single front window gleamed jewelled daggers, swords of various grades and sizes, ornamented scabbards, and all the usual sorts of sword cutlery, and on a small counter within lay a large assortment of weapons.

The shop was owned by Jose Montes and Son; the latter being renowned for his skill in his business as well as for the energy and ability which had now placed him at the head of the firm.

On the morning subsequent to the preceding scenes of our story, Juan Montes sat behind his counter, busily engaged in polishing a splendid Damascus blade, which was so well tempered that it could be bent double without the least injury.

He was scarcely twenty-three, straight, and evidently tall, with the vigour of an athlete, yet quick and graceful in every movement. His head was well-shaped and indicative of his rare intelligence; his keen eyes were full of spirit, his hair was straight and black, his forehead broad and high, his nose was aquiline, his mouth firm, yet full of a womanly sweetness and sensitiveness, and his whole face showed forth a pure and noble character.

While he sat at his work, with a grave and thoughtful expression of countenance, an inner door opened, and Jose Montes entered the shop.

"Well, Juan," he said, casting a critical glance at the well-polished blade; "you have made that shine like a mirror. It looks too handsome ever to be used in scenes of blood; but it is too flexible to be injured by a lifetime's hard usage. I don't know of another man to whom I would be so willing to sell it as to the Duke of Valcusa. He is the only man who would pay me the heavy price I demand for it."

"The Duke of Valcusa is very rich," said Juan, without looking up, "and can well afford it. I have heard so much of his goodness, wisdom, and bravery, that I am impatient to see him."

Senor Montes smiled, and seated himself near his

son, proceeding to polish the gold scabbard belonging to the Damascus blade. He was an elderly man, with a full dark face, expressive of a kind and simple nature. He was a good and honest citizen; but there was nothing in his appearance to accord with the patrician air of Juan.

"Well, my boy," he said, as he rubbed away, "you will like him—you cannot help it. The duke is a splendid man, notwithstanding the fact that he is the father of that wild scapegrace, Count Garcia, the king's chamberlain. Ah, me," he added, sighing, "I've always thought, Juan, that perhaps you belonged to the nobility—"

"I?" interrupted Juan.

"Yes, my boy, you! My wife—heaven rest her soul!—used to picture your future greatness when we sat alone by our evening fire, and imagine what you would do for us if you ever came to your rights. But she's dropped off, poor thing; and I suppose I shall follow her before you know who you really are."

He paused reflectively, seeming to think over the past, when his good wife was alive to share his dreams and hopes.

"But I don't see why you or she should imagine that I belong to the nobility, father," said Juan, keeping busily at work. "If the name that belongs to me be but an honest one, like yours; or if I be but of stainless birth, I care nothing for the empty distinctions of society."

"But I do," returned Senor Montes, good naturedly. "And I think you must be of noble birth. Twenty-three years ago this very month, a man, evidently disguised, since he was pretty well muffled in a cloak, came to this very house at an early hour, bringing in his arms a little baby—yourself, Juan. He asked my wife and me to take care of you and bring you up as our own, and paid us handsomely for a year's care of you, promising to pay us every year. My poor Juanita wanted to take you, we having just lost our baby Juan, so we accepted the stranger's offer, gave you our boy's name, and took you into our hearts. We never saw the stranger again, nor received a coin from him, and I'm glad of it. I never could have borne to receive pay for taking care of you after I got to loving you—it would have been like taking pay for loving your own son!"

"And you never knew who the man was, nor where he came from?" questioned Juan thoughtfully.

"Never; but he must have been somebody of consequence, for jewels sparkled on his hands in the lamplight, and he was well dressed. I should know him again," added Senor Montes, musingly—"know him by his evil eyes and sinister mouth, and by a mark I noticed upon him. And I only hope I may have the chance, for he was your deadly enemy."

Juan had heard the story before, but he often conversed on the subject with his foster-father, whose favourite theme was the probability of his having come of a titled, or at the least a wealthy family.

"I only hope," said the young man, with a smile, "that I may some time solve this mystery. I should like to see my real father—and the man who brought me here could never have been him."

"Suppose, Juan, you visit this great magician, that all Toledo is talking about," suggested the old sword-maker—"this Senor Coronado. I've been thinking this some time of speaking to you about visiting him, but have hesitated lest you'd think me superstitious or foolish. I haven't as much book learning as you, Juan—somehow I never took to studying as you do—but there's no doubt about his being just what he pretends—that is, mostly so. He says he is five hundred years old, and was born in Arabia. When he was about forty he fell in with a Hindoo Brahmin, with whom he studied magic, and who gave him the recipe for an elixir that will make a man live for ever. He took it, and doesn't look a day more than forty now, for I saw him myself."

He concluded quite triumphantly, and then looked at Juan, awaiting his reply.

"He claims all this?"

"Yes, and proves it!" exclaimed Senor Montes. "Why, there's Jacopo Dolano, whose grandfather came here from Venice, who says he heard the old man tell of just such a man there seventy years ago! And he's been everywhere. A hundred years' studying with the Brahmin—a hundred years—"

"I have heard all that, father," interrupted Juan; "but what does he do?"

"Why! tells fortunes, reveals the secrets of your past life, shows your future, advises and counsels you, and knows everything. He can read every thought of a man, they say. Come and visit him, Juan. I'll accompany you."

Juan was about to refuse, but a glance at the earnest, even enthusiastic face of his foster-father, finally induced him to assent, more for the purpose of pleasing the old man than from any faith in the magician.

"Thanks," cried Senor Montes, with a beaming

face. "At last the mystery will be solved—at last you will be proved to be of good birth. The magician may even tell you your parents' name, where to find them, and the name of your enemy! You won't look so unbelieving when you've seen him, Juan."

The young man smiled, and was about to reply, when a shadow fell upon the doorstep, and a man entered the shop.

He was of noble and distinguished appearance, with an intellectual countenance, which was full of goodness, and showed a kind heart and a lofty soul.

"A pleasant morning, Señor Montes," he said, coming to the counter. "Ah! you have a splendid assortment of blades here. All of your own manufacture?"

"All but the one you have chosen, duke," said the old sword-maker. "That is an old Damascus blade, but no better than many of my own, if I do say it. You know the Moors brought our trade from Damascus."

"Yes, I know," returned the Duke of Valcusa, for the customer was he; "and I would like one of your best blades, too."

Juan arose, and handed the blade he had been exhibiting for the duke's inspection, but was surprised to find himself the object of his customer's earnest scrutiny.

"Is this young man your son, Señor Montes, asked the duke, without removing his gaze from Juan's face.

"He is, your excellency," proudly replied the man, "and my partner. You won't find a better sword-maker in Toledo than Juan Montes."

"Strange! strange!" muttered the duke, thoughtfully. "It is most singular!"

He held the blade abstractedly, and watched Juan's movements as he brought out his best blades, and finally roused himself, made his selection, and ordered them to be sent to his residence, and then withdrew.

"He seemed to be struck with you, Juan," said Señor Montes, when they found themselves alone. "And I don't wonder at it. He must have been surprised to see such a handsome, graceful youth calling me father. If you ever need a friend, boy, I believe you'll find a powerful one in him."

Juan sighed, he knew not why, and stood at the shop-door, gazing up and down the street, with an expectant air, which his foster-father pretended not to notice.

He had not long stood thus, when he beheld two women, closely veiled, coming down the street.

A moment's scrutiny of the angular form of the one, and the graceful movements of her slight companion, brought a flush to his cheek and a glad light to his eyes.

"Syria!" he whispered to himself. "I should know her little form, her child-like air, anywhere, without beholding her sweet face!"

A smile full of beauty and sweetness curved his full lips as he watched her approach.

The women were indeed Syria and Esther.

The maiden had passed a sleepless night of anguish, and her pale face and heavy eyelids had alarmed her father in the morning, so that he had sent her and her old attendant on an errand to the rabbi's, in order that the fresh morning air might bring back the roses to her cheeks.

They had fulfilled their errand, and were now on their way home.

As they came up to the sword-shop, Juan stepped out and joined them, saying:

"Let me walk a little way with you, Syria, I have much to say to you!"

Syria looked shyly up through the misty folds of her veil, smiling a sweet assent to his request, and Esther slackened her pace, falling behind the young couple.

"I've watched for you every day, Syria," he went on, "but have not seen you since the issue of the cruel decree for the banishment of your people."

"I have been troubled about this decree," sighed the maiden. "It seems so hard to leave my birth-place—to be driven from my native land. And four months is so short a time in which to arrange everything and get out of the country!"

Juan hesitated, then drew the maiden into the entrance of an alley near her home, saying:

"I want a few words with you here, Syria, where we shall not be remarked by passers-by. I want to tell you how deeply I grieve at your proposed departure."

"Not more than I do, Juan," interrupted the girl, with a sudden expression of anguish in her eyes. "I shall feel sad at parting with all my friends—you among the number. Ever since that awful evening when Esther and I were returning from the rabbi's, and were unfortunate enough to attract the attention of a number of profligates who raised a mob around us, I have numbered you among my dearest friends. How you rushed from your shop, sword in hand, and

by the terrible threatening of your weapon, voice, and eyes, rescued us from our enemies, took us into your shop, and taking us out by a back entrance, conducted us in safety to our home! Yes, my friend—"

"Friend?" exclaimed Juan. "Oh, Syria! am I nothing but a friend? Ever since that terrible night I have loved you with all my heart and strength. In my dreams I see your sweet face, hear your gentle voice, and call you mine. Must it always be a dream? Do I presume too much in asking you to love me?"

Syria thrust back her veil, her face glorified by an answering expression of love, and she whispered with burning blushes:

"But I am only a Jewess, Juan."

The young man read in her face and words an acknowledgment of her love for him, and clasped her to his breast in a fervent betrothal embrace.

"My darling," he whispered, "will you be my wife?"

The words recalled Syria to herself; she glanced along the deserted alley, at Esther waiting near them, with her head turned from them, and soon collected her thoughts sufficiently to reply:

"Oh, Juan, I cannot desert my father or his faith! It will be hard to give you up—"

"But dearest, you need not give up your father," said her lover, eagerly. "I will go with you wherever you go, and watch over him with a son's love and care. We will tend him in his old age, and make his last days his best days."

But Syria shook her head sadly.

"My father would never consent to my marriage with any one not of our faith and people," she said, in a tearful voice. "You are a Spaniard, Juan, and you know how our people are regarded by yours. It is sweet to know that you love me; but I can never be yours. I shall never marry."

For some time Juan sought to combat this resolution, but without effect; and he finally said:

"I shall not give you up, Syria. I will go to your father, of whose goodness I have heard so much, and ask him for you. Have faith and hope, and all shall be well!"

Thus encouraged, though her reason told her that hope was vain, and that there was an impassable gulf between her and Juan, the pale girl fled from Syria's cheeks, and her eyes shone with the fire of love.

For some time the lovers conversed, deriving comfort and encouragement from each other, planning the future, and building air castles; but at length they separated, Juan promising to see Ben Israel, and solicit his consent to their marriage.

When her lover had disappeared in the crowd beyond the shaded and retired alley, Syria adjusted her veil, and joined her waiting woman, who said, anxiously:

"It seems to me, dear, that Don Juan had much to say to-day. Perhaps I have done wrong to permit so many interviews between you; but then he saved our lives, and we owe him a debt of gratitude for that. Besides," she added, as if to reassure herself, "a Jew and Spaniard would never marry—and Syria knows her duty too well to ever abjure her faith!"

The girl flushed and was about to reply, when they turned the corner into the street, and found themselves confronted by the gleaming eyes and evilly-triumphant visage of Count Garcia.

CHAPTER IV.

Duty to whom? Who art thou? bethink thee
What duties thou mayst have! Dost thou belong
To thine own self? art thou thine own commander?
And standest thou forth freely in the world,
That in thine actions thou wouldst plead free agency?
On me thou'st planted!—I am thy father—
To obey me—to belong to me—is this
Thy honour, this a law of nature to thee!

Schiller.

Can it have come to this? What, father, father,
Have you the heart?

Bib.

SYRIA was startled at her encounter with Count Garcia, and recoiled instinctively before his bold, free gaze, endeavouring to pass on; but he put forth his hand to detain her.

"Don't be in such a hurry, pretty one," he said, in his oily tones. "I waited for you some time this morning, near your father's door, in the hope of seeing you, and have followed you ever since, even witnessing your affecting interview with the young sword-maker. I noticed that he tasted your sweet lips. Have you not a kiss for me?"

Syria's cheeks flamed with indignation, as she exclaimed:

"How dare you insult me so? I will call for help!"

"Do so, most beautiful Jewess!" returned the count, his eyes gleaming evilly upon her. "One call from you would seal your doom! At a word from

the king's chamberlain, for such I am, you would be torn to pieces, your home sacked, and your father destroyed!"

The maiden shrank from him, pale as death, and speechless with terror; while Esther leaped against the wall, half-fainting.

"But you will not drive me to extremities," he went on, softly, tightening his grasp upon her arm. "I know that I can trust your good sense and prudence. Show me your face, pretty one!"

Aid he drew aside her veil.

Syria trembled with fear and indignation, but was powerless to repel him.

Her pale, sweet face, lighted up by her bright eyes, was so pure in its rare beauty, so classical in its contour, that the count could only gaze upon it for a moment in silent admiration.

"Well," he exclaimed, after a pause, drawing in a long breath, as if he had been tasting of a luxurious wine, "I knew that you were beautiful, but I never saw beauty like yours, nor even imagined it! You have inspired me with a love stronger than life! I have told you who I am, how high I stand with the king, and I will add that I am the only son and heir of the Duke of Valcusa, and that I offer you honourable marriage! I do, upon my word! I am entirely willing to wed a Jewess, since she is of such surpassing loveliness, and make her a countess and prospective duchess!"

He looked at her as if he expected her to faint with joy at his magnanimity.

Mistaking her silence, he continued:

"Do not think that I am amusing myself with you; I am really in earnest, pretty one. Your maiden coyness is infinitely becoming to you, and I think all the more of you for it. Will you marry me?"

Syria grew paler, her dusky eyes were full of a deep and sudden anguish, and her pale lips quivered with emotion she dared not express.

Regarding her more closely, the count did not fail to notice that she was not favourably moved towards him, and continued:

"Of course my asking you is a mere form, since I have the power to demand. At a word from me your house would be razed to the ground, your property carried off, and your father and yourself put to death. And I am so in love with you that I fear I shall speak that word if you do not look favourably upon me!"

Syria shrank before the terrible menace expressed in his eyes and voice, but could not find voice to speak.

"Young Montes, too," went on Count Garcia, in his smooth and even tones, "should share your fate. It would be easy to set the people against him; for they have not forgotten his defence of you some time ago, and how he threatened them with his sword. You see that I have the power to overwhelm you and all you love in one common fate. Shall I do so?"

"Oh, have mercy on me!" pleaded Syria, in faltering tones. "You cannot be so bad, count, as you would have me think. A Jewish maiden is not a fit consort for a Spanish grandee, and your noble father, the duke, would never consent to your marriage with me. Seek some one in your own station of life—"

"And leave you to the sword-maker, eh?" interrupted the count, with a mocking smile. "Oh, no, my dear, I couldn't think of it. Give me your promise to marry me, and you may go home to tell your father. Refuse, at your deadly peril!"

"Promise, Syria!" cried Esther, huskily. "If you don't we shall all be killed. Remember, something may happen to save you!" she added, in a whisper.

"Yes, promise, Syria!" repeated Garcia, mockingly.

The maiden looked up into his smiling face and glittering eyes, and realised that all appeal to his generosity or sense of justice would be utterly futile.

She saw that he was implacable, that he would carry out his threats if she refused him, but she could not stain her pure soul by a lie.

With a resolute expression shining in her clear eyes, she, therefore, said:

"Count Garcia, I cannot, will not, marry you! You can do your worst; but remember, if you harm aught I love, or injure me, God will demand our blood at your hands!"

She drew her tiny figure to its fullest height, shook off her look of terror, and regarded him with an expression before which he momentarily quailed; but he almost instantly recovered himself, and said:

"So, I have your answer, beautiful Syria! As I have told you already what I should do in case of your refusal, you know what you have to expect from me. I intend you shall accompany me to my residence immediately. Take my hand, and let your old servant follow."

"I shall not go with you!" cried Syria. "Do you think you can take me in broad day through the open streets? Why, I can summon half-a-dozen



[JUAN MONTES RESCUING SYRIA FROM COUNT GARCIA.]

of my people as we go along, who would easily rescue me."

"And I can summon scores of citizens," responded the villain, "who, at a word from me, would fall upon your people and hew them in pieces! You will go with me—and without a word—or this day shall behold such a slaughter as the world never saw! Come!"

He held out his hand, confident that she would take it, but Syria shrank further from him, uttering a loud scream.

Before Count Garcia could utter a word, or move nearer the maiden, Juan Montes leaped into the alley and confronted him, demanding sternly:

"What does this mean?"

"Oh, Juan—Juan!" cried Syria, springing to him, "this count threatens me with destruction if I do not promise to wed him. He will kill you!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Juan, his eyes flashing upon the villain. "Count Garcia threatens a defenceless maiden, does he? Have no fears, Syria. Go home with Esther, and leave me to settle with the count."

"She shall not go!" cried the villain. "Beware, Senor Montes, how you provoke my wrath, or interfere with my designs. I have the power to crush you as I would a worm!"

Juan's only reply was a look of scorn, and the infuriated count drew his sword, and sprang towards him, striking out blindly and furiously.

With a calm gentleness, our hero placed Syria behind him, in the detaining arms of the frightened Esther, and then drew his own sword, parrying the count's thrusts skilfully.

The clashing of the steel, and Garcia's oaths and shouts soon brought quite a crowd into the little alley, but no one offered to interfere between the combatants—Juan Montes having many friends among the people, and few caring for the haughty chamberlain of the king.

Syria drew her veil closer, as did Esther, lest she should be recognised as a Jewess, and bring trouble upon Juan, but their presence was scarcely noticed by the gathering crowd, who were all intent upon the duel.

The swords flashed in swift circles, the count grew more and more furious and less guarded, but Juan preserved his coolness, as if the whole affair were mere sport. The combat was soon ended by Juan's cleaving the shoulder of his assailant, the count's arm dropped powerless to his side, and he fell fainting to the ground.

"Come, Syria," said Juan, sheathing his weapon, when he had directed a couple of bystanders to carry

the count to the residence of his father, "I will see you home."

The maiden took the proffered arm of her lover, and, followed by Esther, they entered the crowd, which opened to receive them. Juan received warm praise from his friends on his knowledge of the use of the sword as they passed through, and it was easy to see that the people regarded him as a sort of champion, and were proud of him accordingly.

The trio soon gained the open street, and left the crowd far behind them, and Juan then said:

"I started to go back to the shop, Syria, but urged by a presentiment, or uneasiness, returned to the alley to find you still there. You must be careful not to enter the streets again, without adequate protection."

"Oh, Juan!" said the maiden, with a deep sob of joy. "I owe my life to you a second time. How can I ever repay you?"

"By loving me," returned Juan, tenderly, pressing the little hand that clung to his arm.

They talked, as lovers will, on their way through the narrow streets, passing block after block of Moorish edifices that overhung the dim walks, and soon arrived at the dingy office of Ben Israel.

The money-lender was alone, and seated behind his desk, absorbed in thought. He looked up at the entrance of the trio, with a startled expression upon his noble countenance.

"How is this?" he ejaculated. "Syria, what have you to do with Don Juan Montes, the sword-maker?"

Syria threw back her veil, disclosing her pallid face, and then threw herself in her father's arms, burying her face in his bosom, as she gave way to the emotion she had so bravely repressed in her moments of peril.

"What is the matter, Esther?" cried Ben Israel, full of alarm. "You have been weeping, too!"

Syria made an effort to regain her calmness, and in a broken tone told her father the particulars of her interview with Count Garcia, his threats, and how she owed her life to Juan.

"This is the second time he has saved me from a cruel death, father," she said, in conclusion. "If it had not been for him, you would have had no Syria now."

Tears had come into the eyes of Ben Israel as he realized how nearly he had lost his child; and he held out his hand to Juan, who clasped it impulsively, and he said:

"Senor Montes, you have laid me under everlasting obligations to yourself. How can I ever repay you for your noble defence of my daughter?"

A sudden light shone in Syria's eyes, absorbing her

tears, and her sweet face glowed with eager love as she whispered:

"Oh, father! give me to him! He loves me!"

"You!" cried Ben Israel, dropping Juan's hand and sinking into a chair, pale and powerless. "You love each other?"

"We do, senor," said Juan, modestly, with a glow on his cheeks. "We love each other more than life. Give me your daughter, and let me be your son!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the money-lender with a stern voice. "Oh, Syria, recant to the faith of your fathers! You will break my heart!"

"Oh, no, no!" interrupted the girl, with a cry of anguish. "I love you both, father! Juan has never spoken to me of abjuring my faith. He will go with us wherever we go, and be your support and comfort in your old age. Oh, father—"

"Say no more!" said Ben Israel, sternly. "I thank you, Don Juan, for the great service you have rendered us, but Syria can never be yours. She is betrothed to her kinsman, who will soon be here to claim her. You look good and truthful, and I believe you would not willingly kill me—and my death would be the consequence of your marriage with my daughter. I have different hopes for Syria, and you must give each other up."

Juan endeavoured to combat Ben Israel's resolution, but to no effect, and Syria at length said:

"We must bear it, Juan, and recognize the fact that there is a gulf between us that can never be bridged over. I cannot disobey my father. I am his only child, and he has no one to love but me. But wherever we go, Juan, and a holy light was spread over her lovely countenance, "I shall bear your image in my heart, shall pray for you, and never cease to love you."

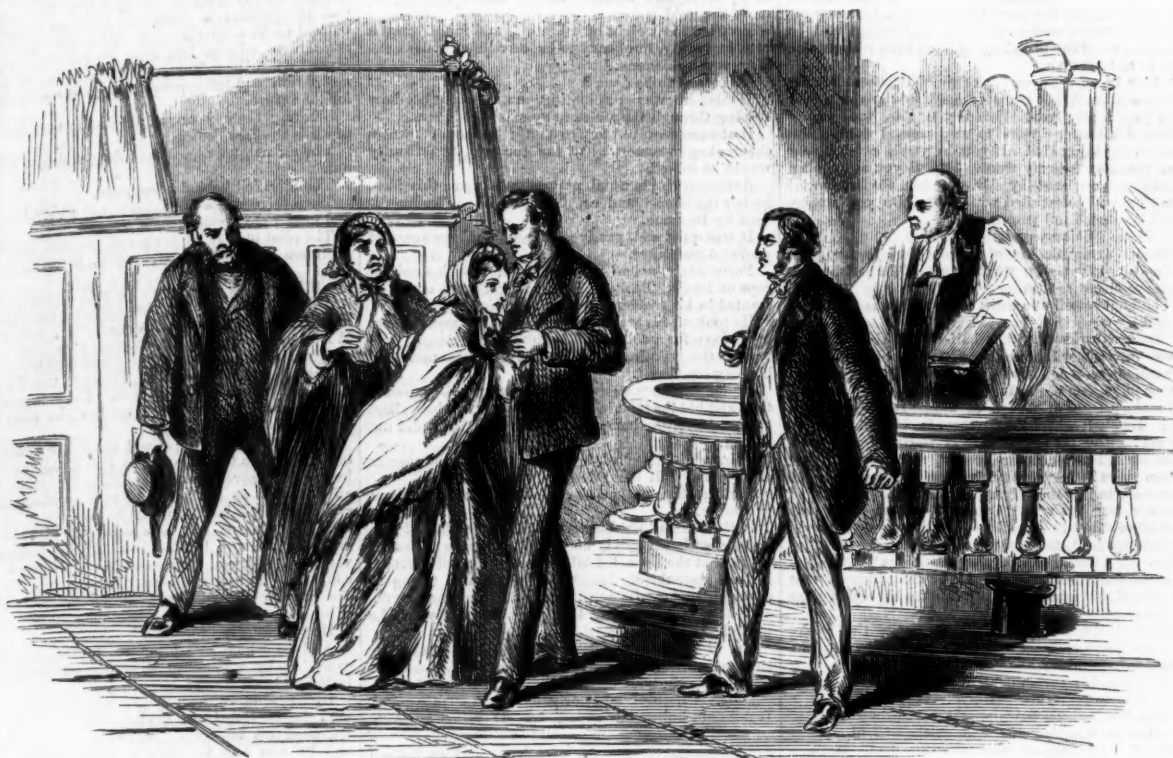
She gave her hand to Juan, but he caught her to his breast, showered kisses upon her, and then, choking down a sob that was no detriment to his manliness, dashed from the shop.

"It is worse than death, father, but I have given him up," said Syria, in a trembling voice, while her anguished face looked white and rigid in the semi-darkness of the shop.

"God will bless you, my daughter, for your obedience," responded Ben Israel. "You are not to blame for loving Don Juan, for he is a noble youth, and has two distinct claims on your gratitude. I will not reproach you, Syria; but I shall hasten your marriage with Rafael Ezra."

Syria looked drearily up into her father's face, and then sank fainting on his bosom, with a moan that showed that her heart was breaking.

(To be continued.)



[THE INTERRUPTED MARRIAGE.]

THE KEEPER OF THE FERRY.

By the Author of "The Bondage of Brandon."

CHAPTER XXIX.

LOST! ALL LOST!

All around him was silent, save where the rude blast
How'd dimly round the old pile;
Over weed-covered fragments still fearless he passed,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the alder-tree grew in the aisle. *Southey.*

At first Hindon felt very considerably annoyed at the intrusion of the idiot upon what he considered his privacy. He was aware that though the poor fellow's mind was diseased, it was not utterly gone. Some sense remained. Had it not been so, he would not have made the remark that he did about the gold, or have recognized Hindon. He did not know what to do with him. To knock him on the head with a shovel, and place him in the stone coffin, afterwards shovelling the earth over his miserable carcase, would be easy enough. But the emergency was scarcely sufficiently pressing for the adoption of so violent a method of getting rid of a troublesome companion.

Hindon leant on his spade, and mused.
Slinking Sammy's eyes were rivetted upon the gold in a fascinated manner. The glittering coins seemed to have the utmost attraction for him. He ran his hand through the heap which Hindon had accumulated on the ground, and listened rapturously to the chinking noise they made in falling upon one another. Then he scooped up a handful, and raising them, allowed them to fall on his head, neck, and shoulders. Occasionally, when he thought Hindon was not looking, he would, with a sly cunning smile, slip a few pieces into his pockets and up his sleeves, his eyes twinkling the while, as if he were intensely excited in a most pleasurable manner.

At length Hindon looked up.
He had resolved to use no violence towards the idiot. He considered that his best policy was one of conciliation. Slinking Sammy was a strong, powerful fellow. Stoutly knit and well put together—why not make use of him?

For many reasons, Hindon did not wish to go back to Baskerdale with his treasure. It was his desire to pack up the gold and convey it to the railway station without a soul being aware of his sudden acquisition of almost fabulous wealth.

When Sir Thomas Wicherley accosted him, as he would the next time they met, and asked him what luck he had met with, he intended to reply in a de-

sponding tone, and declare that he had had his labour for nothing. He could afford to be laughed at, since he had made his fortune in a single day.

"Here, my man, if you want to earn a sovereign, I'll tell you how to do it."

"Orright. Sammy's no objection, master," replied the idiot, grinning as he spoke.

"Go up to the tool-house at the top of the yard at Baskerdale, and open it with a key I will give you. Inside you will see a large wicker-work basket, and a wheelbarrow. Put the basket on the barrow, and wheel it down to me. If any one asks you what you are doing, or interferes with you, say Mr. Hindon sent you. Do you understand?"

The fellow grinned in a more diabolical manner than before, but did not offer to move.

"Do you hear when you're spoken to?" vociferated Hindon.

"I hear yer fast enough. But Sammy dearly loves gold, and he's not going to leave what he's found. Sammy's found bags of sovereigns, and means to keep them."

"You mad fool," cried Hindon, springing out of the trench he had been digging, "the treasure is mine! I found it!"

"And so did I find it. Give me half. Give poor Sammy half, and he will fetch the barrow."

"I won't give you a penny piece; but I'll tell you what I will give you, and that's a sound hiding."

Hindon stood on tiptoe, and broke down a branch of ivy, which he stripped of leaves and superfluous twigs. He advanced toward Slinking Sammy, and holding it up threateningly, said:

"Now you see this. Well, if you don't do as I tell you, it will soon make acquaintance with your shoulders in a manner more forcible than pleasant. Don't make any mistake about me when my blood's up."

The half-witted fellow winced a little at this threat, but appeared to be more enamoured of the treasure than before. He threw himself upon it, and stretching out his arms, embraced it lovingly, hugging the bags to his breast, and saying in a whining voice:

"Sammy's—all Sammy's!"

"We'll soon see how much of it is Sammy's," exclaimed Hindon, with a coarse laugh. "Come here, my fine fellow. You'd better come, or I'll have to come and fetch you. Oh, you won't eh? Mean to be obstinate, do you? Very well. All the worse for you. I used to be a good hand at laying it on, and I'll try if I can't welt you to your satisfaction."

A couple of lengthy strides brought him to the idiot. He grovelled and wriggled at his feet, looking up in his face, as if deprecating the threatened violence, but

still clinging to the gold, as if his whole soul was wrapt up in it, and to lose it would be worse than death itself.

Hindon caught hold of him by the collar of his ragged coat, and shook him as a terrier dog does a rat. Slinking Sammy did not appear to think him in earnest, for he laughed and gibbered, and contorted his features and grimaced like a monkey, saying:

"All Sammy's. No more rags. No more eating cheese rinds and old crusts. Sammy will live in a big palace, and have servants to wait upon him, and he'll drink wine like an alderman, and eat venison and turtle like a lord mayor. Sammy's in luck. Won't he climb up into the church-steeple all amongst the jackdaws, and sit astride the bells, and make them peal merrily. Old Peggy always told Sammy that he would be fortunate some day; and she said true, for he's as rich as a king."

Hindon cut this soliloquy short by lifting up his switch, and bringing it down with all his force upon the idiot's shoulders.

"Take that," he exclaimed, grating his teeth together viciously. "Take that, and that, and that. How do you like your fortune, eh? Will you do what you're told the next time a gentleman speaks to you?"

Although the pain must have been great, Slinking Sammy did not cry out aloud, as might have been expected. He wriggled and writhed as if he wished to escape from the thralldom in which he was held, but he did not roar as Hindon anticipated he would. He uttered strange cries like the bark of a dog, or the subdued yelp of a hound, around whose flanks the sting of the lash of the whipper-in still lingers.

"Let me go!" he cried, "I'll do it. I'll do anything; but we mustn't make a noise, or some one will come and rob us of our treasure. I'll fetch the barrow, and—what else was it?—the hamper. I'll bring them both. Don't whip me any more. Let poor Sammy alone; he never did you any harm."

Hindon was satisfied with his promise; he threw his switch down, relinquished his hold of the idiot, and sat down upon the bags of gold.

Unfortunately for himself, he did not glance at Slinking Sammy's countenance, or he would have read therein a terrible vow of revenge.

His face was convulsed with rage and passion. It was full of malignancy, and foreboded something antagonistic to Hindon's welfare.

The eyes positively glared like those of an angry serpent.

The corners of the mouth were drawn down, and twitched convulsively.

The command which he had over his features, however, was very remarkable, for no sooner was Hindon's hand raised, than the passion faded away, in the same instantaneous manner in which it had arisen, and he was once more the prowling slinking idiot without one idea to call his own.

"Now be off with you!" exclaimed Hindon. "Bring that basket, and that barrow; and if you are long over your job, I pity you. Mind you this, too, young fellow, don't utter a word to any mortal soul about gold, or anything else. If you do, you'll catch it; for that you may take my word. Say, if you are spoken to, that you are sent by Mr. Hindon, that's enough; everyone will be satisfied with that. Do you understand, or shall I tell you again?"

"No, no; Sammy understands!"

Hindon tossed the key of the tool-shed to him, advising him to run the whole way, if he wished to preserve an entire skin.

The idiot set off at a swift pace, and was soon out of sight.

"Dosed awkward, that half-witted thief coming upon me just when he wasn't wanted," muttered Hindon, as soon as he was alone. "I'd over so much rather have seen a ghost; but it don't much matter. I'll make a beast of burden of him. It's all he's fit for! He shall wheel the barrow of gold to the railway for me! How far is the nearest station from here? Bromwich, I think, is the nearest, and that's a good fifteen miles! Never mind, we can do it in five hours easy—oh, in less than that. I'll make the fellow run!—never fear but what I'll take it out of him! It's past eleven now! I shall be able to run up to town, deposit my gold, and come back again in the evening before Sir Thomas can become suspicious."

As he sat on his bags of gold in the ruins of that old chapel, his mind soared up into the highest regions of romance.

He fancied himself a landed proprietor, the owner of a small and compact estate of a thousand acres in a ring fence.

Of course, his position entitled him to mingle with those who were highly born.

Miss Wicherley's doors would be thrown open to him, for he intended to be a distinguished philanthropist, and support the clerical party through thick and thin. An opportunity would in time occur of declaring his love to Miss Wicherley.

She would be unable to resist so much goodness when united in one individual.

She would blushingly declare that his passion was reciprocated, and placing the tips of her rosy fingers in his hand, tell him that her heart was his—he had won it and might wear it.

This was Hindon's castle in Spain. This was one of many aerial visions which his sanguine mind conjured up, and his vivid and fanciful imagination revelled in.

As the husband of Miss Rose Wicherley, and the master of Petrel House, those exclusive houses to which he had formerly been denied admittance, on the ground of his plebeian origin, would waive their objections, and admit him to their drawing-rooms. He would be a welcome guest, the cynosure of all eyes, the admired of all admirers, a man to set his mark upon his time, and his glorious path would be profusely strewed with the evergreen garlands of fame.

His delicious reveries were disturbed by the return of the idiot, who had contrived to find out the tool-house, and had brought the hamper and the barrow with him.

"So you're back at last! You'd be a nice fellow to send for sorrow, I must say."

"Why is that?"

"Because you would be so long fetching it."

"I've been as quick as I could," whimpered Slinking Sammy, who seemed to stand in considerable dread of Hindon since he had received the castigation at his hands.

"You've come—that's something in your favour. I thought you might have bolted. Wheel the barrow up here. Look alive!"

When the barrow came near enough, Hindon opened the lid of the hamper, and propped it up with a piece of stick.

Then he stooped down and raised up the bags of gold, and placed them, one by one, in the receptacle he had provided for them.

It was a large basket, and held its freight well.

It was a pity that he had broken bulk in one case; but he took care not to repeat his error.

He handled the rotten canvas with the greatest care, and packed the bags away with the air of a man who is guarding a pearl beyond all price. Those coins which were scattered he picked up and placed at the top, covering them with some rank grass, which prevented them from falling about.

"Can you lift it?" he said, to Slinking Sammy.

Sammy seized the handles of the barrow, and pushed it a little way. Then he dropped it, saying:

"Too heavy."

"Oh, that's all nonsense," cried Hindon, who felt annoyed beyond measure at the idiot's inability to move the gold.

He tried the weight of it himself, and found that it was, in reality, too heavy to be carried any distance. Here was a dilemma.

What was to be done?

While he was ruminating, an asinine hee-haw ringing through the air close by saluted his ears.

It at once occurred to him that if he could harness the donkey in some way to the barrow, the difficulty would be solved.

Acting, with his usual promptitude, upon this idea, he left the chapel, and caught the donkey, leading it back by its mane.

It was quiet and passive, as most donkeys are, and made no resistance.

Fortunately he had provided himself with a coil of rope on leaving Baskerdale, thinking that it might be wanted in his treasure-seeking operations.

He took off his waistcoat, and with it made a sort of apology for a collar. If it did nothing else, it prevented the rope from galling the animal's neck and hurting his throat.

At length, he fastened the barrow to his satisfaction, and bid the idiot lead the donkey; while he walked by the side of the hamper and took care that it did not fall off.

"Hurrah!" he cried, brimful of glee at the success of his plan. "It will ride beautifully like that."

Slinking Sammy had since his thrashing been silent and sulky.

If Hindon had not been so elated at the idea of possessing so much gold, he would not have failed to notice that the so-called idiot was thinking of revenge. He was undoubtedly brooding over it, and trying to cudgel his poor wits until they told him what to do, and how best to enjoy the vengeance for which he panted.

An ill-conditioned, ill-regulated, diseased mind is sure to dwell upon vengeance whenever its owner has been in the slightest degree slighted or irritated.

There is nothing large or generous in such a mind. It does not know how to forgive. It cannot stoop to be merciful and generous. All it can mumble is "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," which is cruel and savage. Rather should it be intent upon returning good for evil—for then it might hope for forgiveness on that dread day of final reckoning.

"Do you know Bromwich?" asked Hindon of the idiot.

"I know all the country round."

"Then go the most direct road to Bromwich."

"That'll be through Rickerton."

"Very well."

As he pronounced the word Rickerton his eyes flashed, and he seemed at length to have grasped an idea which was flitting about his mind like a little bird around a corn-rick.

He put himself by the head of the donkey, while Hindon walked behind, and the cavalcade set off at a slow pace.

Hindon endeavoured to persuade the donkey to move a little quicker by belabouring it with a thick ash plant; but the creature's hide seemed to be impervious to blows, and it merely whisked its tail as if a troublesome gadfly was paying unpleasant attentions to it.

After a tedious walk, the party arrived on the confines of Mr. Montague Capel's estate. Hindon was profoundly ignorant of the nature of the country through which he was passing. He did not even know the names of the lords of the soil. His ignorance on such subjects affected him very little. He would be a lord of the soil himself some day, and according to all appearance the day was not far distant. Estates were always in the market. The only thing required in order to possess them was money. That he possessed in plenty. He only had to change his obsolete gold pieces into current coin of the realm, and then he was his own master.

So elated was he at this prospect, that he trod upon air. He was sublimated. He neither looked to the right nor to the left of him; he carried his head high in the air, as if he was already the monarch of all he surveyed—dwelt in marble halls, and had vassals and serfs by his side.

Slinking Sammy watched Hindon carefully, and did not fail to notice how unusually preoccupied he was. Ever and anon his vigilant eye—usually so dozy, so lustreless, and so expressionless—now flashing with unwonted fire and eloquent of anger—allowed its gaze to fall upon Hindon, then it wandered back again, and marked out the way.

It was a singular fact that the idiot was going in the direction of the Devil's Gap—that eccentric freak of nature, that dangerous gully, that unfathomable gulch, down which Arthur was so nearly being precipitated.

He heard it gradually, and when he got within a few yards of it he drew a ragged handkerchief from his pocket, and fastened it over the donkey's eyes.

Hindon was so absorbed with his own thoughts that all this was totally lost upon him. He thought that the journey to Bromwich could not be accomplished under a certain time, and that the idiot would not dare to mislead him after the jacking he had given him in the morning. So he gave himself up to meditation, and felt supremely happy in making plans for the future.

Slinking Sammy caused the donkey to go straight towards the Devil's Gap.

The animal, unsuspecting of danger, stepped boldly out.

The idiot fell behind a few paces.

Then there was a crash, a cry, and donkey, barrow, and gold were precipitated into the abyss.

The idiot took to his heels, and ran with incredible swiftness across the barren moor, muttering as he went:

"If Sammy is not to have the gold, he shan't have it. No one beats Sammy for nothing. He will have his revenge—oh, yes! Revenge is better than gall. It is sweeter than gold, and Sammy likes it best."

When the state of the case revealed itself to Hindon, he uttered a terrible outcry. The blood rushed to his head, and he was as one stunned. The suddenness of the great calamity which had befallen him nearly deprived him of his senses.

He cursed, and swore, and raved like a madman, and crawled to the edge of the chasm, thinking that he might discover his bags of gold at the bottom; but all was black as night, and he rose up, blaspheming and cursing the hour in which he was born.

All his dreams had been dashed to atoms like a much fragile and brittle glass. All his visions had vanished. Without the money, he was powerless. He could buy no estate—he could assume no position in the country—he could not aspire to the hand of Miss Wicherley—he could do nothing.

He was utterly bankrupt!

And by whom had his complete bankruptcy been caused?—by whom had he been so completely penetrated and cast down?

By an idiot—a rascally half-witted fellow, whose neck he regretted not having broken. His bitterly lamented his leniency. He had shed blood before, and he was only too sorry to think that he had refrained from doing so in the present instance.

Regrets, however, were useless. The money was gone, and he was once more Hindon the valet—the man occupying a subordinate position, the menial, the domestic.

He threw himself down upon the grass, and bit the herbage with his teeth; tearing his hair, meanwhile, in his frantic rage.

Had Slinking Sammy fallen into Hindon's power at that moment, he would most assuredly have followed the gold down the Devil's Gap.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE BITTER LIT.

She pressed his fettered fingers to her heart, And bowed her head, and turned her to depart; And noiseless, as a lovely dream, he gone. And was she here, and is he now alone? What gem hath dropped, and sparkles on his cheek! The tear most sacred shed for other's pain. That starts at once—bright, pure, from pity's mine, Already polished by the hand divine.

The Coroner.

THE keeper of the ferry looked at the clergyman, and was about to speak, when Molly turned suddenly pale and staggered against the altar rails, as if her strength was about to desert her and she could no longer preserve her equilibrium.

He darted forward and caught her in his arms. Her eyes closed, she breathed heavily, and was insensible.

Some one connected with the church brought cold water and vinegar, two simple but efficient restoratives.

Mrs. Goodall did all she could to assist her daughter. Mr. Lister remained standing with a cold, cynical smile on his face. He would fain have alleviated Mary's distress had it been in his power to do so; but he knew that as soon as he made the slightest movement in her direction Tom Harvey's hand would be at his throat, and if his life was not in danger, he would at least be forcibly ejected from the church.

Tom bent over Molly, and watched the remedies adopted for her restoration with the utmost anxiety. He saw that the reports about her mind being deranged were well-founded. She had hitherto failed to recognize him. Would she do so now? Would she, when she was again herself, look upon him with eyes of affection, or stare at him in all the awful blankness of hopeless idiocy?

During the dreadful ten minutes she continued in a swoon, it is impossible to describe Tom Harvey's feelings.

He was the prey of a thousand emotions, all more or less agonizing.

At length Mary Goodall opened her eyes. She fixed them at first on her mother, but they did not rest there long; she sought her father, and then Tom Harvey. The pupils dilated as if with surprise, a flush suffused her countenance, a sob broke in her throat, and she exclaimed, in a faint voice:

"Touch me, some one. Tell me that I am not dreaming."

"Here is my hand, darling. Take it—grasp it!" exclaimed Tom. "You cannot have forgotten me! I am Tom Harvey, your sweetheart, whom Mr. Lister attempted to murder!"

"He did not kill you?" she asked, eagerly. "I have been all along mistaken. Oh, tell me that I have been mistaken!"

"She knows him!" cried the keeper of the ferry, clasping his hands and raising them rapturously to heaven. "Thank God, she knows him! May He forgive me for having doubted His mercy."

Mrs. Goodall seemed paralysed with astonishment. Lister and the clergyman were passive spectators of this extraordinary scene.

Tom Harvey fell on his knees on the steps leading to the altar, and seizing both Molly's hands, he exclaimed:

"Darling, darling Molly! You should never have been in suspense as to my fate, had I been a free agent, and able to communicate with you. Circumstances prevented my even writing a letter or sending a message to you. The history of our temporary estrangement is too long a one to relate now. You shall know all some day."

"You have loved me while absent?" she murmured, with a fond glance.

"Loved you? As heaven is my witness, I have never ceased to love you. You have not been out of my thoughts for two minutes together."

"That is a comfort to me. That is balm in Gilead, and yet it all seems so strange. When I look back, and try to comprehend it all, my head seems to swim and get dizzy. Everything floats before me in a hazy mist, and I almost fail to grasp the fact of your being by my side and talking to me."

"Her mind is about to wander again. The excitement is too much for her," exclaimed the clergyman.

"I conclude that I shall not be called upon to complete the service, since the young woman appears to have found the lover to whom her heart was given?"

This remark was addressed to the keeper of the ferry, and Stephen Goodall instantly replied in the negative.

"We must apologize for troubling you, sir; but we all thought Tom Harvey was dead, or gone away from these parts. No, there'll be no marriage now; at least not at present."

"Will you take your daughter into the vestry, where she will be undisturbed? If you will take my advice, you will not permit her to converse with her sweetheart any more at present. The brain may be overstrained, and collapse again. She requires care and quiet; above all, quiet."

"Thank you kindly, sir," replied the keeper of the ferry. "I'll speak a word to the missis, and we'll go into the vestry."

Mary clung to Tom Harvey's hand, and would not leave go.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, "you must not take him from me; we have been separated too long already. I will not part with him; where I go he must go. Mother! father! do you hear me, I will not be parted. My head throbs to bursting now; and if he leaves me, my senses will leave me also, and go with him."

Stephen Goodall saw the importance of complying with his daughter's wishes, and he replied:

"He shall not leave you. Do not be alarmed—where you go, Tom Harvey shall go too. Come along, lass; come along; Tom, lad, let's go into the vestry and rest ourselves a bit. Now, missis, lend the girl a hand, and we'll all be moving."

Molly Goodall clung to Tom's hand in a nervous manner, as if fearful that Mr. Lister would again attack him, or that some exceptional chance would snatch him from her grasp.

The steward himself thought he was one too many, that his presence in the church was now superfluous, and he turned on his heel to go away. He had been soiled in a very remarkable manner; but he by no means abandoned the hope of being the husband of Molly Goodall. The game was far from lost. He had not received check-mate, though his adversary had placed his pieces in a very unpleasant and embarrassing manner. He believed in the virtue of perseverance, and was always an advocate of energetic industry.

As he walked moodily up the central aisle, an unusual noise fell upon his ear. The sound of footsteps and loud voices was audible, the door of the church was pushed violently open, and half-a-dozen men, in the uniform of the county constabulary, marched in; two stood by the door, one marched direct to the

vestry and guarded the entrance, the remaining three advanced to Tom Harvey. Two grasped him by the shoulders; the other, who seemed to be the sergeant in command of the expedition, exclaimed:

"I arrest you, Thomas Harvey, in the Queen's name, for that you, a prisoner in Bromwich Gaol, did last night, between the hours of eleven and twelve, effect your escape; you will return to the said gaol in the custody of me, Ezekiel Wilberforce, to complete your term of imprisonment, and to be dealt with for your fresh offence as their honours the justices may deem fit."

Tom's head dropped—he had been too happy to think of prisons and imprisonment; the fact of his having escaped from gaol had quitted his memory.

His hands fell powerless by his side, and he made no resistance as a pair of handcuffs was slipped over his wrists.

Mary was paralysed with astonishment.

"A prisoner!" she exclaimed. "You a prisoner, Tom? It is impossible. Did them remove these handcuffs, and assert your independence. Is not your good name worth a struggle. Oh! do not permit these men to blast your reputation."

"It is all true, Molly," replied Tom, looking up dauntlessly. "But I am not to blame. I escaped as they say, from Bromwich Gaol last night; and I did it because I heard that you were about to be married to Mr. Lister, which was excruciating, and more than I could bear."

"Why were you placed in prison?" asked Mrs. Goodall.

Molly was incapable of further questioning.

"For alleged smuggling. I was guiltless of the offence."

"Smuggling," said the keeper of the ferry, with a sigh of relief, as if an offence against the revenue was a mere nothing.

"Is that statement correct?" asked sceptical Mrs. Goodall of the police sergeant.

"That's true enough," replied the sergeant. "He's in for six months for smuggling, and I expect he'll get another six on the top of the first for breaking away."

"I am innocent of the trifling crime imputed to me," exclaimed Tom to Molly. "I can go back to prison joyfully, now I have seen you, and now that I know you are yourself again, and that this hateful marriage between you and the steward of Baskerdale is prevented."

"I thought him your assassin," said Mary Goodall.

"And so he was. I escaped the fate he intended for me by a miracle. But let us talk of ourselves; you shall know all some day. They will take me away presently; we have no time to lose."

"Can I not go with you?" asked Molly, pleadingly.

"Will it not be better to come and see me? Perhaps if you speak to Miss Wicherley, who has influence with the magistrates round about, she may be induced to intercede for me and procure me a pardon."

"I will try, dearest," Molly replied; "but must I leave you? It seems so hard, after having been with you so short a time. If I must, I will be resigned to my fate."

"Promise me one thing, my own," exclaimed Tom Harvey.

"What is it? If it is anything that I may—"

"Never speak again to the steward. He is a bold, bad man, and may work you some evil during my absence. Be on your guard against him, Molly; the time will come for he and I to square accounts; at present I am powerless, though much against my will."

"Now, young man, when you've done your chattering, we'll be on the move."

"Good bye, Molly darling! You will come and see me?" exclaimed Tom Harvey.

"Oh! yes," she cried; "would that I could wear your bonds."

He bent down and kissed her face, which was perhaps designedly placed in tempting proximity to his own. Her tears fell fast and dropped upon the manacles which encircled his wrists.

The keeper of the ferry exclaimed to his wife:

"You look to the gal, missis, and I'll see Tom Harvey back to Bromwich, if these gentlemen will allow me."

"Oh! yes, you may come. It is not a murder nor yet a theft; so we're not bound to be particular," responded the constable.

"Why not knock those bracelets off his wrist, then," said Stephen Goodall, pointing to the handcuffs.

"Well, you see he's given us the slip once; and as he seems to be an artful dodger, he might run the same rig again. I like to be on the safe side, if it's possible."

"Never mind the handcuffs," said Tom lightly. "It isn't the chains that disgrace a man; it's the crime for

which he wears them. Now I've committed no crime. I am innocent of even a criminal intention."

Tom was conducted outside the church, placed in a cart, and driven back to Bromwich, while the people of Flushing had an interesting subject over which to gossip.

Molly Goodall, with her mother, returned to the waterside, and so ended this remarkable wedding.

Mr. Lister had, luckily for himself, not mentioned the fact of his intended marriage to any of his associates at Baskerdale. He knew how many slips there are between the cup and the lip, and he never made sure of an event until it was actually accomplished. During his journey home, which he performed on foot—having had the politeness to leave the coach for Molly and her mother—he reflected how he could best turn the present defeat to his advantage. It was one consolation to know that Tom Harvey was in prison, and that, in all probability, he would remain there for some time to come.

It is always well to have an active rival out of the way.

Mr. Lister was, of course, well acquainted with the affairs of all the tenants of Sir Thomas Wicherley. He knew how much each paid, and whether he held his tenement under a lease or not.

Now, the ferry belonged to Sir Thomas Wicherley, and Stephen Goodall was his tenant. Mr. Lister, moreover, knew that he was not even a yearly tenant of his master, but only a tenant at will, and that it was in the baronet's power to evict him whenever he chose to do so.

Armed with this knowledge, the steward of Baskerdale at once sought his master on his arrival at Baskerdale.

"Well, Lister!" exclaimed Sir Thomas, who was cleaning a double barrel in the hall. Hot water, oil, feathers, tow, ramrod, and other appliances stood at hand, and the baronet appeared to be very busy.

"You have just come in time to bear a hand, my good fellow," he continued. "It is very odd that I have no one about me when I want assistance. I call it confounded hard. There's Hindon now gone turning the earth up after some nonsense or other, thinking he can find a treasure, when any child in the nursery could tell him better; and you, I suppose, have been helping him, or galivanting about somewhere or other."

"I have been doing my duty, Sir Thomas. Wasn't aware that you required my services, or I would have been at hand," replied the steward, submissively.

"Well, well, don't stand there chattering like a magpie. Come and pour some water into this barrel—it's as foul as foul can be. Does the kettle boil?"

Mr. Lister went to the fireplace, looked for himself, and replied in the affirmative.

While the process of gun-cleaning was going on, Sir Thomas rattled away in his own peculiar fashion.

"You fellows," he said, "told me, when I came down here, that there were plenty of pleasures to be shot. I don't think I have seen more than a couple of score during my entire stay here; and as for your hares and your rabbits, why they're as wild as they can be. A nice time of it the poachers must have had before I arrived at Baskerdale."

"You must remember, sir, that Sir William Wicherley would never prosecute a poacher; and as I had no orders, I was afraid that I might exceed my duty if I transported some of the most notorious thieves."

"By the way," observed Sir Thomas, "when are those two men to be tried—the men we caught in the long wood? Don't allow me to forget them, for I intend to sit on the bench, and punish them as far as the law will allow me."

"You are a J.P., sir?"

"Yes. They put me in the commission of the peace before I had been here a fortnight."

"I suppose, Sir Thomas!" exclaimed Mr. Lister, after a pause, "that I have your permission to act, in case a tenant behaves in a refractory manner?"

"Act!" repeated Sir Thomas, "act! in what way?"

"Remove him from his tenancy."

"Certainly not, until the case is laid before me, and I have given my decision upon its merits," replied the baronet, warmly. "Act without me in a case of importance? Certainly not, my good man. I should like to see you becoming so independent! No, no. Oppression shall never be practised in my name, unless I am fully cognizant of the facts and sanction the eviction."

Mr. Lister looked considerably chaffed at this reply, which he had not anticipated from his listless master.

Sir Thomas did not in reality care an atom about the well-being of his tenants, but he wished to be regarded with importance by his dependents. He was desirous of being thought a man of business, even though he was not one; for to have been looked upon as a cypher would have hurt his pride beyond the power of endurance.

"Who is it?" resumed the baronet. "Who's the man that has displeased you? Where does he live? What is he, and what is his offence? I always like to know the whole history of a thing before I stir a foot or move a finger. Now, then; speak up, my good fellow—who is it?"

"Excuse me, Sir Thomas; but you have come to a conclusion rather hastily," returned Lister. "I do not just now wish to evict any one; I merely wished to receive instructions from you, so that I might know how to act when the contingency arrives, if it ever does."

"That's all very well; but you must have had somebody in your mind's eye, man—must have somebody. It's all nonsense! Who was it? Come, out with it. I'm not going to shoot you."

"Well, Sir Thomas, I must confess you are quite right; I had some one in my eye, and that was Stephen Goodall, the keeper of the ferry."

"What's he done?" abruptly demanded the baronet.

"Won't he pay his rent? Perhaps he can't help that, poor fellow. I never like to be too hard on a man out of luck, bear that in mind. I'll have no selling honest men up because the weather's spoilt their crops. None of that sort of work for me. If a man's a rogue, that's another thing. Distrain at once on a man who can and won't pay. Put the bailiffs in and take the bed from under him."

"Perhaps I ought not to make any complaint, Sir Thomas," replied Mr. Lister, with an artful smile. "But I have myself the greatest respect for you. You are every inch of you a gentleman, and have always treated me with the greatest kindness. There is a great difference between yourself and the late lamented Sir William. He was a gentleman, kind and considerate in his behaviour to his inferiors; but there was no fire about him, if you understand me, Sir Thomas; there was a want of fire about him; he could not command properly; he was too quiet and too tame, while you are altogether different. Any one could tell you were a man of the world, and had been accustomed to obedience all your life. I hope no offence, Sir Thomas. I am a little given to gossiping at times."

"So it seems," replied Sir Thomas, to whom the man's flattery was far from being disagreeable. "But what has all this palaver to do with the keeper of the ferry?"

"Just this, Sir Thomas: he is not so respectful to you as he should be. I am told that he speaks against you behind your back, and contrasts you unfavourably with Sir William."

"He does, eh? Stephen Goodall! I remember him, I think. Ah, now I know who you mean! He was extremely insolent to me when first I crossed over the ferry, the very night I arrived at Baskerdale. Oh, yes! I have the man before me now. A broad-chested, powerful man. He was excessively impudent. So he has been speaking against me, has he? A nice fellow to speak against a man who never did him any harm!"

"It seemed to me, Sir Thomas," continued Lister in his sly manner, "that as you must naturally be desirous of becoming popular in the county, the fact of a ferryman having imbibed a dislike to you, would be injurious to your reputation; and in this way—a ferryman is very much like a barber, everyone expects the man who mows his beard to entertain him with some agreeable chit-chat during the mowing, and consequently barbers have acquired a reputation similar to that of a magpie; well, ferryman are quite as bad as barbers—a passenger, in being ferried over, naturally talks to the man who ferries him."

"So he does!"

"Perhaps he might ask the news, or whose estate lay nearest the water side?"

"Such a question as that would open the flood-gates of conversation at once."

"Of course it would, sir! Then what is more easy than for the keeper of the ferry to say the estate belongs to you, and then to abuse you wholesale?"

"Nothing," replied the baronet.

"All I want to know is, whether I am authorised by you, Sir Thomas, to place a more trustworthy person in so important a post, provided this sort of thing is continued. I shall warn the man first of all, and advise him of what will ensue, so that he may reform if he chooses."

"You have my consent," said Sir Thomas Wicherley; "the man has a most unruly tongue, as I can testify; and if he takes no heed of your warning, I don't think you can do better than supplant him. It is intolerable that one should be abused behind one's back for nothing at all. Oh! turn him out, by all means!"

"Thank you, sir! Shall I hold the gun while you run the ramrod down?" exclaimed Mr. Lister, who had succeeded admirably in his plot, which was, in half a dozen words, to enable him to coerce the keeper of the ferry if he refused to give him his daughter in marriage.

He was doubly anxious to obtain possession of Mary Goodall's hand now that she had recovered her senses. If Mary Goodall, half-witted, was attractive, it followed that Mary Goodall, sane, and in possession of seven senses, must be doubly so.

Mr. Lister anticipated that the keeper would withhold his consent, now that Tom Harvey had turned up; and he wished, in his own parlance, to be able to put the screw on him if he gave him a flat refusal.

He felt that he was armed with a powerful weapon, and he did not scruple to rejoice in its possession.

To threaten the keeper of the ferry with the deprivation of that by which he got his living would be to deal him a serious blow.

Sir Thomas was already prejudiced against him, and would refuse to listen to any appeal against the mandate of the unjust steward.

He would be caught in the toils.

When he could get away, Mr. Lister bent his steps towards the cottage of the keeper of the ferry, saying to himself:

"If he doesn't give me his daughter freely, I'll make him; and as for her, if she doesn't love me now, there will be plenty of time for the love to come after marriage."

(To be continued.)

THE ARCHDUKE.

A TALE OF THE MEXICAN EMPIRE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Isolani.—Here am I! Well! who comes as my accuser?

Octavio.—But first a word with you, Count Isolani.

Isolani.—Will it explode?—he! Is the duke about?

To make the attempt? In me, friend, you may place

Full confidence. Nay, put me to the proof.

Octavio.—That may happen.

THE two men returned to the seats from which they had arisen, and continued to glare at their enemy with a mien at once indicative of their guilt and their fear. Hernan quietly seated himself near Maximilian, and continued:

"That this man, the Count Viletto, is a villain of the basest and meanest description will be proven in a very few moments. Permit me, archduke, to inform you in the briefest manner possible, that he has another name, which is far better known in Mexico than his title. In a word, he is the terrible and infamous Colonel Lobo, the chief of the gang of robbers and cut-throats calling themselves the Free Riders!"

The count started to his feet, as if stricken by an electric shock, and shouted, stepping toward his accuser:

"'Tis false—an atrocious falsehood! I ask again—will your majesty condescend to hear me traduced in this vile manner by an outlaw of Captain de Valde's stamp?"

Another gleam of appreciative intelligence appeared in Maximilian's eyes as he replied:

"Peace, Count Viletto! Captain de Valde has been an honourable enemy, and I have not yet received any warrant for doubting his statements. At the same time I do not see how this charge can be true. Colonel Lobo is said to be an Indian, a man of large stature, a man quite unlike Count Viletto in appearance."

"Just so, your majesty," Count Viletto hastened to say, recovering his calmness. "The famous chief of the Free Riders is a different person altogether."

"In outward appearance merely," said Hernan, with a meaning smile. "I repeat that Colonel Lobo and Count Viletto are one and the same person. I have the proofs of the fact at command, and will produce them."

With this, Hernan stepped to the door leading into the hall, and ushered in a couple of men, at sight of whom the accused became deathly pale.

"Here, archduke," continued Hernan, "are a couple of well-known residents of this city. They left here ten days ago to proceed to the capital, to avoid the *comito*. On the plains between Orizaba and Puebla, the party in which they journeyed was attacked by the Free Riders, with Colonel Lobo at their head. In the course of the fight that followed, this gentleman," and he indicated the witness nearest him, "seized the beard of the robber chief, when it came off in his grasp, being a false one, and the face of Colonel Lobo was plainly revealed to both of these gentlemen. That face bore a long and livid scar from the eye to the chin, and was the face of Count Viletto."

"It's false!" gasped Viletto, white as a sheet, and trembling in every limb.

"Speak!" commanded Maximilian, turning to the witnesses. "Do you recognize in Count Viletto the chief of the robbers?"

The two men both replied in the affirmative, adding some particulars that placed their testimony beyond question; and Hernan then said:

"A few words more, archduke, and you will com-

prehend the matter: With the aid of a false beard, a dyed complexion, and a general disguise, much like that which enabled me to travel among your troops in safety, this Count Viletto, otherwise Colonel Lobo, has long been in the habit of plundering travellers on the national roads, and has even committed scores of murders, particularly during the last three months. In regard to his robberies, these two witnesses will submit a few further statements."

"Hear me, your majesty!" cried Viletto. "These outlaws have combined to ruin me—to degrade me in your majesty's opinion. There is not a word of truth in all they utter."

"Peace, count!" said Maximilian again. "I must investigate this matter fully. The identity of the famous robber chief is a matter of the first importance."

"And for this reason," said Hernan, "I will hasten to produce further proofs. One of these witnesses was robbed, at the time mentioned, of certain valuable jewels, and the other of certain moneys—valuables that they can identify at sight. They believe, as I do, that these stolen treasures are now among the effects of Count Viletto, in this very house. To end all doubt in the premises, let the baggage of Count Viletto be brought into our presence."

"No, no!" cried Viletto, in the wildest excitement. "Your majesty will not permit this outrage?"

Hernan had not waited for permission, but had stepped to the door, given an order to some person in waiting outside, and the next moment a couple of guerillas brought into the room a trunk and valise, which Hernan placed before Maximilian, saying, when the men had withdrawn:

"Possibly the valuables of the witnesses may not be here, but I think it quite likely that we shall find them, as the owner of the jewels saw Colonel Lobo slip them into his pocket. Count Viletto, I will trouble you for your keys."

Viletto declared that his keys were not with him, but at the same instant Ada detected him throwing them behind a sofa near him. She secured them; the baggage was unlocked, search was made, and the property in question speedily produced, to the great joy of the witnesses, and to the complete confusion of Viletto.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Maximilian, when the witnesses had fully identified their moneys and jewels. "The fact is proven. The count and Colonel Lobo are one and the same person."

"As a further proof," said Hernan, "here are the villain's disguises, jewels and moneys he has stolen, enough to convict him, when the public is notified to come forward, a dozen times over."

"Enough!" was the archduke's comment. "I will order him into custody!"

The count made a dash for the door of the back parlour, but a couple of Hernan's men intercepted him, having been in waiting in the supper-room, and he was soon secured and ironed.

"Can it be?" gasped Mar, with the air of one awakening from a horrible dream. "The man upon whom I have built such anticipations—the man to whom I would have sold Ada—is a murderer and robber!"

"Well, you are no better," retorted the count, sullenly. "Captain de Valde has promised you a similar exposure. Don't exult over me till you have made sure of your own footing."

These words recalled Mar to himself, and he passed into a state of the most active and watchful excitement.

"The remark of Colonel Lobo recalls me to our remaining business," said Hernan, again turning to Maximilian. "This Senor Mar is a worthy companion of the count—a villain of the basest description. Your attention, archduke, and you will soon understand the nature of the two men who have made themselves so prominent in welcoming you to this country."

Ada looked quickly at Hernan, her lovely face paling and an apprehensive expression gathering in her dusky eyes, but her lover met her glances with an encouraging and reassuring smile.

"It's false!" cried Mar, in a state of shuddering apprehension similar to that which had so recently forced Viletto to the same exclamation. "The accused outlaw has conspired to crush me and rob me of my daughter."

"That's the idea," sneered Viletto, turning to his late confederate. "Stick to it."

Unheeding the angry and scornful glances which commenced passing between the two villains, Hernan continued:

"As the first step towards exposing Senor Mar, I will summon his principal accuser. Here he is—General Navarro!"

Even as he spoke, General Navarro came into the room from the corridor leading to the court. At sight of him Mar uttered a terrible cry of despair, and sank backwards, more dead than alive, upon the seat from which he had arisen.

"General Navarro!" repeated Maximilian, bowing to the new comer. "Not the general who was involved with Santa Anna in '47, as I was lately reading?"

"The same," said Hernan; "a gentleman who was once generally known in Mexico, and who has still friends enough to corroborate his statements and assist him in obtaining justice. Listen to a statement of the facts between him and this villain!"

He proceeded to state that Mar's real name was Riconado, that he had formerly been the overseer of Navarro's estate, and that he had seized his master at a time when he was ill, in the absence of his wife, and had thrown him into a private dungeon, taking possession of his wealth, and had kept him imprisoned fifteen years, &c.

"In proof of all this," continued Hernan, "I have many witnesses at command. First, General Navarro, who testifies to the identity of the overseer with this Senator Mar. Second, many friends of the general who can swear to his identity. To crown all, I have within call the keeper of the private dungeon during all these horrible years—the keeper employed and paid by Mar—a witness who now accuses Mar, in addition to all his other accusations, of being guilty of murder. Behold him!"

At these words a gaunt and haggard figure came staggering into the room, sank into a chair beside Hernan, and fixed his eyes upon Mar, who uttered at sight of him another horrible cry, and covered his face with his hands.

"This is the man," said Hernan, "who for fifteen years, acting under Mar's orders, kept General Navarro confined in a private dungeon among the hills in the wilderness west of Zacatecas. The prisoner escaped. The keeper and his wife agreed to report to Mar that his prisoner was dead. The wife endeavoured to kill the husband by poison for some reason that he cannot fathom, and then went to Mar to report, and was killed by him, as can be proven by Dona Ada and her duenna. As you see, the witness is but just alive, but has withstood the effects of the poison long enough to establish the guilt of the wretched criminal before us!"

Maximilian questioned the witness briefly, but long enough to assure himself of the truth of the terrible accusation against Mar, and then dismissed him, he being too weak to talk further.

"Can it be," exclaimed Viletto, sneeringly, "that the man with whom I have been associated, the man whose daughter I was about to marry, is a murderer and a robber?"

Maximilian could not help but smile at this retort, but the grave expression which had gathered upon his face deepened, and it was evident that he was thinking of the great difference between Hernan and the two villains.

"Let me trouble you with a few words more," said Hernan, after a pause. "When Mar imprisoned his victim, the general's only daughter, a mere infant, remained in the villain's keeping. This daughter, although so cruelly separated from her parents, has been favoured by that Great Father who ever watches over the destinies of mankind, and has arrived at the years of womanhood, the possessor of every virtue and grace that glorifies her sex. Here she is," and he took Ada by the hand, "the reputed daughter of Riconado, otherwise Mar; but she will henceforth be known by her true and rightful name of Nita Navarro, and live in the presence of her own noble and loving father."

CHAPTER XXXV.

Why, at this very moment, the whole prospect is in bud and blossom!—*Neumann.*

THE words of Hernan had fallen upon quick ears and understanding hearts.

Great sobs had burst from Ada's lips as the glad truth commenced dawning upon her; and when Navarro, trembling with his emotions, extended his arms to her, with a look of unutterable affection and tenderness upon his thin features, she sprang to meet him, exclaiming:

"My father—my father!"

"My daughter—my own darling child!" he responded, as he clasped her to his bosom.

Mar uttered an incoherent howl as he glared from one to the other, witnessing their kisses and embraces.

"Can it be?" again sneered Viletto, eyeing his late confederate. "The robber and murderer, as it turns out, has no daughter to give me!"

"At last, after all these years of misery," murmured Navarro, as soon as he could command his voice, and while he caressed Ada with all the pent-up love and tenderness of years, "at last I hold you again in my arms, my own precious daughter!"

Ada clung to him, twining her arms about his neck and pressing tender kisses upon his face, which was now transfigured by its great joy, and feeling in her

heart a strange rest, a deep and abiding joy, such as she had never felt before.

"I saw you this evening through the window," continued Navarro, "and recognized you in a moment, from your great resemblance to my dear wife—your mother. I should know you anywhere to be my daughter, Nita."

"Hernan has told me so much of your sufferings in your dungeon, and in being deprived of your loved ones, father," whispered Ada, "that I had already learned to love as well as pity you—and without a single suspicion that I was your little Nita. Oh, I am so happy!"

"Nita, darling," said her father, in a voice choked by his emotion, "I must not be selfish in keeping you so long to myself. I have another dear one to present to you. While I was at the capital searching out Riconado, I found your mother, living quietly by herself, and waiting with a sublime hope and patience for the hour when she should again clasp her husband and child to her bosom."

"My mother?" repeated Ada, the colour coming and going in her clear olive cheeks.

"Yes, darling; I will bring her to you."

Senor Navarro stepped to the door of the supper-room, and instantly returned with a stately and lovely woman leaning upon his arm—a woman in whose sweet dark face and melancholy eyes, now lit up by eagerness and expectancy, could be seen a powerful resemblance to Ada.

She paused a moment, regarding the flushed and tearful beauty of the young girl, and then, with a cry of irrefragable yearning, she caught her to her bosom and overwhelmed her with passionate caresses.

Maximilian and his aides could not behold the joyful meeting without emotion, and the duenna seated herself deliberately to have a good cry, while Mar and Viletto regarded each other sullenly.

"It seems you blundered in your little calculations, Senor Riconado!" sneered Viletto. "It's strange I never suspected this pretty little romance of yours."

Mar did not reply, but looked around him wildly for some avenue of escape, but he had already seen that guards were stationed at every door, and as he now looked at the windows, he seemed to see menacing eyes glancing in upon him.

"Lost—lost!" he said, still looking around him.

"But one way of escape remains! And yet—"

He paused as the archduke said:

"Captain de Valde, have Mar secured. He shall be tried; and if there is any justice in the world, it shall be meted out to him."

Mar uttered a horrible cry, and drew from his bosom a tiny vial filled with a colourless liquid, which he drank before a hand could prevent him.

"I defy your justice," he then said, with a ghastly smile. "The game is up, and I have slipped out of your hands. General Navarro, you are cheated of your revenge!"

Navarro, his wife, and Nita hastened towards the dying wretch, who had sunk upon the sofa, almost convulsed with the throes of death.

Some terrible vision seemed to pass before the mental gaze of Mar, for he suddenly started, and opening his half-shut eyes wildly, gasped:

"Mercy! I will tell all! General Navarro, Ada is your daughter. She is your lost Nita. I kept her, not wishing to kill a harmless child. I leave at my Mexican bankers a will giving everything to her, so you won't have to delay or go to law in order to recover your property. I—oh—forgive—mercy—"

"Making your confession, eh?" sneered Viletto, gazing upon the convulsed features of his late confederate. "That's right! unburden your mind, Senor Riconado. It's singular, though," he added, a terrible smile wreathing his bloodless lips, "that we, who have been so loving in our lives, in our death are not divided."

As quick as thought he drew a vial from his own bosom, and despite his fettered hands, drained its contents.

The next moment the two guilty wretches had entered together upon eternity.

Maximilian rose and looked upon the ghastly faces of the two men whom he had so cordially greeted that very day, and in whom he had hoped to find friends and allies, and a sickening sensation stole over him, so that he resumed his seat and shaded his face with his hands.

Nita found refuge from the horrid sight in the bosom of her lover, whose face glowed with joy and pride as he folded her in his arms.

"Car-r-r-r-r-amba!" came rolling in stentorian tones through the apartment at this juncture. "I can't stand this any longer! Must come in, captain. Make way here! Car-r-r-r-r-amba!"

"That voice!" shrieked Dolores, hysterically, arising and looking towards the door. "Tis my own lion-hearted warrior! the glorious prince of my heart! Let me fly to his sheltering arms!"

"I come, beloved," was the response. "Nought

shall keep me from thy side. Even royalty itself must stand aside before such love as ours, my princess. 'Tis I, indeed; thy own trusty knight—the terror of his foes—Pacheco the Destroyer! I come! Ho! ho!"

Amid a terrific clatter of boots and weapons, the redoubtable-looking squire came thundering from the corridor into the presence of his lady-love, and each, with a reciprocal volley of exclamations and greetings, clasped the other in a fervent embrace.

"At last, my own darling Dolores!" exclaimed Pacheco, who had overheard the greetings between Navarro and Nita—"at last I see thee, never more to be robbed of thy presence!"

Ere another word could be uttered, the rattle of musketry at a distance, and the dull booming of cannon, came to the hearing of the party, and caused the archduke and his aides to start to their feet in wonder and excitement.

"Have no alarm, archduke, on that score," said Hernan, quietly. "My men have attacked your guards at the depot, and have secured the half-million of dollars!"

He listened a moment to the sounds of conflict and alarm that continued to reach their ears, and then said:

"As you are now aware, archduke, that the money belongs to General Navarro, and that Mar had no right to lend it to you, you will not blame me for restoring it to its rightful owner. Allow me to add, ere we take leave of you, that Mar and Viletto are fair specimens of the men who will hail your presence in this country. You may see already what sort of a career awaits you here, and the sooner you return to Europe the better for yourself. You will not be further troubled by me at present. President Juarez is entirely willing that your imperialism should run its natural course, and he believes that a liberal dose of it will do much towards healing the moral and mental sickness of our people. I shall accordingly occupy myself with my own affairs during the next few months, leaving you to work out your problems unmolested by me."

"Thanks for this assurance," responded the archduke, "and permit me to add that you and yours shall be in no wise molested. You have made my friends great trouble, but you have had great provocations, and I am truly glad the events of this night have led us both to a positive good—to you to this happy re-union, and I to a knowledge of my late adherents."

Adieus were uttered, and the archduke and his aides departed, leaving the happy party behind them, to their great joy.

The morning succeeding the preceding events, the archduke set out, with a grave and thoughtful face, for the city of Mexico, and his subsequent career has been told in the daily papers, so that we need not linger upon it.

The Marquis de Valde returned in safety from Martinique, to the intense delight of Hernan, his betrothed, and his old friend Navarro.

How happy he was made by the explanations and discoveries that awaited his coming!

In a few days after his return, Hernan and Nita were duly united in marriage, amid great rejoicings; and at the same time the doughty Pacheco and sentimental Dolores took upon themselves the bonds of matrimony.

The marquis was seen the same night to arise from his bed, in a sound sleep, proceed to a neighbouring field, and exhume his missing money and gems. He was carefully awakened by our hero; and it came out, after some investigation, that the marquis himself, in a state of somnambulism, had removed his treasure from the sub-cellar of his house to this spot, on the night of Hernan's departure for Los Edificios—he being at the time greatly excited about it.

In the researches that followed Viletto's death, it was discovered that he had long been annoyed and impoverished by a family living on an island in the gulf, they being cognizant of some crime of which he had been guilty, and one great motive for his robberies and crimes thus became apparent.

As will readily be foreseen, Nita had no difficulty in inheriting the property of Senor Mar, and it was all restored to her father, who found that it had not diminished in the hands of his unfaithful overseer. The Hacienda del Lago was taken possession of by General Navarro and his wife, while Nita and Hernan reside at the estate of the marquis, whose health has become excellent now that he is relieved of the anxieties and cares that once beset him.

Pacheco and Dolores reside with Nita and Hernan, serving them faithfully, and at the same time affording them great diversion by their romantic and exaggerated attachment for each other.

And so, all concerned being in the enjoyment of loving hearts and the other great truths of existence, we leave them to their happiness, and wish the reader a like blessing.

THE END.

CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS OF THE RUSSIANS.—We publish a correspondence from Kustendjie, from which it appears that the Turkish authorities had requested the Russians to prevent any further emigration of the Circassians till next spring. Whether from a misunderstanding or otherwise, it now appears that 40,000 of the unfortunates have reached the shores of the Black Sea, in a state of utter destitution. It is further said that the Russians have ordered them to continue their journey, declaring that if they remain on the shore they will be left without any assistance whatever from themselves. These poor wretches have no alternative but that of perishing of hunger on the shores, or undertaking a voyage on the Black Sea in the depth of winter, even if the state of the weather enable the vessels to take them on board at all.

WHO IS THE THIEF?

MRS. VAN ANSEL was a proud and haughty woman—proud of the old Dutch name which her husband had left her—proud, also, of the one son and daughter who bore the same name, and proud of the money which she had brought that husband when they were both young, and which was now swelled to about three times its original bulk, making her one of the richest widows in that very aristocratic and exclusive village in which she dwelt, the principal street of which was also so honoured as to bear the late Mr. Van Ansel's name.

Rupert Van Ansel was a gay, handsome, genial lad of twenty-two, and any mother might well be excused for being proud of him. He had never cost her one heart pang from the day he was born until that on which a governess arrived for his little sister Gertrude; and though Mrs. Van Ansel perceived, at once, how much he was smitten with the pretty face and graceful figure of Miss Sherman, she could not find it in her heart to reprove him for it—to make such an apparently harmless thing the ground for a first quarrel with her boy, for she argued to herself, it must be harmless. Rupert could not have any serious intentions towards "that girl," and it would, in time, "blow over," if she did not fan the flickering flame into an undying blaze. Mrs. Van Ansel, you see, was wise in her generation. However, as there really seemed a probability that Rupert's admiration was quietly fanning itself into a blaze, aided by the increasing sweetness and loveliness of Miss Sherman, who only became more charming on more intimate acquaintance, Mrs. Van Ansel determined to bring an enemy into camp. She wrote to an old friend of hers, Mr. Bowler by name, to bring his daughter and pay her that long-promised visit. Mrs. Van Ansel became very wise in her generation, and manifested it in this movement. She was well aware that Mr. Bowler, with all due respect for the old Dutch name, would willingly have it changed, in her case, to his own more humble cognomen; and though she had no idea of gratifying him, she contemplated, with some little triumph, the effect which her meditated flirtation would have upon Master Rupert. She knew, too, that Katie Bowler was a brilliant beauty—a girl skilled in the art of winning away other maidens' loves—and she did not doubt but she would succeed in breaking the silken string that bound the rich heir of the Van Ansel to the humble governess. "Then," thought Mrs. Van Ansel, "when I see him wavering between Katie Bowler and this Sherman girl, I will place before him the alternative of Miss Bowler for a wife, or Mr. Bowler for a father."

Clever Mrs. Van Ansel! Does any one doubt Mrs. Van Ansel's cleverness and ask—Why did she not send away this troublesome governess and so get rid of all this bother?

For two reasons. Miss Sherman suited her so well as the governess of Miss Gertrude that she seemed to have been born for that special purpose, and to have sent her away would have been to send her son in hot pursuit after her—a search which would never have stopped till he had found her, and would only have increased his passion a thousandfold.

The Bowlers—father and daughter—arrived, and were warmly welcomed by Mrs. Van Ansel.

Nor was Rupert deficient in the duties required of him; he was too gallant, and too appreciative of handsome young ladies, to pass them over with neglect, and Katie was very handsome, he acknowledged it at the first glance.

She was rather tall, but admirably proportioned in figure, and her hands were quite marvels—her arms and shoulders, too, were the whitest and smoothest it is possible to imagine.

Her eyes were dark and deep, and shaded by long black lashes, and her lustrous hair—so dark, so wavy, so plenteous—only served from its midnight blackness to bring out more vividly the ivory whiteness of the brow from which it was rolled away, and the snowy whiteness of the graceful neck it touched in its loosely

knotted beauty at the back of the small and shapely head.

"Quite a beauty for a dark woman," Rupert pronounced to himself; and then, in contrast to this brilliant girl, arose the vision of sweet Mabel Sherman—the slight, perfect form, the dainty hands, shaded by ruffling of old lace, the pure sea-shell complexion, so vividly brought forth by the close-fitting black dress, the faint rose, alternately blooming and fading on the rounded cheeks, the sky-blue eyes, and the rippling, golden hair, pushed back from the fair brow, and tumbling in a shower of radiant, careless curls about her neck.

"Dear little Mabel," thought Rupert. "What woman could make me forget her, even for a moment." Could Mrs. Van Ansel have heard of this unspoken promise of fidelity to her governess she might not have been so well pleased with her little plot as she felt herself at liberty to be; to her eyes everything seemed proceeding in the right direction, and she congratulated herself in no measured terms on the success of her scheme.

But though Rupert rode out with Miss Bowler, and admired her handsome figure in its admirably-fitting black riding-habit, though he listened to her lively sallies and applauded them with laughter—though he waited upon her in a great many little ways—he still found time to slip into the schoolroom to look over Gertrude's French exercises, and to whisper in the small pink ears of Mabel Sherman.

But a change had come over the governess. The advent of Miss Bowler was not without effect upon her, and in the hour that she thought she discovered Mr. Van Ansel's devotion to the new arrival she also discovered the free entrance she had given him to her own heart. She found that his image was enshrined there as something too sacred to be thought of except on rare and very happy occasions, and on making this discovery these occasions became less happy and more rare. Yes, the governess loved her mistress's handsome son with all the devotion of her warm little heart, and bitterly reproaching herself for having extracted any serious meaning from his kind manner, his pretty little compliments, his often tender looks, she resolved to smother her secret for ever, and close her heart against him in all the future time they might be thrown together.

Rupert knew too little of womankind to comprehend this new phase in Miss Sherman's conduct, and fearing she had in some way received a slight from either himself or his mother, renewed his attentions and redoubled his kindness, but he did not dare to whisper his admiration of her any more, fearing to alienate her still further—though he could not help telling himself that she had not seemed offended at first with him for doing so.

But the kinder and gentler Rupert became, the more frigid and distant grew Miss Sherman, till at length she held him at an almost unapproachable distance.

Rupert was completely puzzled. Mrs. Van Ansel was not slow to perceive a portion of these changes; she saw the coldness (indifference she called it) which had sprung up between her son and her governess, but she did not see the uneasiness which Rupert suffered in consequence.

Mrs. Van Ansel, you must remember, was only wise in her generation—she did not see through everything, though she generally thought she did.

"Rupert," said Mrs. Van Ansel, one day, "I am going to give a party. I don't think we are quite gay enough for Miss Bowler. You know she is accustomed to a great deal of society."

"Of course you know better, mother, than anybody else in all such matters," was the dutiful reply; "and if you say, 'give a party,' of course that is the correct thing to do."

"You always were the best of boys, Rupert; and now, just tell me who you think should be asked."

"Well, there are the Van Wycks, the Holdens, the Trowbridges, the Livingstons, the Gabriels, and ever so many more. You know best. The names I have mentioned are merely suggestions."

"I will put down every name you have mentioned, Rupert. That will give us a goodly supply of gentlemen, but we must not be without an equal number of ladies. Just name a few whom you think will be most congenial to the taste of Miss Bowler—you probably understand her preferences better than I do"—this last with a sly look and a manner intended to rally him upon that subject. It passed off without effect, however, for Rupert was busily seeking among the memory of his female acquaintances for such persons as would be likely to meet the exigencies of the case.

"There are Miss Elliott, and the two Canley girls, and Emily Grey, and Miss Sherman—"

"Miss Sherman? Who in the world is Miss Sherman?" Mrs. Van Ansel interrupted, for she never dreamed that Rupert could have the hardihood to mean the governess.

"Gertrude's governess," returned Rupert, very coolly; and thereupon ensued a discussion which

finally terminated in the first quarrel that had ever taken place between this mother and son; it was terminated in Rupert's leaving the room in high displeasure, throwing back over the threshold a further dart of this form and substance:

"Do as you please, mother—only hear this in mind, if Miss Sherman does not make one of this party, I will not so much as enter the house."

This was an unlooked-for blow to Mrs. Van Ansel, and showed very plainly that Rupert had not become so indifferent to the governess as she could have wished.

What was to be done? She knew that he would keep his threat—the Van Ansel's never broke their word, given for good or evil; and so, reverting to her original tactics, she resolved not to oppose him; and Miss Sherman was invited to be one of the party.

Not only that, but Rupert urged the invitation, which the governess seemed at first inclined to refuse; and urged it so eloquently that Mabel, looking shyly up into his eager, earnest face, felt a thrill of joy at the tone of his voice, and allowed her heart to throb with the olden gladness as she thought that perhaps he loved her after all.

"I will join the rest of your mother's guests," she said, in a voice so low that Rupert was forced to bend his head to catch the words, and in his gratitude he snatched the little white hand to his lips and passionately kissed it.

"Thank you—thank you!" he said, and hurried away; and then Mabel kissed that same hand again, and again, till forced to hide her blushing face between both pink palms, and she thought, in a dutter of joyful triumph, "He loves me—he loves me! Oh, my own, my dear one, and I to doubt him so cruelly!"

At first Mabel had some little difficulty as to what she could wear at so grand a party as Mrs. Van Ansel's; but having submitted her wardrobe to the inspection of Gertrude, she was at length persuaded to select a very pretty puffed tulle—the only dress at all suitable for such an occasion that she possessed. And very pretty she looked in it—so pretty, so graceful, and so lady-like, that Mrs. Van Ansel was quite reconciled to her appearance in the handsome room, especially as she made herself very useful in playing the piano when everybody else was tired and wanted to carry on innocent little flirtations under the cover of music.

A few days before the party, Mrs. Van Ansel had drawn a large sum of money from her bankers; and though she had used it quite freely for the expenses of her party, there still remained a goodly sum—several hundred pounds, in fact—in her own upper bureau-drawer, of which she herself kept the key.

On the morning after the party this money was missing, and Mrs. Van Ansel was positively certain that she had not removed it, nor had she left the key out of her possession—what had become of it? She did not make the matter public in the house, but quietly took Rupert into her confidence.

"Now, my son," she concluded, "it is clear that there is a thief in the house."

"Whom do you suspect, mother?"

"I will not say at present, Rupert, that I suspect any one; but I wish you had not been so imprudent about Miss Sherman being invited to join my guests. The dress she wore was a very expensive one—it never cost less than five pounds; and how was a poor governess to afford such expense—not in any honest way, I'll be bound."

"Hush, mother—silence! I will not hear Mabel so unjustly suspected—so cruelly wronged!"

"Mabel!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Ansel, scornfully. "I think my son forgets himself."

"Perhaps I do, and I beg Miss Sherman's pardon if I took too great a liberty with a name for which I have every respect."

And Rupert left his mother, holding his head very high, and feeling, it must be confessed, mighty high and powerful, and determined to champion the lady of his love to the last breath of his existence, if necessary.

And so ended the matter of the theft for the present.

Mrs. Van Ansel, however, bethought her of a trap by which she might catch the thief; she drew some more money from her bankers, and then, having taken some pains to make the circumstance known in the household, she concealed it in the same place as before—first taking the precaution to mark the notes, and resolved to be awake all night and watch for the thief.

But the long hours of the night wore on, and toward morning Mrs. Van Ansel fell into a deep sleep.

Rupert, however, was more wakeful, and filled with uneasiness (though he did not doubt his love for a moment) by the suspicions of his mother against Mabel; he was sitting up, looking out on the moonlight night, his lamp out, and solacing himself with a cigar, when suddenly he heard a faint rustling and a low footfall in the hall.

He stole on tip-toe to the door, and saw a female figure, robed in black, gliding along; over her face and head was thrown a black lace shawl which he at once recognized as Mabel's, having many a time seen it on her.

With a shudder and a sickening horror upon him, he stole out after her, and saying to himself:

"She is a somnambulist—nothing more," he followed the figure with steps even lighter than her own.

Horror! She stopped at his mother's door, and, softly pushing it open, entered.

He did not dare to follow her; but the door was so

light that he could watch through the opening without

danger of being discovered.

He saw this woman approach his mother, who lay

quietly sleeping, and saturate a handkerchief she

held in one hand with the contents of a bottle which

she held in the other; and then when he saw the

wet handkerchief laid across his mother's face and

felt the faint odour of chloroform, he turned sick at

the sight, for he knew that there was too much pre-

meditation to admit the idea of the perpetrator of the

act being a sleep-walker. His first impulse was to

spring forward and arrest the deceitful wretch; but

he had not the courage to confront himself with the

woman he had so loved and knew that she was a

child; and yet—even yet there might be a mistake,

and he would watch her through to the end.

Having satisfied herself that Mrs. Van Ansel was

beyond the power of giving any trouble, this woman

deliberately searched in the pocket of her dress for

the keys, and having selected the one which opened

the bureau-drawer, she speedily possessed herself of

the roll of bank-notes, which she hid in the bosom of

her dress; and then glided over to the bed again, and

snatched away the handkerchief. Rupert shrank

back against the wall on the opposite side of the

door to that which she would pass, and presently she

came out, hurried along the hall, and stopped after a

little while at the door of the governess's room, which

was situated at the head of a short flight of stairs.

Rupert watched her from the bottom of these stairs,

having followed her at as close a distance as he dared,

saw her enter, and heard the sound of the key softly

turn in the lock.

It was enough—what farther proof could he desire?

He groined aloud as he staggered back into his room,

and, dressed as he was, threw himself on the bed, but

did not sleep—to lie awake till the morning sun

shone upon his pale and haggard face, and then to

sleep—to pray that it had been all a dream.

He was almost persuaded that it was a dream when

he found himself at the breakfast-table. Mrs. Van

Ansel did not allude to the loss of the money, though

she had already discovered that it was gone. Mr.

Bowler's puns and jests were unusually frequent.

Miss Bowler was radiant in her crimson

morning-robe. Gertrude was lively and mischievous

as usual, and Miss Sherman was as sweet and pretty

as June rose in her light-figured muslin dress. She

was putting off mourning at last, partly because she

had worn it so long, partly because Rupert had said

she was too fresh and bright to wear sombre colours.

"It cannot be that she is guilty," thought Rupert,

meeting her clear, innocent eyes, as she raised them

to his face in bidding him "good morning," and then

dropped them quickly again, colouring beneath his

staring gaze.

"That is not the colour of guilt," he thought; "it

is the flush sent to her cheek by a pure, true heart

that knows it has done nothing to forfeit my love. I

will never believe in her guilt till I have the acknow-

ledgment of it from her own lips. Guilty—she!

sooner would I believe myself a thief. I am the

victim of some horrible nightmare."

Rupert would have questioned his mother if she had

mentioned a second loss; but she eluded him, and im-

mediately after breakfast ordered the carriage and

paid a hasty call to all the leading tradesmen in the

village.

The day passed without incident of any kind; the

next were away in like manner; and on the third day

the head clerk from Messrs. Black and Goodman's waited

upon Mrs. Van Ansel.

"Come with me, Rupert," said his mother, as she

went towards the parlour, "this man probably brings

news that may concern you."

Rupert followed her, with the same sick dread and

horror that had fallen upon him while he watched

through the crevice of his mother's door on that

wretched night for ever stamped upon the tablets of

his memory.

"This note was handed me in payment for some

small purchases made this morning by your gover-

ness, madam," and the head clerk of Messrs. Black

and Goodman placed a note in the hands of Mrs. Van

Ansel.

It was a five-pound note, and marked.

She recognized it at once, and said so.

"That is all, thank you, Mr. Tibbets," and she gave

him another bill for the same amount. "I shall

know how to deal with this young person; and you

will oblige me by not making the circumstance public.

Good morning."

"And now, my dear son," continued Mrs. Van

Ansel, turning to Rupert, when the door had closed

after Mr. Tibbets, "I hope you see through the hor-

rible deceit and depravity of this girl."

"Mother," returned the young man, hoarsely, "I

never will believe her guilty till she confesses herself

so in my presence."

"You shall be convinced," said Mrs. Van Ansel,

coldly. Then ringing the bell, she requested the

servant who answered it to send Miss Sherman to the

parlour.

In a few minutes Mabel entered; she blushed a

bright rosy red at sight of Rupert, and half looked for

a reprimand from his mother—but a very different one

from that awaited her.

"Miss Sherman, you did some shopping at Messrs.

Black and Goodman's this morning?" questioned her

employer, sternly.

"Yes, madam."

"You gave this note in payment of the goods you

received?" continued Mrs. Van Ansel, holding out

the five-pound note.

Mabel bent forward and looked at the note for a

moment.

"I gave a five-pound note," she returned. "I

don't know whether it was that one or another."

"Mr. Tibbets has just been here, Miss Sherman,

and gave me the note I now hold, as the one you pre-

sented to him—it is useless for you to deny it."

"I have no intention to deny it, madam—if Mr.

Tibbets says that is the note, of course it must be so;

but, pardon me, may I know the reason of this cross-

questioning?"

"Yes, Miss Sherman. A week ago a hundred

pounds were taken from my bureau—I suspected you

at the time—"

Miss Sherman turned scarlet, and then became

deadly pale; and Mrs. Van Ansel went on:

"I then placed a small roll of notes, all marked,

amounting to twenty pounds, in my usual receptacle

for money, and on the next morning it was gone. The

notes which you gave Mr. Tibbets this morning was

one which you appropriated to yourself."

Miss Sherman leaned on the chair beside her for

support; she seemed fainting, so deadly, ghastly pale

she had become, and for some moments she could not

command her voice to make it obey her will.

At last she said:

"Then I am to understand, Mrs. Van Ansel, that

you suspect me of having stolen your money?"

"I am assured of it, miss—have I not the proof?"

"Do you believe this, too?" asked Mabel, turning

to Rupert.

"No, Mabel," he answered, earnestly; "no mere

circumstances will make me believe anything so vile

of you; while your own lips do not condemn you, my

heart never will."

"Oh, God bless you, Rupert!" cried the poor

governess, falling at his feet, and covering his hands

with tears and kisses, for she felt that he loved her too

truly and nobly to believe her word against such over-

whelming evidence. Did she but know how terribly

convincing was the evidence he had against her, how

much more would she have loved and honoured him

for his unshaken faith in her innocence.

"I am innocent, Rupert," she sobbed, "indeed, I

am innocent. Here are all my keys, madam," she con-

tinued, rising, and turning with dignity to Mrs. Van

Ansel; "search every drawer, trunk, and corner in

my room. Although, God help me! that may not

avail to clear me in your eyes; for whomsoever found

the means of placing that marked note in my pocket-

book has, doubtless, thought of other ways to fix the

guilt upon me."

Mrs. Van Ansel took the keys, for she felt convinced

that she would discover further evidence against

Mabel; and she was enraged to perceive that Rupert

still persisted in his belief of Miss Sherman's inno-

cence. She took the keys very sharply, and went to

the governess's room, while Mabel remained, quietly

weeping; and Rupert stood a little way from her, not

knowing how to comfort her.

Presently Mrs. Van Ansel returned, a triumphant

smile upon her face, and three of the marked notes

in her hand.

"Not in either drawers or trunks, of which you

were so ready with the keys, Miss Sherman," she

sneered, "but quietly tucked away between the two

mattresses of your bed. Silence—not a word. I am

now but too well convinced of the return you have

made for the confidence I have placed in you. Keep

the money—the rest of that you have stolen, and

which you have, doubtless, safely disposed of; and

be thankful that I don't let the law take its course, as

I should but for the scandal and talk it would bring

upon my name. Leave my house this instant, and

take care that you do not tax my forbearance by

taking too long about it."

Mabel made no reply to Mrs. Van Ansel. She felt

how useless it would be; but she turned her tearful,

eloquent eyes upon Rupert.

"Remember," she said, "I have your promise to

believe my own unsupported word against any evi-

dence whatever. I am innocent; and, by my faith in

the justice of God, I know that my innocence will yet

be made clear to all. Farewell!"

And now the governess was gone; and Mrs. Van

Ansel never referred to her in any way, but left the

events which had caused her expulsion to work their

own effect upon Rupert. She did not know how much

more dreadful were the proofs he had of Mabel's guilt

than she was herself aware of; but she saw that, in

the absence of that sweet, fair face's own testimony to

its owner's innocence, Rupert was sorely tried by what

had taken place, and racked by doubt.

There were times when he was almost ready to

acknowledge that Mabel had deceived them all. He

grew pale and thin; night after night he sat up till

the dawning morning glimmered in through the open

window.

But this sort of thing could not go on for long with-

out producing some effect.

The immediate consequences of Rupert's night

vigils by an open window was a severe attack of

neuralgia in the face; and then how tender, how

thoughtful did Katie Bowler become!

How she sat hour after hour by his side as he lay

upon the horse-hair lounge, tortured with pain; and

when he felt better, read to him with her rich, musical

voice, from his favourite books; or smooth his brown

hair back from his brow, and laid her soft white hand

upon his aching face.

Mrs. Van Ansel smiled to see the course their love

was taking, and did not doubt what the end would

be.

"Are you in such great pain to-day, dear Rupert?"

asked Miss Bowler, as the young man uttered an

exclamation forced from him by a sudden, sharp

twinge.

"Oh, it is agonizing!" he exclaimed, and pressed

his hands tightly over the aching brow.

"Excuse me one moment!" said Miss Bowler. "I

know something that will relieve you for a time, at

least;" and she hurried away, returning almost in-

stantly.

Rupert was relieved for a moment, and removed his

hands from his face to look at her.

She was pouring some liquid from a bottle she held

in one hand, upon a handkerchief which she held in

the other, and the pungent, sweet odour of chloroform

stole in upon his senses.

Heavens! It was the very attitude, the white hand

with its glittering ring—(Mabel wore no such ring,

and he was such a madman as not to have thought of

that before!)—the very handkerchief—the self-same

bottle!

He started to his feet with a loud exclamation, and

seized her by the wrist.

"You are the thief, then!" he said, swinging her

round with no gentle force, till her face confronted his,

"and you dared in the face of Heaven to let the brand-

ing suspicion lie upon that innocent, helpless girl. So,

Miss Bowler, you have not a denial framed ready for

those lips that no doubt can lie as well as those white

hands can steal. But it would be useless, quite—I

watched you on that night, when, mantled in Miss

awaken suspicion that would be as bad as the worst proofs that could be found; and she feigned no surprise when Mrs Van Ansel presently drew forth one of the marked notes, and all the first lost sum.

"Yes, I stole it," she said, insolently; "take it—it is yours. The first sum was taken according to papa's orders; he said it could make but little difference whether he helped himself to a trifle of your fortune before or after the marriage ceremony that was to have made you his wife."

Mrs. Van Ansel darted a withering look upon the bold speaker, but it had no effect.

She continued, calmly:

"As to the other matter, you gave me *carte-blanc* as to the means I should take to separate your son from your daughter's governess. Of course I couldn't confide my scheme to you, lest your scruples of honour or conscience, or what you please, might be in my way."

Mrs. Van Ansel made use of this pause to effect a dignified but hurried escape. She didn't leave her room till Mr. and Miss Bowler had taken their departure.

Rupert lost no time in setting about means for discovering the whereabouts of Mabel; and after repeated failures he, as a last resource, inserted an advertisement in a daily paper.

"M. S. GOVERNESS.—Return or send your address. It was all a cruel mistake, and full justice shall be done you if you will but give us the opportunity of communicating with you—the real thief has been discovered. "R. VAN A."

After a week's insertion of the above, Rupert was at last rewarded by receiving a note from Mabel Sherman. She gave her address, and permission for him to call; but refused even to enter the Van Ansel mansion again till she had received an ample apology from its mistress.

Mrs. Van Ansel was so disgusted with the result of her scheme, and so innately just withal, that she did not long hesitate to make the required apology; she also sent a warm invitation to Mabel to return and resume her position as Gertrude's governess. The apology was accepted—the invitation was respectfully declined, as Rupert and herself had made other arrangements.

When Mabel again entered the Van Ansel mansion it was as the wife of the son and heir of that name; and that, too, with the full consent of Mrs. Van Ansel, who quickly perceived that the surest way of regaining the love and esteem of her son, which she had so nearly forfeited, was by receiving his wife as a loved and honoured daughter. So you must acknowledge that notwithstanding the failure of her plot, she knew how to make the most of things! Therefore say I, once more, clever Mrs. Van Ansel! E. C.

WIMBLEDON COMMON.—The proposed bill for the protection and improvement of Wimbledon Common has been printed. The Act constitutes Lord Spencer protector of the park, authorising him to set aside a portion of the common, coloured pink on the plan, and enclose it with fences, so as, however, not to interrupt the view from the villas around, and to make walks, drives, and rides in the park, level obstructions, &c., and appoint gate-keepers and park-keepers. The park to be open at six o'clock in the morning, or at sunrise, if after six, and not to be closed till sunset. The park may be used for any purpose of practical public utility or interest, with the consent of the Home Secretary, when money can be claimed for entrance; but political meetings, open-air preachings, and meetings of clubs, or benefit societies, are prohibited. Protector to have power of making regulations as to permitting refreshments to be sold in the park, and the like, for regulating quarries and pits used by the parishes, and for excluding gipsies and tramps. Provision is made for compensating those who had common rights. The map shows that only a strip of land is to be sold.

AN AURORA BOREALIS.—I had gone on deck several times to look at the beautiful scene, and at nine o'clock was below in my cabin, going to bed, when the captain halted me with the words, "Come above, Hall, at once! The world is on fire!" We looked, we gazed, and trembled; for, even as we saw, the whole belt of aurora began to be alive with flashes. Then each p.s. or bank of light became myriads; some now dropping down the great pathway, or belt, others springing up, others leaping with lightning flash from one side, while more as quickly passed into the vacated space, some twisting themselves into folds, entwining with others, like enormous serpents, and all these movements as quick as the eye could follow. It seemed as if there was a struggle with these heavenly lights to reach and occupy the dome above our heads. Then the whole arch above became crowded. Down, down it came; nearer and nearer it approached us. Sheets of golden flame, curvilinear, while leaping from the auroral belt seemed as if met in their course by some mighty

agency that turned them into the colours of the rainbow, each of the seven primary, 3 deg. in width, sheeted out to 21 deg.; the prismatic bows at right angles with the belt. While the aurora fires seemed to be descending upon us, one of our number could not but help exclaiming, "Hark! hark! such a display! almost as if a warfare was going on among the beautiful lights above—so palpable, so near—seems impossible without noise." But no noise accompanied this wondrous display. All was silence. After we had again descended into our cabin, so strong was the impression of awe left upon us that the captain said to me, "Well, during the last eleven years I have spent mostly in these northern regions, I have never seen anything of the aurora to approach the glorious vivid display just witnessed. And, to tell you the truth, friend Hall, I do not care to see the like ever again."—*Life with the Esquimaux.* The Narrative of Captain Charles Francis Hall.

SCIENCE.

WARMING RAILWAY CARRIAGES.—Trials were made a few days ago, in Prussia, of a new method of warming railway carriages by steam. The boiler for the purpose is placed in the luggage-van, and the steam passes through tubes into wooden cylinders in the coupe of each carriage. Safety-valves are provided to carry off the excess of pressure, which is limited to $\frac{1}{2}$ of an atmosphere (about 3½ lb.), and a lever is placed in the carriage, so that the temperature can be regulated according to the will of the occupants. The experiments, it is said, succeeded perfectly.

ENGINEERING MONSTROSITIES.

The southern approach to the city, by the Borough High Street, was, until lately, by no means a discredited to the metropolis. In ancient times, this was the great high road from Dover to the counties north of the Thames; the river at that point being spanned by the picturesque old bridge, which was studded with houses, and furnished with a beautiful little chapel. This bridge being the key to the city, in a military point of view, was protected by watch-towers and gates, which offered, on more than one occasion, an effectual barrier to the admission of rebellion within the city.

As peace and prosperity increased, the full capacity of the bridge was required for traffic accommodation, and thus the houses and the other obstacles gradually disappeared. Eventually, in our own times, the bridge gave place to the present noble structure, which stands some little distance west of the old site. The roadway of the new bridge is much wider, and on a far higher level than that of the old one, and the approaches at both ends being raised and expanded to correspond thereto, this entrance to the city had really an imposing effect, which was considerably enhanced by the clearance made by the railway companies on the right of the Borough High Street, and on the left by the fine old church of St. Mary Overy.

Now, however, this locality, so full of historical reminiscences, has been delivered into the hands of an engineer, who, with full parliamentary powers and ample pecuniary resources, has shown no ordinary capacity in dealing destruction to the picturesque. The problem was, to carry the South-Eastern railway traffic westwards across the Borough Road. To do this Mr. Hawkshaw constructed two enormous iron troughs, of the most unsightly description, by one of which he spanned the entrance to the London Bridge Railway terminus, and by the other the High Street; each tube having its bearings on a central pier, which, to heighten the effect of the whole work, has been expanded into an ale and porter warehouse. By means of these iron troughs, which are entirely devoid of ornament, the railway traffic crosses the road at an angle of some 65 deg., and at an elevation of about 35 ft. above the roadway. The railway bridge consequently overshadows the church of St. Mary Overy, and affords an admirable standing-point for inspecting the condition of the roof.

Now, for a railway iron bridge to span any leading thoroughfare, is, in itself, an offence against public taste, as the recent discussion with respect to the Ludgate Street bridge has shown; but when it is proposed to cross at such an angle as this Southwark bridge takes, and in close proximity to a church upon which large sums of money have been recently lavished, with a view to bestowing honour where honour is most due, and when, moreover, its design is studiously ugly (for the troughs are dissimilar, the upper edge of one being straight, or nearly so, and the other bowed, as if to destroy the symmetry), then, we say, the Legislature ought, regardless of the question of utility, to put a veto on such a vile contrivance.

If no regard is to be paid to the local interests involved in the projects of railway engineers, we shall, ere long, have localities depopulated, or replaced by inhabitants whom the depreciated value of property

has attracted thither. Had it been possible to have done this work, to which we have drawn attention, at an earlier period of our history, the engineer would undoubtedly have been ordered to remove it at his own expense; and we think it would only be right to jointly with the railway company, he were compelled to do so now. As it is, it will stand a lasting diagram to the age, demonstrating at once the contempt shown to architectural propriety, and the shallow resources of our engineering knowledge in having resorted to so witless an expedient for distributing railway traffic over the metropolis.

RULE FOR THE MEASUREMENT OF CYLINDRICAL CISTERNS.—Take the length, width, and depth in feet, multiply these together, and the product by 1,865, cut off four figures on the right, and the result will be the contents in barrels. Example—Find the contents of a cistern 6 feet in diameter and 9 feet deep. Six feet, the length, multiplied by 6 feet, the breadth, and the product by 9, gives the depth, 324, which, multiplied by 1,865, and four figures cut off, gives 60 barrels and a decimal. In this case we consider the diameter as being both length and breadth. The reason of the rule is this—a cylinder one foot in diameter and one foot long, would measure 1,865 ten-thousandths of a barrel. A cylinder 9 times as long would contain 9 times as much, and 6 times as wide, 6 times as much as that. The number 1,865 is easy to remember, as it corresponds with the number of the new year.

THE FOOD AND MORTALITY OF THE PEOPLE.

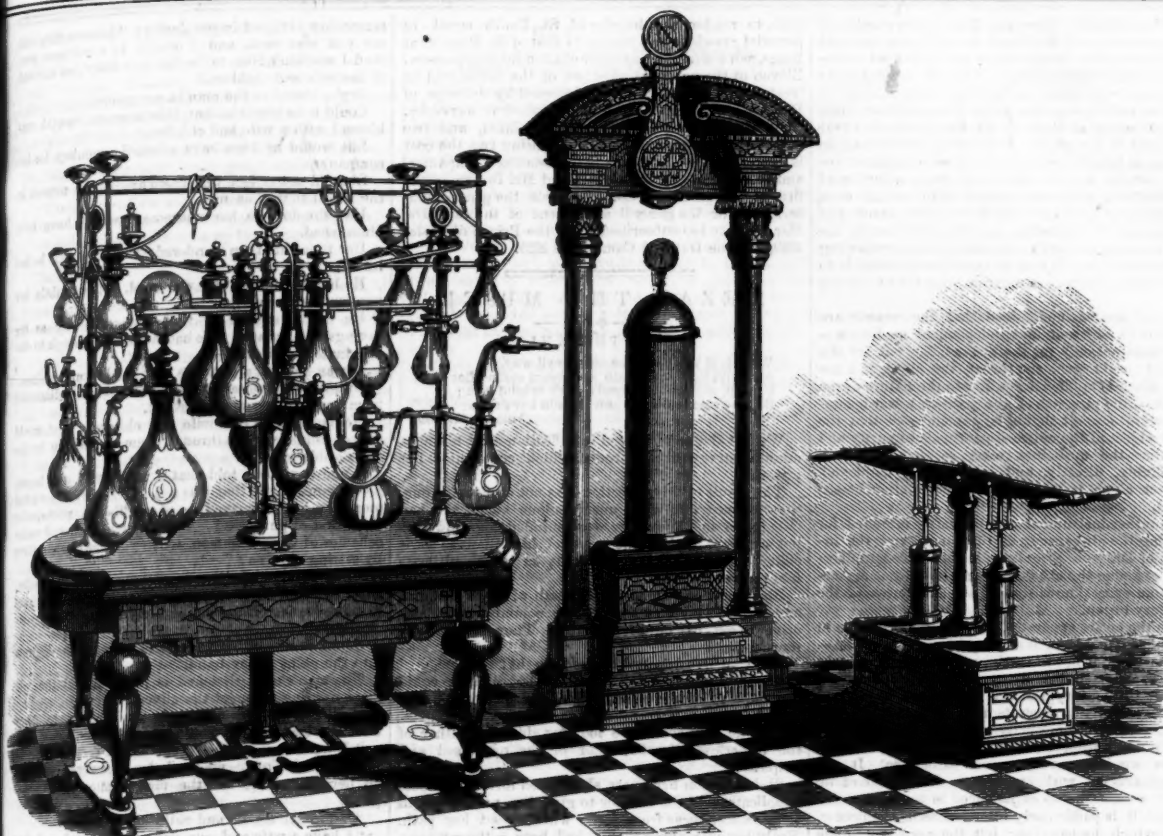
The allowance of food in the navy is from 31 oz. to 35½ of dry food per day, of which about 26 ozs. are vegetable, and the remainder is animal. The ordinary ration of a British soldier is $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of mutton or beef, 1 lb. of bread, 1 lb. of potatoes, and tea and coffee for breakfast and supper. These quantities are regarded as barely sufficient for the wants of a recruit at hard work or drill, but sufficient for a corporal who has less expenditure of muscular force, or for an old soldier who is leaving the ranks. In the military prisons in Ireland, the soldiers, who are prisoners, receive daily 8 ozs. of oatmeal, 8 ozs. of Indian cornmeal, 8 ozs. of wheaten bread, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of milk, the whole being divided into three meals; and the healthiness of this diet is observable in the fact that whilst the mortality in the British army was at the rate of 17 in 1,000, that in the military prisons in Ireland was only 2½ per 1,000.

The average proportional quantity of food consumed by various classes of society has been reckoned as follows:—Agricultural labourer 122, artisans (first class) 140, paupers 150, soldiers 158, prisoners in gaol 217, convicts in hulks or transported felons 251. In the prisons of England the quality and nature of the diet varies so much that the cost per head ranges from 1s. 2d. to 5s., and even 7s. each week. In common-sense cooking, when soup only is being prepared, the meat is put into the water when it is cold, and the whole is then gently warmed; whilst, when the meat is required as well, it should be placed at first in hot water, which coagulates the exterior albuminous ingredients, and thus forms a skin or coating which retains the most of the nutritious elements.

Till lately the meat supplied to the soldiers of the British army was boiled, and the soup being thrown away, the boiled meat was alone given in the ration. This system of robbing the meat of much of its strength has been done away with, and the establishment of a school of cookery at Aldershot has done, and still will do, more to place the cooking of the army on a satisfactory footing.

Recently much public attention has been directed to the plan of reducing corpulent personages, known as the Banting system. There can be no doubt that the plan has been successful in giving the necessary relief to many persons; but there is great cause for the protest which Dr. Edward Smith has made in regard to the adoption of this plan by all and sundry of our more corpulent brethren, and of the necessity for caution being observed in adopting the system, except under medical supervision. The true cure for corpulence is a restriction in the absolute quantity of food, more than in the relative proportions of the constituents.

The average death-age of the people of England is forty-six years, and it is considered by sanitary reformers that if the various conditions essential to the preservation of perfect health attainable by man were complied with, the death-age need not be less than eighty years. In certain of the agricultural districts of England, comprehending a population of 1,000,000 persons, the rate of mortality is 17 in 1,000; whilst the worst urban districts show a death-rate of 22 in 1,000, and the average of all England is 22 in 1,000. About half a million people die in England every year, and if the average mortality could be reduced from 22 to 17 in 1,000, which is the death-rate of the better districts, there would be a saving of 100,000 lives every year.



[APPARATUS FOR TREATING DISEASES OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.]

DR. VON EISENBERG'S ÆSTHETICO-NEURALGICON.

So numerous are the "schools" of medicine, and so utterly does each of them denounce the theory and practice of all the others, it is no wonder that many persons have come to the conclusion that there is no such thing as a science of medicine, and that all medical practice is mere guess-work. But this hasty conclusion is wholly erroneous. The existence of so many schools and theories shows that many men are busy gathering facts, making investigations, and trying to master their significance. The great error is that each school in theory ignores the truth and the science contained in the others, though, in fact, the practice of all the schools is gradually assimilating. Thus, no able allopathist now administers in any ordinary case the enormous doses which were once the rule; and no able homoeopathist adheres to the infinite dilutions of Hahnemann.

So many able and earnest men are devoting themselves to medical investigation that it would be strange if new discoveries were not made. Among the most brilliant of these—we may indeed say the most brilliant of all—is that of Dr. Von Eisenberg in regard to the etherization of medicines; we may properly call it the "spiritualization," since the Latin *spiritus*, whence comes our word "spiritual," signifies primarily simply "the air."

The discovery of Dr. Von Eisenberg, like most other discoveries, is apparently so simple when once made, that the wonder seems to be that it was not made and practically applied long ago. The greatest single advance made in medical theory since the days of Hippocrates, is that of Hahnemann, that the potency of medicines depends not so much upon the quantity taken into the system as upon their minute subdivision, so that they may be brought into immediate contact with the affected organs. He indeed carried his theory to an absurd extent, diluting and subdividing until there was only a drop of medicine to many hogheads of water. Hahnemann and his followers, the homoeopaths, knew of no more efficient vehicle of dilution than water. They thus fell just short of that which constitutes the starting-point of the brilliant discovery of Von Eisenberg, to whom it occurred that if the air could be practically applied to this purpose, the most minute subdivision could be obtained without the excessive dilutions of the homoeopaths. Medicines could then be inhaled or breathed in, instead of being merely swallowed, and thus a

class of organs be directly reached which had heretofore been inaccessible to the direct action of medicines.

Many of the most important and vital organs of the human frame cannot be reached by medicines in a solid or even in a liquid form. Thus, the lungs are shut up in a bony chest, to which access can be had only through the wind-pipe, the opening of which is closed by a valve, called the "epiglottis," so sensitive and so delicately constructed that it will not allow the passage, except by main force, of the most minute crumb or the smallest drop of liquid. Every person who has "swallowed the wrong way" the smallest substance, whether of liquid or solid, knows the feeling of strangulation thereby occasioned. A man cannot, if he would, voluntarily swallow any liquid or solid into the lungs or the passage leading to them. Herein lies the true reason why consumption has been so incurable.

The classes of diseases commonly known by the name of consumption are essentially of two kinds. One consists of the formation of "tubercles," that is ulcers in the body of the lungs; the other of inflammation of the lungs or the passage leading to them. If we could reach these organs directly by medicinal applications, there is no reason why ulcerations or inflammations of the lungs might not be cured as readily as those upon the hand or face. Now, pills or draughts, when swallowed, do not go near the lungs; they pass down the "gullet" into the stomach. To take pills or potions with the hope of directly curing consumption, is as absurd as to take them to cure a boil on the arm or an inflammation of the eyelid. Indirectly, of course, the proper pills and draughts are of aid in all of these affections, by benefiting the general tone of the system, and thus enabling it the more readily to throw off disease. But directly, we cannot too often repeat, they are of no use, for the very sufficient reason that they do not touch the diseased organ. Medicines can only touch the lungs when administered, not in a solid or liquid, but in an aeriform or "spiritualized" form.

These remarks apply equally to diseases of the passages leading from the nostrils to different parts of the head, such as the throat and ear. These diseases, though not so fatal as consumption, are yet often dangerous, and always annoying. Few persons are unacquainted, more or less, with the annoyance of colds, catarrhs, and influenza. Taste, smell, hearing, and sight are impaired and not unfrequently destroyed temporarily, and sometimes permanently, by these diseases.

Such is a brief outline of some of the facts which

led Dr. Von Eisenberg, acting in the spirit of the Baconian philosophy, to the discovery of the theory of the *Etherization of Medicines*. The next task to which he set himself was to find some means of making his discovery of practical use, by inventing some mode of administering medicines in an ethereal form. The ordinary modes were clearly unavailing. You cannot administer air by a teaspoon. After the labour of two years, and an outlay of £2,000, he succeeded in perfecting the apparatus of which the accompanying illustration gives a view, and which we shall now attempt briefly to describe.

On entering Von Eisenberg's consulting-room, the visitor will observe what appears to be three distinct machines, of elegant form and exquisitely finished workmanship. These are, however, but parts of one apparatus, the connection between them being made beneath the floor. First, there is what appears to be the beam of a double engine, elegantly finished in silver, which, by pressure, produces an atmosphere entirely purified of all foreign or deleterious substances. This atmosphere is forced by this instrument into a large cylinder constructed under the floor of the basement, capable of receiving two hundred and fifty pounds of condensed air. From this cylinder the purified atmosphere is made to pass into a second large cylinder or chamber previously impregnated with hot medicated vapours. From this second chamber, by opening a valve, the air, now thoroughly medicated, is permitted to proceed to the operating-room, where it is received into a second piece of mechanism, which presents the appearance of a triumphal arch, supported by two hollow silver columns, into which the prepared air passes, into a third chamber of pure silver, built between the columns, and forming the crown of the arch, where it is again mixed with various medicinal preparations.

From this chest the spiritualized medical vapour is passed, when required, through a second invisible channel, to what appears to be the third machine or apparatus—a beautiful and elaborate instrument, consisting of not less than twenty-four magnificent crystal glass vessels, each charged with a different medical preparation. The largest of these vessels is capable of containing two gallons; four, one gallon each; ten receivers, that hold each one pint; eight, one half-pint each; and one vessel, holding a pint, arranged with a neck like a douche, and with the single object in view of restoring health to the eye; and another, similarly constructed, the end somewhat similar to the mouth-piece of an ear-trumpet, which is used for the sole purpose of acting energetically upon the auric nerve. Besides these

twenty-four vessels, there are four others capable of holding one quart of fluid each, to which are attached very elegant velvet tubes, which are to be used as inhalers, so mechanically arranged that the patient, once he places one of them to his lips, must inhale the medicament of the vessel to which the tube is attached. The peculiarity of these tubes rests in the fact that the sufferer is compelled, however unaccustomed to their use, to breathe in the medicine. He cannot refuse to receive into his throat and lungs a portion of the volatilized medicinal matter with which each vessel is charged. These machines have attached to them gauges or indicators, showing how much the patient consumes at each operation, thus graduating the necessary doses it may be considered advisable to throw into the system, or externally on the eye or the ear.

It is, of course, understood that the vessels are charged with different and independent medicines—preparations not only for the eye and ear, but for the head, and nasal organs, the throat, the chest, and the lungs. Each is applied according to the nature of the disease and the progress of the patient toward complete restoration. It should be remembered that the leading object of the entire apparatus is to purify and spiritualize the medicines used, so that they can be profitably, directly, and energetically employed. This fact alone is worthy the consideration of the disease.

By another instrument, also primarily intended for measuring the air capacity of the lungs, and the invention of Dr. Von Eisenberg, he is enabled to diagnose or examine the chest or lungs; and by it he arrives at an exact knowledge of the soundness of the respiratory organ.

As to the entire apparatus, we have no hesitation in saying that we regard it as a wonderful invention—one that, were it not so costly, we have little doubt would be adopted by every hospital and medical college in the country. It is a marvel of mechanical complexity, and yet, when its manifold uses are considered, of extreme simplicity and great beauty. That it will in every respect fulfill the expectations of the inventor we have every reason to believe. It has been constructed with an accurate knowledge of its ultimate use. One so experienced in the specialties for which it is particularly intended as is the doctor, and for which he has long felt the necessity in his practice, could make no failure. With it he will be enabled to surmount obstacles that were hitherto deemed all but impossible to control. He can now approach with certainty and diagnose thoroughly every disease that in the course of his extended practice he aims to master. To those, therefore, who are in any way afflicted with loss of sight or hearing, with catarrh, bronchitis, chest or lung diseases, the possibility of a cure is presented.

It will have been observed that the apparatus above described is intended also to bring the etherized medicines into direct action upon the nerves. The nervous system is the source of many diseases. All physicians admit this, and all profess at least to be able to apply a remedy. The allopathic, homeopathic and hydropathic, by prescribing opiates, anodynes, &c., may, and do, alleviate the pain arising from impaired or diseased nerves; but this does not restore the nerve, it is only temporary relief—a relief, too, to some one nerve at the expense of the entire system. The Bæthetico-Neuralgicon of Dr. Von Eisenberg not merely allays the irritation, but restores the nerve to its normal condition. The doctor's theory is, that each nerve has a specific office, and has its own peculiar susceptibility. Thus, for example, the nerve of vision is insensible to touch; and, on the other hand, the nerve of touch is insensible to light, and so on through the whole system. The great excellence of this æsthetic instrument is, that it can be applied, not on guess-work principles, which are no principles at all, but that it can be applied with accuracy and certainty to any nerve or nerves that are weakened or impaired—to the different nerves of motion, or sensation, to the eye, the ear, or the touch, as in paralysis.

A few words may properly be added respecting Dr. Von Eisenberg, the inventor of this valuable apparatus, which cannot fail to effect a revolution in some of the most important departments of the science and practice of the healing art. His early professional training was received at the most famous institutions on the continent of Europe. Knowing that the science of medicine was of too vast extent for any one man to be able to attain high skill, much less to make great advances beyond his predecessors, in every department, he resolved to devote himself to the special investigation and treatment of diseases of the head, throat, and lungs. Deep enthusiasm for his profession, joined to natural talent for investigation, and unwearied industry, soon placed him in the front rank of his profession.

Time decorations of St. Paul's Cathedral are in active progress, and it will be sought in process of

time, to render the interior of St. Paul's equal in pictorial grandeur and beauty to that of St. Peter's at Rome, with which its exterior challenges comparison. Eleven of the principal windows of the fabric will be treated in a special manner, designed by Schnoor, of Dresden, and Mr. Penrose, the cathedral surveyor. Four of them have been already painted, and two others are being prepared. Of painting two the cost is borne by the Drapers' and Goldsmiths' Companies, and of two more by Dr. Rogers and Mr. Brown, of the firm of Longman and Co. Towards the guinea subscription for the general adornment of the cathedral Her Majesty has subscribed £100, the Prince of Wales £50, and the Duke of Cambridge £25.

MEZAR THE MISER.

CHAPTER XVI.

With light tread stole he on his evil way,
And with light tread hath vengeance stolen after him.
Unseen, she stands, already, dark behind him;
But one step more—he shudders in her grasp.

From the German.

We left Orpha immersed in reflection after taking a minute survey of the room which constituted her prison.

The result of this reflection was not a pleasant one. She realized into what unscrupulous hands she had fallen; for she knew her weak-minded husband was but a plant tool in the grasp of his villainous associates, and she had serious doubts as to the ultimate fate reserved for her.

She knew she stood in the path of their designs, and believed them capable of the commission of any crime to get her out of the way. They might even murder her!

Her soul was appalled at the thought!

Alone—unprotected in that old house, how could she hope to escape them? Where look for deliverance?

To Orpha only could she look for aid—the Father of the fatherless—the Protector of the oppressed and helpless!

Sinking upon her knees, she poured forth an earnest supplication to the Creator to give her new strength to encounter these fresh perils which beset her path. Truly her way through life had been a thorny one; but sustained by her faith in Him, and trusting to the all-seeing eye with which He watches over and protects His children, she had walked bravely on towards the appointed goal.

She arose to her feet after this appeal, comforted and invigorated to a degree that surprised herself.

Footsteps echoed along the passage, the key turned in the lock, the door opened, and an old, shambling, serving man entered, holding a tray, covered by a white cloth, in his hands.

"Would you wish for dinner?" he asked, in a most unceremonious fashion.

He stood holding the door with one hand, and extending the tray with the other, as if he expected that she would make a sudden rush upon him and attempt to escape.

She regarded him curiously.

He was a strange specimen of humanity. He was quite a small man—short and dumpy, with a fat, round body and duck legs. He had fierce red hair, and tufts of eyebrow that gave him the appearance of a baboon (dressed up in clothes a world too large, and looking as if they had served some tailor for a sign, until the weather had completely obliterated their original colour), attempting to ape humanity. He had little, cunning, yellow eyes that rolled restlessly in their sockets. He wore a stubble beard, covering all the lower part of his face, of the same fiery hue as his hair, adding to the orang-outang appearance. Cunning, craft, and a strong affinity to the brute creation, were fully developed in every feature. This was the creature, she could not call him man, who had been selected for her gaoler. She could but confess that the choice was well made.

She turned from the contemplation in dismay. She felt how impossible it would be to interest this being in her favour.

Yet, so strong a hold has hope upon the human heart, she determined to make the effort.

She took the tray from his hand and put it on the table.

"Stay, my good man," she said, as he was going.

"I wish to speak with you."

"My orders were not to speak with the lady," he returned, with a cautious leer, backing out of the room, as one would retreat from the den of a wild and dangerous animal, keeping his eye riveted on the beast for fear of a spring.

"You need not be afraid of me," exclaimed Orpha, smiling, in spite of her anxiety, at the man's ludicrous behaviour; "I don't bite!"

"I'm not so sure about that," replied the man,

scratching his head in perplexity; "because they told me you was mad, and I wasn't to come near you. And I wouldn't like to be bit, you know, on account of the wife and children."

Orpha stared at the man in amazement.

Could it be possible that this uncouth mortal was blessed with a wife and children?

She would as soon have selected a monkey for her companion.

She did not reflect that there are baboon women in the world as well as men.

Had she done so, her amazement would have been diminished.

Her thoughts then wandered off to the words he had let fall.

He had been told she was mad. How subtle her persecutors were!

He would regard all that she could say as the ravings of a lunatic. He had not sense enough to discriminate for himself.

It was, indeed, a hopeless task she had undertaken. But, as we have seen, Orpha was not easily dissuaded from any purpose she undertook.

He had spoken of a wife and children; she would appeal to his feelings through them, should he be incorruptible to gold.

"You have been told that I am mad," she began. "Can you not see that it is a lie, forged by the wicked men who have deprived me of my liberty, perhaps for the worst of purposes? Will you lend yours—if to the schemes of these vile men, when you may make more by setting me free?"

"I'm well paid for the job," responded the gaoler, cunningly. "Besides, lunatics are always promising great rewards. Have you got any money about your clothes?"

Orpha drew out her purse and poured its contents into the palm of her hand.

The man's eyes glistened as he perceived the gold pieces nestling amongst the silver.

Orpha perceived the look, and began to fancy that her best appeal would be to the man's cupidity.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Michael Fred, ma'am," he answered, one eye on her, the other on the money she held in her hand.

"You have a wife and children?"

"I have a wife and one daughter—Norah. A fine girl she is, too."

"You appear to be very poor."

"I am, indeed. Any one could see that with half an eye. Look at my clothes. To be sure, I wasn't at home when the tailor measured me for them."

"What is your occupation?"

"Carrying a hod."

"How much are you to receive for keeping me here in captivity?"

Michael could give no definite reply to this question, and so Orpha proceeded:

"I will give you one hundred pounds to liberate me!"

"Money down?" asked Michael, greedily, his eyes glistening.

"Money down, in gold!" responded Orpha. "You have only to allow me to leave this place, and come with me to the house of Mr. Jacob Goldschmidt, and you shall receive the money."

Michael's bright look suddenly became aversant, and a cunning leer took its place.

"Ha! it's a trap you're setting for me," he said.

"When I came for the money you'd give me into the hands of the police."

Orpha endeavoured to combat this idea, but in vain. She offered to send him the money to any place he would designate, but her words were useless; he had got the idea into his thick skull that a trap would be set for him, and he would not listen to her arguments to convince him to the contrary.

"I'm afraid to do it," he kept repeating. "It's getting me into trouble you'd be. And he'd murder me, too, if I did it. He's a dangerous man he is when the blood's up. And murdered I'd be!"

"Who is so dangerous?" asked Orpha, curiously.

"Do you mean Lathrop Monement?"

"Hush! hush!" exclaimed the man, glancing around, fearfully. "Don't call on the fiend!—for he'll come if you do."

In vain Orpha attempted to calm his fears, and prevail upon him to restore her to liberty.

It was a hard struggle between his avarice and his fear of the displeasure of Lathrop Monement; but the fear, as is natural in the lower orders of human or brute intellects, was the predominant feeling. She resolved, as a last effort, to appeal to him through his child—for even brutes have a tender regard for their offspring.

"Suppose your daughter—your Norah," she said "were situated as I am now—in the power of a remorseless villain, what would be your feelings?"

"I don't know," responded Michael, dubiously.

"Would you like to see your young innocent

CHAPTER XVII

It is the wine that speaks, and not his reason.
Attend not to him, I entreat you!

Tertius.

THE disappearance of Orpha created some sensation in the household of Mr. Goldschmidt; and as Samuella missed at the time some valuable articles of jewellery, which she was in the habit of leaving carelessly about, the natural inference was that they had gone together. This belief was strengthened, if not entirely confirmed, by the evidence of the new coachman, Calvin Stylphin, when he was interrogated with the other servants by Mr. Goldschmidt.

The banker was very much annoyed at the circumstance, as he had taken quite a fancy to Orpha, and could scarcely believe she would be guilty of the offence attributed to her; but Calvin's story completely destroyed his faith in Orpha, and convinced him that he had been the dupe of an artful adventuress.

Calvin performed his part in the plot to admiration. He had not entirely forgiven her for the scornful rejection he had received at her hands; and this circumstance, independent of the promised reward offered by old Mezar, who, as we have seen, was Orpha's most inveterate persecutor, made him nothing loath to blacken her character as much as possible.

"So she's been at it agin!" he exclaimed, ingenuously, when summoned with the others into the presence of Mr. Goldschmidt.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Mr. Goldschmidt, sharply.

"Why, this ain't the first robbery that has been laid to this gal's charge!" answered Calvin, composedly.

"You knew her then?"

"Lord bless you! yes. She and I lived together on Jared Pinkerton's farm."

"You knew her—knew she had been accused of robbery, saw her in my house, and said nothing!" exclaimed Mr. Goldschmidt, angrily. "At least, you might have said something. A word of warning would have prevented this robbery, by leading to an exposition of the girl's true character."

"Well!" returned Calvin, running his fingers through his hair, "perhaps it might have been better. But I only seen the girl the day before yesterday, and while I was making up my mind whether it would be better to speak or not, she went off. Besides, you see, I didn't know but what you were acquainted with the affair, and might not have thanked me for my interference. You see, the robbery wasn't proved against her."

"Oh! it wasn't proved, eh?" cried Mr. Goldschmidt, brightening up. "Come, that's better."

"No, it wasn't proved," pursued Calvin, deliberately; "but then, everybody believed her to be guilty. Her character was so bad, nobody put any faith in her; and, though the robbery couldn't be brought home to her, she was obliged to leave the village."

"How was her character bad? What had she done?" asked Mr. Goldschmidt, with increasing interest, his faith in Orpha much shaken.

We will not follow Calvin in his long, rambling detail of events, with which the reader is already familiar.

Suffice it to say, that he spoke of everything that could place Orpha in a bad light, and furnished the shading himself; of the mystery of her marriage, her babe, her complicity with Willis Linton, the robbery and departure for London; until in the end, she was considered a notoriously bad woman, and he an honest, blunt fellow, with an inherent love of truth.

Do not blame Mr. Goldschmidt for coming to this conclusion.

Wiser men than he have been deceived by far less deceptive appearances.

He was forced to conclude that Orpha was indeed the thief.

But one circumstance surprised him.

Upon examining Orpha's room, it was discovered that she had left behind her every article she possessed, except the clothes upon her back.

And, upon unlocking her trunk, the key of which was found in the lock, Mr. Goldschmidt discovered eight twenty-pound notes.

It was rather singular, to say the least, that she should have left all this money behind her. But then, the jewels missing, a diamond breast-pin and ring, were worth nearly a thousand. Time would reconcile this seeming contradiction.

With this reflection, Mr. Goldschmidt put away Orpha's property carefully under lock and key.

He called on Lawyer Redtape the first opportunity, to express his surprise that he should have recommended a person of doubtful character as the intimate associate of his daughter.

The lawyer was very much surprised at the intelligence. He knew nothing about the girl personally, he said; but thought there must be a mistake

somewhere—advised him not to be too hasty in forming an opinion. The girl was a *protégée* of his junior partner, Mr. Willis Linton, in whom he put implicit trust. It was his recommendation that he had adopted.

The mention of Willis Linton's name was, to Mr. Goldschmidt, a corroboration of the truth of Calvin's story, and did not improve Orpha's case in his eyes.

"Where was Mr. Linton—could he be seen?" asked Mr. Goldschmidt.

"Unfortunately, no! A family affliction had called him away. In fact, to attend a father's death-bed."

"All a device!" exclaimed Mr. Goldschmidt, his last doubts vanishing. "All a device, sir. I'm sure you have been hoodwinked. They have gone together—we shall never see either of them. Take my word for that."

With these words Mr. Goldschmidt stalked solemnly out of the office. The lawyer smiled as he returned to his brief. He was evidently not of Mr. Goldschmidt's way of thinking.

About the same time that Mr. Goldschmidt was making these inquiries of Lawyer Redtape, Byron Scrub strolled into Mother Cyp's cigar-store.

"Do you remember that friend I had in here with me, yesterday?" he asked, as he purchased a cigar.

"The one who looks so much like Wilner Carsten?" asked Mother Cyp.

"The same. Has he been here since?"

"No, I think not. At least, I have not seen him."

"Strange!" mused Byron, as he turned into the street and walked leisurely towards the office. "I wonder what can have become of Percy. Gone home with his brother, I suppose. But he might have said something to a fellow about it."

It was a lovely day, with a gentle breeze from the south, and Samuella, Thurston Follansbee, the false Percy, and Calvin Stylphin, went for a sail. Calvin had been taken along to manage the boat, he having had much experience in that way.

They had a delightful time. Wilner was in fine spirits, and played the lever's part to admiration. He had brought himself to this condition on the old principle of "keeping his spirits up by pouring spirits down."

He was seldom sober now. He sought in the intoxicating cup a balm for the unceasing gnawings at his heart.

He was not altogether hardened, and conscience would sting.

The potent draughts deadened his sensibilities, and gave a glossiness to his tongue, a brightness to the glassy eye, and painted a hectic flush upon his cheek; but it was a Promethean fire, consuming the possessor.

Thurston Follansbee was also in fine tone. He was replete with reminiscences of travel; conjured up, as it were, with a magician's wand the Italian city, with its villas, its vine-clad terraces, and lordly Vesuvius, crowning all with its smoky peak; introduced several piquant anecdotes, in which his noble relatives figured conspicuously.

They got very jolly as they approached the pier on their return, as the sun was sinking; and by some mismanagement, as the boat reached the landing, as they were taking in sail, and all bustling about upon their feet, it suddenly bumped against the pier, and Samuella, with a shrill scream, was precipitated into the water.

Thurston Follansbee jumped to save her as she fell, lost his balance, and followed her into the river.

Wilner sank down, bewildered, helpless to aid, and pale with fright.

Not so Calvin; he sprang to the side of the boat, watched for Samuella as she rose to the surface, caught her by the arm, and with great coolness, drew her into the boat again, rather the worse for her unpremeditated bath, pale and dripping, in sad disarray.

Thurston Follansbee, who was by no means a good swimmer, was forgotten in the confusion of saving Samuella, and was in a fair way to end all his schemes with a watery death, for he had sunk twice, and was rising for the third time to the surface, when an old, white-haired man, who had observed the accident, plunged from the pier, swam to his assistance, and held him up, until Calvin threw him a rope, and with the assistance of some sailors, whom the accident had attracted, drew them both into the boat.

Thurston Follansbee's immersion had wrought quite a miraculous change in his appearance.

His whiskers and curly brown locks were gone, and he now appeared a gentleman of some fifty years, with the crown of his head quite bald.

"That was a close shave!" remarked Calvin, unconsciously perpetrating a pun, as he and the old man passed Thurston to the pier.

He was quite insensible.

Wilner, who had recovered in a measure from his apathy, assisted Samuella from the boat.

daughter carried off by a rich man, for a shameful purpose?"

"If my Norah was to be carried off by a rich man," returned Michael, with due deliberation, "I should think the gal was in luck, whatever her purpose was. And I'd be a fool to make any fuss about it."

Orpha turned from him in disgust, and gave up all idea of enlisting the man's feelings in her behalf. Capricious was his only weak point, and that she resolved to attack again in a different manner.

"Would you take a note for me to the house of Mr. Goldschmidt, if I were to give you this gold piece?" she asked, holding the coin up temptingly before his eyes.

The bait took.

After considerable hesitation, and digging with his finger nails at the roots of his bristly hair, he finally decided that he could venture to perform that service for the proffered reward.

Upon inquiry, Orpha discovered that there were no writing-materials in the house, and that, with the exception of her room, the house was unfurnished, and had been unoccupied for over a year.

Michael lived within a few doors, and his wife prepared the meals which he had been engaged to supply Orpha with, he having the keys, with strict orders to keep the doors locked and let no one enter the house. The captive realized the security of her prison when she ascertained these particulars, and her desire to escape was redoubled.

Finding that Michael had no objection to going out and buying her pen, ink, notepaper, and envelopes, she furnished him with some silver for that purpose, and he departed, carefully locking the door after him. He soon returned with the desired articles, opened the ink-bottle with his jack-knife for her, and waited for her to write her note, keeping between her and the door with a cautious cat-like movement, that was quite ludicrous to witness, even to one situated as Orpha ungraciously was.

She sat down to the table and hurriedly wrote these words:

"I am a prisoner, in an old house. I was lured hither by the man who calls himself Percy Carsten, though that is not his true name. If you would save yourself and daughter from a vile plot, come instantly to my rescue."

"ORPHA ANSWERS."

"P.S.—The beaver can point out the house in which I am confined."

"O. A."

She placed it in an envelope, sealed it, and directed it

"Here," she said, placing the note and the gold piece in the hands of Michael Freal; "go at once."

She gave him a description of the house, so that he could not fail to find it, and saw him depart, a broad grin illuminating his entire countenance. But his joy did not make him forget to lock the door after him.

Michael went at once to his home, adjoining the cigar-store of Mother Cyp.

Mrs. Freal was absent, having gone out for a day's washing; but Norah was at home, her services not being required by Mother Cyp that day.

"Bring me pipo and bacey," said Michael—an order which Norah promptly obeyed. "And now, darlin'," continued her father, leisurely filling his old black pipe, "good schoolin' you've had—could you read written hand?"

"Why, to be sure I can, father," responded Norah, a sharp-eyed girl of seventeen, with a strong family resemblance to Michael, particularly about the hair.

"Then praps you'll read that," remarked Michael, tearing open the envelope, and placing Orpha's note in her hand.

Norah spelled out its contents to the great satisfaction of Michael, who shook his head complacently.

"What an excellent thing it is to have an education," he observed, taking the note from Norah and twisting it into a pipe light.

"What is it all about, father?" asked Norah, a little curious about the affair.

"Deuce a bit do I know," answered Michael, thrusting the note into the blaze of the fire and lighting his pipe with it. "I found it in the street!"

He cast the blazing fragment into the fire and began to smoke with great satisfaction; and all the time he smoked, he watched the note slowly consuming to ashes, and felt the gold piece in his pocket.

"The beaver can point out the house," he muttered to himself, nodding at the fire and the ashes of the note, as if addressing the remark to that quarter.

"Maybe he can, and maybe he can't. I wasn't such an idiot as to be caught that way, anyhow. Burn up, ye devil!" he continued, jocosely apostrophizing the note; "sure your postage is paid anyway. Norah, darlin', if the landlord calls I've got the rent for him, and somethin' to buy a new bonnet for yerself, if you don't say a word about what you read awfully long."

Norah shook her head intelligently. And that was the end of Orpha's note.

The ducking had had but little effect upon her spirits.

She was already laughing and jesting at her misadventure, asking Wilner if she did not remind him of "Venus rising from the sea?"

"By Gosh!" said Calvin, as he commenced to roll Thurston over and over upon the pier. "He has taken more water than is good for his constitution. He must thank you, old gentleman, for his life, and I think he'll come down pretty handsome. Just wait until he comes to."

This observation was addressed to the man who had so signally rescued Thurston Follansbee.

An old man as we have said, but with a tall, robust figure, and a strength unimpaired by age. He was clad in the garb of a common labourer, and was evidently quite poor.

He pricked up his ears at Calvin's words, and a satisfied look came upon his face, which had worn quite a blank, unmeaning expression before.

"Do you think he would stand a bottle of French brandy?" he asked; and he pressed eagerly forward.

For the first time, as it appeared, he beheld the face of the man he had saved. "My God!" he continued, his voice rising so suddenly that it sounded like a shriek; "who is this?"

"Mr. Thurston Follansbee," returned Calvin, gazing at the old man in some surprise at the suddenness of his question.

"Thurston Follansbee," repeated the man, vaguely, passing the back of his hand over his brows several times in great perplexity. "No, no! That is not his name. I know it, wait—ah, yes—it is he, Lathrop Moneyment! Fiend, I know him; I have watched and waited for him years, years! And now I've found him—ha, ha! found him! And I've saved him!—saved him! Oh, if I had known it was he! Why didn't I let him drown? Let me kill him—let me kill him!"

And, to the astonishment of all around, who had faintly caught his mutterings, he seized upon the inanimate form of Thurston Follansbee, and was actually about to throw him into the water, when Calvin and a couple of labourers, who formed a part of the group of bystanders, laid hands upon him, restrained him, and rescued Thurston from his grasp.

"He must be mad," exclaimed Samuella, in affright, as she clung to Wilner's arm. He was pale and trembling as herself.

Mad or not, he knew that the man had rightly named his confederate in crime, and he trembled at the consequences of this strange recognition.

"You are right, miss," returned one of the men, apologetically; "he is mad, and you mustn't mind him. We call him Crazy Davy, and he is generally as harmless as a child. This is the first time I have ever known him to fly into a passion. You see, he was driven crazy by wrongs inflicted by some one that he is always vowing vengeance against, and he has mistaken the gentleman for his enemy, that's all."

"Poor man," said Samuella, with a compassionate look. "He looks quite venerable. He is very strong for such an old man."

"He isn't so old as he looks, miss," replied the man, who seemed to be quite a friend to Davy. "Grief whitens the hair faster than time, sometimes. Come, Davy, let's go and have something to drink!"

The men pulled Davy away, as Mr. Goldschmidt's carriage, which was to be in readiness for the return of the party, drove up to the spot.

Thurston, who now began to show signs of animation, was placed within it. Samuella and Wilner followed.

Calvin mounted the box, and the carriage rattled away.

As it did so, Davy shook himself free from the grasp of the friendly bystanders, and followed it with headlong speed.

They did not attempt to pursue him. They could only gaze after him in silent wonder.

So long as it kept in the back street leading from the water, Davy had no trouble in following the coach and keeping it in view; but when it turned into a larger thoroughfare, and became mixed up in the crowd of vehicles that thronged it, he lost it irretrievably, and was forced to abandon the pursuit.

Moody and chagrined he sought his home. As he passed through the shop, Mother Cyp's quick eye detected, from his wet and disordered appearance, that something unusual had happened, so she went for Norah Freal to attend the shop, and then followed Davy into his.

"He first, and then Cyprina! Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Davy, shrilly, in his maddest tones.

His strange encounter with Lathrop Moneyment seemed to have increased this madness.

"I couldn't kill him—but I can kill him—I can—I can!"

His eyes glared fiercely, his chin was bowed upon

his breast, his long, sinewy arms were extended, the fingers of his hands spread out, and working like the claws of an enraged beast.

And she confronted him, as the keeper faces the wild animals under his charge, with a steady, unwinking eye, and a firm, resolute bearing. She was not afraid of death, even from the hands of this man. Nay, she would have accepted it as her righteous doom, and considered him her heaven-appointed executioner. Had she shrunk in the least, had an eye blinked, or a muscle quivered, he would have sprung upon her, and rent her limb from limb. Eye to eye she met him—the intellect was gone, the brute strength alone remained, and, brute-like, he covered before her.

"They took him from me," whined Davy, like a child deprived of its toy—"they took him from me, and I could not kill him!"

"Who, Davy, who?" she asked, gently, but keeping the resolute black eye firmly fixed upon him.

"Him! you know!" cautiously, and glancing around very mysteriously. "I saw him—Lathrop Moneyment!"

Mother Cyp started, and the blood rushed crimson to her pale brow and cheeks.

"And you tried to kill him?" Her bosom heaved with her laboured respiration, and her eyes gleamed.

"I tried to kill him—but they wouldn't let me—they wouldn't let me!" whined Davy, with an injured look.

Mother Cyp questioned him, as far as experience had taught her to go, and drew from him a rambling, disjointed account of what had taken place.

Her disappointment at his having lost the clue to Lathrop Moneyment's retreat was equal to his own; for this pale, sad woman could not forgive the man who had first tempted her steps into the path of error, and thirsted for vengeance with all the intensity of her passionate nature.

"Change your clothes, Davy," she said, when the story was told; "you are wringing wet." She got him a dry suit as she spoke, and he obeyed her as docilely as a child. Then she went to the little cupboard, where she knew he kept his brandy-bottle, and took it out. She held it up to the light to examine its contents. It contained but a small quantity. "Drink," she said; "it will prevent you taking cold."

He gazed at her in wonder; it was the first time she had ever proffered brandy to him.

He took the bottle, however, and drained it at a draught.

"Now sleep," she continued, as she turned to leave him. "Lie down upon your bed—sleep, and dream of vengeance!"

(To be continued.)

THE MAN IN RED.

REDDER than the sun whose fiery face was just peeping over the fresh green hills of Clifton, advanced a scarlet figure slowly along the main road leading into the heart of the town.

An honest dog first saw it and barked at it. A bullock in a neighbouring pasture shook his head angrily at the flaming hue; and a strutting bantam in the road, also observing its approach, watched it with jealous eye and crowed repeated defiance.

An inhabitant, crossing the road to get her morning's milk, paused half-way and stared, and called several neighbours to share her curiosity and help her see it.

As the blood-red object drew nearer, it proved, as they had wisely conjectured, to be nothing but a man; but he was encased in an entire suit of red flannel, and not only were his socks, trousers, waistcoat, shirt, coat, necktie, and cap of this ruddy material, but he had a red bundle under his arm, that also, perhaps, contained more red flannel. What could this rubicund mystery mean? Whence came the glowing traveller? Who was this picturesque man?

He was but a very small young man, with a mournful face, which was not red, but pale, and thin, like his slender body. He was evidently not engaged in a joke—his grave, dejected visage forbidding the idea that he had heard a joke for a fortnight.

So extraordinary were the fabric and colour of his garb, however, that when he reached the witnesses of his arrival in Clifton, they put a variety of questions to him, but only succeeded in eliciting from his taciturnity that he was a poor young man in search of something to do, and that his name was Philip Tillawillygin. Why he wore such sanguine habiliments he would not say.

Anxious to know what he had in his bundle, they asked if he had anything to sell; but hugging it tightly, he said:

"No, nothing but his labour; and he had no money to buy, though he believed if he got a chance in a shop he could buy and sell with the best man."

This seemed as sanguine as his dress, and impressed

them so favourably that he was invited in to take some breakfast, and afterwards received such directions as led to his employment in a shop before sundown.

His red clothes attracted general notice throughout the day, but he invariably refused to give any information about it. All could see that it was red flannel, and now, and that was all they knew. It was expected that he would change it for more sombre dye to-morrow, but he did not; and the shopkeeper, finding that he was becoming the object of general sport, particularly among urchins, who saluted him with a variety of nicknames, such as lobster, beetsteak, radish, live beet, firebrand, advised him to put on other than such conspicuous clothing.

To this he steadily objected, still refusing to give any reason; and at the end of the week the mortified employer felt compelled to part with him, though his services had been much valued.

For the same reason he lost several other situations, to which by turns he had been recommended for his good qualities; and he finally took up his abode on a large farm, working as a common labourer, where critical eyes could but seldom see and annoy him.

Still, he had made an indelible impression upon the minds of the people of the town, and his mystery was the town-talk—so much so that the sight of anything red suggested him, and their inquisitive imaginations kept feverishly full of the "Man in Red," as he was generally called—few being able to pronounce the name of Philip Tillawillygin correctly.

Notwithstanding that he was mainly out of sight on workdays, he was in no danger of being forgotten, even in the minds of the least inflammable; for he was sure to be seen at church every Sunday, attending meekly to the services, while he refreshed their memories, his colour strongly contrasting with the sea of black around him.

The preacher was much interested in his gentle but fiery devotee, and always took him tenderly by the hand, and, with a pardonable hint at his uniform, called him his little soldier of the Cross.

Pious old ladies were much inflamed with him—he was such a mild and serious-minded youth. Young ladies, too, had a kind of passion for him, for he was rather good-looking, though grave, and always in red flannel; and in consideration of his red flannel it was that the beaux of the village were not jealous of him.

It was a kind of armour, that protected him against all shafts, except the harmless jokes of good-natured wits and merry urchins.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That red, red, red should be his only hue."

The conjecture about the colour of the comet embraced many conflicting theories, his studied reserve, in regard to all matters pertaining to himself, increasing the curiosity which it baffled.

Some thought his adherence to red flannel was a sign of partial insanity; others that it was good for some complaint he had; others that he was superstitious and fancied there was a spell in it; some that it pleased his taste; and some that it was the prescribed dress of some secret society.

Where all were excited and free to imagine, and none knew better than another, it was natural that such a weekly cynosure with no surety in his sign should finally inspire an organized inquiry; and it was a wonder this did not happen till Philip Tillawillygin had worked on the farm for nearly a year and his red-flannel suit was beginning to drop to pieces.

It was at this period that a committee waited upon him one day, when he was a-field and busy with a hoe, and disclosed to him the "great uneasiness" which had long existed on account of his celebrated colour; and after much and friendly inquiry, the Man in Red agreed to satisfy all about the hue which had created such a cry, if the Town Hall were placed at his disposal for a lecture upon the subject, and tickets of admission should be issued at one shilling each. He promised a full narrative of the extraordinary cause.

The novelty of the idea flashed upon them like a proposition from the mouth of a red-hot cannon. It was convincing, and they assented.

The inhabitants, with whose universal wish the Man in Red had shown such an amiable desire to comply, joined heart and hand to give the undertaking effect. Fiery posters printed in red ink announced that Philip Tillawillygin, the renowned and unknown, was to give an Affecting Narrative of the Miseries of his Life, and the Mystery of Red Flannel; the Clifton Life, and the Mystery of Red Flannel; the Clifton papers published long articles on the extraordinary young man; and all the red flannel which could be furnished from the shops in town was used to decorate the hall with appropriate festoons; and on the appointed evening the Man in Red was escorted from the farmhouse to the hall by a torchlight procession, two red-flannel flags waving over his head

and every man decked with a bit of red flannel on the left breast; to such an extent had the red-flannel fever raged, after it had been known that the little Man in Red was capable of delivering an address, and really had something brilliant about him.

This brilliancy, however, could hardly be said to be apparent in his dress; for when he ascended to the platform his clothes presented but a sad and soiled picture—being pretty much worn out, and dimly suggestive of the light of other days. A few of the more thoughtless of the crowded audience tittered at the sight; but this levity was frowned down, and might be said to be drowned out by the tears of several elderly ladies, who had come prepared for a piteous tale, and wept extremely in anticipation.

On his rising to address them, the mournful little man was greeted with a great waving of red handkerchiefs.

"My friends," said he, in a soft and plaintive but clear voice, "I am but short, but I hope to be remembered long, and I wish to keep the subject of my discourse in full view."

This created a very favourable sensation, and the audience became so attentive that they could have heard a pin drop.

"It is unnecessary," he continued, after having consumed half an hour in dwelling upon the various sicknesses which had afflicted him from boyhood up, and which were of such an ordinary character that the audience evinced great impatience "for me to enlarge upon the beneficial effects of ill-health. It is evident that they teach us patience and to prepare for death. Sickness of the body often produces health to the soul. This was my case, and I resolved to be virtuous, whatever became of me! It was lucky for me; for I was always so un lucky in other respects that poverty was my most intimate companion, if not my best friend. Finally, I had another fit of sickness, which reduced my body to skin and bone, and my mind to rags, for I was too weak to patch it. On my recovery, I resolved to leave the city for the country, and try if change of scene and air would bring a chance of luck. The name of Clifton was pleasant to my ears, and hither I bent my feeble steps. I had not travelled far when I came across a man, who—but before I go any further I will state what has been reported of me since I came here."

Here there were more signs of impatience.

"I am aware that your restlessness is the result of indignation at the erroneousness of many, if not all, of these reports; but you will have plenty of time to judge for yourselves and remain indignant, or believe them if you choose, after you have heard what transpired after I came across the man, who—but as to some of the said reports.

"Some said that I was a fugitive from justice, and was afraid to put on my ordinary suit lest I should be recognized and cast into a prison, or cast off, with a rope round my neck.

"But the fallacy of this is evident; for I appeal to you, who have been so wrapped up in red flannel ever since I have been here, if any suit could have made me more conspicuous. So this is not so.

"Some said I adopted it for notoriety. But you know that I have shrunk from observation and kept in the shade about myself. So this is not so.

"I have otherwise been charged with being a robber, wearing red by day, but dark by night, the latter to be disguised when in pursuit of plunder.

"But Farmer Beaver will tell you I go to bed at sundown, and haven't a rag save what's on me now, except one change of red flannel underclothes, much the worse for wear. And so this is not so.

"I am otherwise variously said to be a tool of the Jesuits—the chief of a secret order of professional assassins; a supernatural being in human disguise for superhuman purposes; and a sworn and badged foreign emissary."

The audience now began to murmur uneasily among themselves. Much as they had seen of red flannel, they wanted more of it.

"There are some two or three hundred more reports, which have been circulated since the day when, on my way to this town, I came across a man, who—and perhaps I ought to give you all of them; in the first place—"

"No! You needn't! Don't!" cried several voices.

"And whether I repeat them or not, I will assure you beforehand, that none of them are the true explanation why, since I have been in Clifton, in season and out of season, in spite of all weathers, and all counsels to the contrary, I have worn nothing but this same old suit of red flannel."

"But the reason? Give us the real reason. Never mind what the people said!" was the general cry.

"Then, my friends—if you wish to know—my reason for wearing nothing but red flannel is, because I cannot wear any other kind."

"Why? Tell us why?"

"I didn't agree to tell you why I couldn't wear any other kind, but only why I do wear this kind; yet, since you have been so patient, and filled the house, I can afford to go still further to oblige you. You may remember that I have already told you that, on my way to this town, I came across a man."

"Yes! Yes! What of him?"

"This man, seeing that I had hardly rags enough to cover me, heard my story, took me into his house, and producing a roll of red flannel he had bought at auction, agreed to give me a complete rig-out of it, if I would swear I would wear no other clothing till this was all worn out. What could I do? I wished to look like a Christian when I came to Clifton; and I agreed, in despair. He knew I was religious, and he swore me on the Book; and then, being, by the blessing of Providence, a tailor, he made me up twenty-one yards of it; two shirts and two pairs of drawers were ten yards; one vest was two yards; one trousers was three yards; one coat was four yards; two pairs of stockings were one yard; and one cap and nightcap one; making in all, twenty-one yards—and, by a singular coincidence, I was just twenty-one years old the day I put them on. A full suit and a free gift! I looked in the glass and blushed: for I hardly knew myself, nor what to think of the man. He laughed, and I took him to be odd."

"Then it was, my friends, that I cast my eyes upon my old rags, which lay in a heap in a corner, and began to reflect upon the possible consequences. My benefactor was capering about the room, in great delight; but whether he was making fun of me, or enjoying the reward of benevolence, I could not tell. But it made no difference to me.

"I was now about to seek my fortune, a stranger among strangers, in a strange place, and a very strange suit of clothes. I resolved to bear up against it, stick to my oath, and keep my own counsel. A suit of red flannel could not last for ever, and by how much a decent covering is better than a bare skin, I felt that I was bettered. So I thanked God and my odd friend, and then pulled foot for Clifton."

Here there was much flourishing of red handkerchiefs, and such enthusiasm, that the parson, overcome by the spirit of the occasion, rose and proposed three cheers for Tillavilligyn, and three more for the tailor; and they were given.

"I would only say, in conclusion, now," said the Man in Red, "that I expect soon to put on a new suit of clothes, as these are nearly used up."

Here there was more cheering; but some appeared disappointed at the absence of romance in the story, and insinuated that a man so glib of tongue could manufacture any kind of a yarn to suit himself; but this belief was quickly dispelled by an unexpected speech from the tailor himself, who stood up and confirmed the story, by saying that he had come ten miles to hear it, and that a man who had displayed such moral courage and integrity was deserving of any trust which might be reposed in him.

This so delighted the audience that they kept on cheering till the lights were put out.

Tillavilligyn went home with one hundred pounds in his pocket, and soon after was enabled to set up in business for himself. He now rolls in his carriage, and on the panels may be seen his coat-of-arms, in red embazonry, exhibiting a man in rags, with a bundle of red flannel on his shoulder, and a flamingo hovering over him, with the legend—REDEMPTION AND REDRESS.

W. O. E.

SOMETHING FOR FARM SERVANTS.—The Smithfield Farmers' Club have adopted the following rule:—"The council, being anxious that the merits of the servants, who are the actual feeders of animals, should be recognized and rewarded, have determined to present to the feeder of the animals winning the first prizes in their respective classes a gratuity of a sovereign, together with a framed diploma."

THE KING OF PRUSSIA REPUDIATING HIS DEBTS.—The German newspapers have got hold of a shabby transaction, in which the King of Prussia cuts a rather undignified figure, while the King of Bavaria seems bent on showing him up. The affair dates as far back as 1849, when his present Majesty, as Crown Prince, marched in Baden somewhat after the late Schleswig-Holstein fashion. To carry out his operations against the Federal grand duchy, he had to cross the Rhine at the Bavarian village of Gemersheim, where he halted with his suite on the 17th and 18th of June, taxing to their utmost capabilities the cellar and larder of a local gasthof. He ran up a little bill of 200 thalers, which, in the hurry of departure, he forgot to discharge, and the worthy boniface has been ever since seeking redress alternately at Munich and Berlin. This summer he accosted his debtor personally during his visit to Baden Baden, and was told to forward his account to the chancellor of the household. The latter functionary has had full time to take the royal order for payment; but in November he forwarded to the

keeper a document printed in all the *Zeitungen* along the Rhine, and signed "Puckler," to the effect that, as Crown Prince, he was then engaged in Federal execution at the cost either of the Diet of Bavaria, to either of which paymasters the hotel bill for wine, kirchwasser, cigars, &c., &c., was referred! "The accounts for the Crown Prince have been long since closed"—equivalent to pleading the statute of limitations.

WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

By J. F. SMITH, Esq.

Author of "The Jewit," "The Prelate," "Minnigrey," &c.

CHAPTER CXXX.

The fruit of sin, goodly and fair to view,
Deceives us in its beauty. Plucked, it turns
To ashes on our lips. Webster.

AFTER a long imprisonment, Madge Neil had been brought to trial. The most skillful advocates had been employed, but nothing was elicited that could bring the accusation home to her; the old woman adhered to her system of negation. She was legally but not morally acquitted.

Immediately after her liberation she disappeared. None knew whither she went, or the names of those she took up her abode with. Certainly, it was not with her grandchild; for the honest fisherman and his wife, overwhelmed with the disgrace which had overtaken them, had found a sympathizing friend in Charles Briancourt, who had assisted them to emigrate to America.

Five years had elapsed, and it became evident to the few personal friends who were still admitted to see him that the baronet was fast sinking to the grave. His physician pronounced his disorder a gradual decay of nature; the springs of life, they said, were worn—they should have said broken.

From the date of Madge Neil's acquittal he had never revisited Colmail, but resided in London. The former place was hateful to him: it reminded the bereaved husband of the wife he had loved with all an old man's fondness; it was like an empty casket, or the golden frame from which the portrait of the heart's idol had been removed.

Charles Briancourt and Mary were Sir Cuthbert's constant visitors; their attentions were soothing to him—they were the only beings with whom he ever spoke of Margaret. She had loved them—and that love endeared them to the outraged husband. They watched by his dying bed, and he felt that he was not quite deserted.

There was something touching in the confidence with which, in his conversation with his earliest friend, the old soldier alluded to his wife: a doubt, a possibility of her having proved unworthy of the name and rank he had bestowed upon her never for an instant crossed his generous mind: he could as soon have questioned the purity of heaven itself as Margaret's.

About a week before he died, he expressed a wish to see his nephew, whose conduct he had weighed and watched—although for several years he had held no intercourse with him.

At the baronet's request, Charles Briancourt wrote to his former friend, to apprise him of Sir Cuthbert's desire. Harry received the letter at his chambers in the Albany, just as he was arranging the terms in another bond for three thousand pounds with Quirk and his grandson.

The old lawyer watched him intently as he perused it: his quick, ferret-like eyes had recognized the seal. "There, old Mammon!" exclaimed Harry, tossing it to him; "there is something to make you re-consider your offer—to knock twenty per cent, at least, from your usurious bond. The old fool is dying."

Phineas shook the speaker by the hand, and congratulated him with a degree of sincerity, which, in the present instance, at least, was unaffected—for more than half of his grandfather's fortune was lent upon the security of the Sinclair estates.

"What do you intend to do?" inquired Quirk, after he had carefully perused the letter.

"I shall take no notice of it," was the reply.

"Not see him?"

"No!"

"You must!" said the old man. "That is," he continued, seeing that the brow of his dupe was flushed with anger at the imperative "must," "if you have a due regard to your own interests! Sir Cuthbert's personal wealth is nearly, if not quite equal to his entailed estate! Could you only convince him that you had no participation in the act which deprived him of his wife, it might be yours—at least, the reversion of it! Consider!" he added; "it is worth the trial! Your uncle loved you once—and at the hour of death, they say, old affections and feelings resume their sway."

"I won't!" exclaimed Harry Sinclair, hoarsely, at the same time pouring out a tumbler of Madeira, which he hastily swallowed, to drown the pang of momentary remorse. "He was kind to me! I loved him once,

before the devil pride, gaming, and avarice took possession of my heart. I cannot lie to him, and mock him on his death-bed."

"My dear fellow," observed Phineas, "you consider the matter too seriously! Lie! such is not the word. Consider the innocent little deception you practise as a moral opiate administered to soothe his last hours—they are common enough both in religion and medicine."

The young man answered his sophistry only by a scornful laugh. It was easier to excite his passions than mislead his judgement. Quirk took a surer way to succeed with any idea.

"Have you any idea," he asked, "of the amount of Sir Cuthbert's personal wealth?"

"Not the slightest. Considerable it must be—but the exact sum—"

"Would more than pay off the incumbrances on the estate," continued the tempter, interrupting him, "and leave you a free man! It amounts to three hundred thousand pounds, at the very least."

"Three hundred thousand pounds!" repeated the nephew, slowly. "Surely you must exaggerate."

"I never exaggerate—at least, where my interests are concerned!" said the lawyer. "Half is in India stock, the rest in the funds! Consider the folly—the madness—of permitting such a prize to escape you."

"For a mere scruple!" urged Phineas.

"An overstrained delicacy!" added his grandfather.

"I suppose, then, I must see him!" muttered Harry Sinclair, after a pause.

"Of course you must!" replied both his disinterested friends.

"By heavens!" exclaimed the young man, "but I would rather meet the best shot in England upon the ground, than that weak, dying old man face to face."

Seizing a pen, the speaker wrote a few hasty lines to Charles Briancourt, acknowledging the receipt of his note, and appointing the following morning for the visit to his uncle.

"There!" he said, throwing it towards Quirk; "I trust you are satisfied! And now about the money! Beauchamp and Sutton must be paid to night—they are debts of honour! But why do I prate about honour," he added, "to you?"

The lawyer smiled satirically: he might have retorted by asking him his right to speak of honour at all; but he was content with robbing—he did not wish to humble him. He even acted in the money transaction with unusual liberality—for so joyous did he feel in the prospect of an approaching settlement, that he actually let him have the three thousand pounds fifteen per cent. under the usual terms—a bonus, as he considered it, for his client's good behaviour; but even Quirk could be liberal at times.

That same night it passed from the hands of the infuriated Harry Sinclair into those of his honourable friends who had won it from him, together with his I O U for more than three times the amount. With the natural delicacy of sensitive minds, the gentleman had insisted upon giving him his revenge.

Our readers may imagine the state of mind in which the degraded man presented himself the following morning at the house of his dying uncle: his eyes bloodshot with excitement—his once handsome features pale and haggard. He was shown into the library, where, to his surprise and mortification, he found Charles Briancourt and his wife waiting to receive him.

Both were inexpressibly shocked at the change which time and dissipation had produced in him. As may naturally be supposed, the meeting between the former friends was an embarrassing one—and would have been more so, but for the tact of Mary, who at once advanced and held out her hand.

"Harry," she said, "this is not the moment either for reproaches or unkindness! Sir Cuthbert is anxious—most anxious—to see you. I am ignorant of his motives, but doubt not they are kind ones! Poor old man! his heart is almost broken! Let me entreat you, then, by the recollection of days which I am sure you must regret—by the memory of friendship not yet extinct—to act generously towards him! Remember he has been a father to you! Act in a manner worthy of yourself—your former self, Harry!" added the speaker. "None of us can recall the past—but we may redeem it."

"You too, condemn me!" answered the young man, bitterly; "you who were once so guarded in judging others! You believe that because I refused to bestow my hand and name upon the daughter of a felon, that I must be capable of—"

"We neither condemn nor accuse you, Harry!" interrupted Charles Briancourt, who saw how deeply his wife was pained by the contemptuous terms in which he spoke of her adopted sister; "without proof it would be unjust to do either! The secret of your innocence or guilt rests in your own breast! If all is sunshine there, our opinion can be of little value to you!"

"Opinion!" repeated his former friend, stung by the tone in which the words were uttered; "well, opinion be it—I will not quarrel with the word, though it sounded somewhat harshly! Perhaps you will inform my uncle that I am here, in obedience to his wish!"

Charles silently left the room, and Mary once more entreated the guilty man to perform a tardy act of justice, and relieve the last hours of Sir Cuthbert of the dreadful uncertainty which preyed upon his heart.

"Rob death of its terrors!" she added, in concluding her appeal; "show but half the courage in atonement it required to sin, and his blessing and forgiveness may be yours."

"By heavens!" exclaimed Harry Sinclair, with well-affected emotion, "you almost make me wish that I had done this wrong, so much should I rejoice in repairing it! You torture me!" he added; "you might as well ask of blindness light—of folly wisdom—of poverty the gift of wealth—as question me respecting the fate of Margaret."

Mary regarded him for some time in silence. She was not convinced by his assertions—but hopeless of shaking the resolution he had taken of persevering to the end.

"You do not believe me?" he observed, trying to assume the air of a man whose honour had been unjustly suspected.

"No, Harry!" she answered, firmly; "I cannot give the lie—the deliberate lie—to my conviction! I have no proofs—but Providence will one day furnish them! Here comes your uncle!" she added; "your dying benefactor! May the sight of his sufferings prove more eloquent than my weak words."

As the speaker resumed her seat, the door of the library opened, and Sir Cuthbert Sinclair—his venerable form, although fearfully emaciated, still soldier-like and erect—entered the room, leaning on the arm of Charles Briancourt.

Death was in the old man's hollow, anxious eye—in the lines of his features, more rigidly defined—in his voice, which fell upon the ear like the night-wind murmuring through a tomb.

Despite his resolution to appear calm, the conscience-stricken nephew felt a bitter pang as he contemplated the wreck he had made.

"I sent for you, Harry," said the baronet, "not with the hope that the sight of your benefactor, crushed in body, heart, and mind—dying—will awaken a late remorse within your breast—for well I know crime hath so seared it that the granite is not harder—but to appeal to your interest—the only point where feeling is not dead."

"You wrong me, uncle! By heaven, you wrong me!"

"Hear me patiently!" interrupted the old man, with a smile of scornful incredulity; "reserve your asseverations for those who do not know their value! Others you may deceive—not me! My hereditary estates I cannot keep from you—but my personal wealth is at my own disposal! It would purchase the fee simple of Colmsif—of all that you have sinned for—a word may make it yours! Restore my life—let me behold her ere I die—and my forgiveness, deeply as you have wronged me—even my forgiveness shall not be withheld!"

The offer was a tempting one; but shame—the shame of proclaiming to the world his black ingratitude—avarice—the hope of grasping all, and the recollection of the enormous sums he was indebted to Quirk—determined Harry Sinclair to persevere in his system of negation.

"I am glad you have made this offer!" he said.

"You accept it, then?"

"Alas, I cannot! But it has given me the means to convince you of my innocence—to purge my fame of a foul suspicion—to compel my enemies and my accusers to do me justice! Were I the wretch you think me, I should at once accept it! Be just to me, uncle!" he added, attempting to take the baronet by the hand; "I am your brother's son—the boy you once loved and looked upon as your own! I have been weak—we cannot all command our passions—wasted talents given for nobler purpose than dissipation—unjust to Margaret—whose heart I won and trifled with—but not to you—by heavens, not to you—my still dear benefactor—in all but name my father!"

(To be continued.)

FACETIÆ.

At the Leeds assizes, Mr. Digby Seymour, Q.C., was addressing the jury for the defence in the case of Scaife, he so far excited himself in the interests of the prisoner that, in a moment of animated gesticulation, he knocked off his wig, and sent it spinning on the barristers' table. There was a roar of laughter in the court, in which his Lordship (Keating) joined; but Mr. Seymour, without losing his self-possession,

quietly repossessed himself of the horsehair, and placed it upon his cranium, remarking the while to the jury that the incident might "assist in keeping his head cool."

An old Indian who had witnessed the effect of whisky for several years, said that a barrel of the liquor contains 1,000 songs and 50 fights.

A CONTEMPORARY says:—"The father of Mr. — died when he was a few weeks old." What a precocious father he must have been!

Why are greenbacks more valuable than gold, even at its present price? Because when you put a greenback in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out again you find it in creases.

A YANKEE has invented a new and cheap plan for boarding. One of his boarders mesmerizes the rest, and then eats a hearty meal—the mesmerized being satisfied from sympathy.

A FATHER of many children says that the reason why babies cry always after waking from sleep, is that they are mad at themselves for having given their parents a few moments of quiet.

An Irishman going to market saw a farmer with an owl. "Say, mister, what will you take for that big-eyed turkey?" "Tis an owl," replied the astonished farmer. "Divil the bit do I care whether it is owl or young."

A MAN, making an apology for the delivery of a speech, said: "When I was born I was unable to speak, like all babies, and I have lived thirty-five years in this talking world, and am not able 'to speak' yet."

A GIRL who was making a dress put the sleeves in wrong. She was unable to change them, as she could not determine whether she had got the right sleeve in the wrong place, or the wrong sleeve in the right place.

"Jim, this damp, unwholesome air has given me a horrid cough." "Has it Jack? Well, I'm no better off, for it has given me the asthma." "Sorry for it, Jim." "And yet, come to think of it, Jack, perhaps your cough is merely sympathetic, in consequence of my asthma."

SCENE—PARLOUR OF FASHIONABLE BOARDING-SCHOOL.

Daughter.—"Papa, I would rather you would buy yourself some fashionable clothes than these expensive pears. They laugh here, and say you have but one vest."

Papa.—"Well, my dear, I have but one body; what use of but one vest?"

A SHOOTING STORY.

Jack B— was the best shot in the county, he thought. He went bird shooting with his friend, "the Doctor," one day, and came home with nothing to show.

"Where's all the birds, Jack?" asked his brother Tom.

"Oh, you see," said Jack, "we hadn't extra luck, you know; though I made some grand shots, I can tell you, and Doc. didn't shoot near as much as I did, so I gave all mine to him."

During the evening, while Jack was telling tall stories about his "grand shots," the Doctor dropped in, and was immediately hailed by Tom with:

"Well, Doc, I hope you had a nice supper from the birds that you and Jack shot."

"What birds?" asked the Doctor.

"Why, you know," interposed Jack, "you didn't shoot as many as I did, and I gave all mine to you—that's what he means; I was telling him about it."

Jack threw a vigorous wink at the Doctor.

Doctor saw at once that Jack had been deviating slightly from the truth, and he resolved to spoil the shooting story. "Oh, yes; what was I thinking about? Your brother did give me all he shot; that made my stock amount to one—for he killed one, and I didn't kill any."

Jack says now, out of revenge, that the Doctor has more luck at his practice than he has with his gun.

A BILL.—The following is a genuine copy of a bill made out by the ostler of an inn in the village of H—d, Dorsetshire; "aorthoes (hay for the horse), 3d.; clinicoonsha (cleaning horse and chain), 6d.; brainonimomigin (bringing him home again), 6d.; total, 1s. 1d.

A DUTCHMAN was relating his marvellous escape from drowning when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone saved. And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of his hearers. "I did not go in the pots," was the Dutchman's placid reply.

Fox should be cultivated as a fine art, for it is altogether a fine thing. Who ever knew a funny man to be a bad one? On the contrary, is he not nice, kind, out of ten, generous, humane, social, and good? The

be sure he is. Fun—it is a great thing. It smoothes the rough places of life; scatters sunshine and flowers wherever it goes; gives the world a round, jolly countenance, and makes all the girls as pretty as June roses.

IMPORTANT NEWS FOR ENGLAND.—In Unyamuezi, or the "Land of the Moon," Captain Speke, having taken a woman's likeness, the husband required him to write his (the husband's name) on the picture, that the people of England might know whose wife she was.

THERE is a man out West so mean, that when he wants to raise young chickens, he first borrows the eggs, and then steals a hen to set on them. When the brood is out, he lets them feed on his neighbours' green patches. That man would spell America with a small A.

REMARKABLE ECONOMY.—Old G. is a great advocate of economy, and never lets an opportunity pass for commending this virtue. Not long ago he was speaking in praise of a couple of young men who dressed together, and remarked:—"It don't cost them anything for dress. Each one wears out the other's old clothes."

As Irishman was brought up before a magistrate for last riding on a charge of vagrancy, and was thus questioned:—"What trade are you?" "Sure, now, your honour, I'm a sailor." "You in the seafaring line? I question you have ever been to sea in your life?" "Sure, now, and does your honour think I come over from Ireland in a waggon?"

"SCROOK," said an examiner to a competitive in engineering, "you had built an engine yourself, performed every part of the work without assistance, and knew that it was in complete order, but when put into a vessel the pump would not draw water, what would you do?" "I would go to the side of the vessel and ascertain if there was any water to draw," replied the competitive.

A MANX RIDDLE.—What place would be best suited for the banishment of an unhappy grumbler? The Isle of Mona.—*Punch.*

THE IRISHMAN IN SCOTLAND.—SOTT, there is a river that requires milk an' sugar before ye'd drink a drop of it? What is it? Sure 'tis the river Tay.—*Punch.*

REASONABLE.—A servant, to whom money is an object, during the present winter, offers (unbeknown) to let out his master's study for by the hour. For terms apply to the Pantry, Belgravia.—*Punch.*

THE LAST NOVELTY IN AMOROUR.—One of our me-eminent oculists has just performed a successful operation on a gentleman who had a lady in his eye.—*Punch.*

"THE RANK WEED."—The only apology for the scabber who acts as patron of the Anti-Tobacco Gang, is that probably being an honest, if a silly, ex-halter, he has an aversion to Cabbage. British cigar-traders will accept this intimation.—*Punch.*

"RIGHT OF TRANSLATION RESERVED."

Robert.—"Any message from my mother to me, Louis?"

Louis (reading to herself).—"I think, dear, that you had better give your brother a slight hint that Cecil Rattleton seems inclined to pay rather marked attention to Miss Golconda Goldmore, and it might be prudent."—(Aloud) "Bob! Ma says, Cis Rats is spooey on Cuddy, and that you'll just be cut out if you don't wake up, sir."

[Certain falls upon Bob's Meditations on his Mother's improved style.—*Punch.*

APPROPRIATE ARTICLE FOR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.—Why is a heap of second-hand wearing-apart porcelain of a Jew like a sparkling wine?—Because it is Mo's sell.—*Fun.*

A RAD IN-VENT-ION.—A correspondent, writing from Japan, says: "I may add, in little more than an hour's firing we cracked two 110-pounder vent-pieces out of the Armstrong's." Government must be as cracked as the vent-pieces to go on employing the inventor of "buttons" to play at ducks and drakes with the public money in this way. Even the most favourable reports crack up these wretched pieces.—*Fun.*

A BAZAAR PETITION AND BIZARRE REPLY.—Some kindly folk in Liverpool recently collected seventeen thousand pounds by means of a bazaar, for the relief of the Confederate prisoners in the North. Mr. Secretary Seward rudely and brutally refuses to allow the money to be so applied. He, like all the leading men of the North, looks it honourable and brave to wage a war of persecution against women, children, and captives. The seventeen thousand pounds would relieve the Northern exchequer of the expense of keeping the prisoners, but he does not mind paying other people's money for the opportunity of behaving like a Butler. Our advice to the bazaar autho-

rities is plain and simple. As Seward won't allow you to help the Confederates when they are in prison, the best thing you can do is to try and help them to keep out of it. By placing the seventeen thousand pounds in the hands of the Southern Confederacy you will keep brave men out of captivity, help those who are now prisoners, and teach Seward a lesson.—*Fun.*

STATISTICS.

THE JEWS.—"According to a calculation recently made," says the *Moniteur*, "there exists in the whole world nearly 7,000,000 Jews, of whom one-half are in Europe, especially in Russia, where there are 1,220,000. The number in Austria is 853,000; in Prussia, 284,500; and in the rest of Germany, 492,000. At Frankfort-on-the-Maine there is one Jew to 16 Christians; in Sweden and Norway only one in 600. France contains 80,000, England 42,000, and Switzerland 3,200. A remarkable fact is that in the countries where the Jews are completely emancipated—that is, in France, Belgium, and England—their number is diminishing, while elsewhere it is increasing. Since the commencement of the present century the societies for the conversion of the Jews (33 in number, and employing 200 missionaries) have, at the most, and with great expense, made 20,000 proselytes."

TO A FRIEND.

The sweetest joys we taste on earth
Are harbingers of grief;
For ere we realize their worth
They're gone—they are too brief.
Hope pictured joys too bright for thee,
A future all too fair;
And sorrow came thy joy to blight,
Thou art the child of care!

Thy chosen one died far away,
Thy eyes are tear-filled now;
'Twas not thy task to watch and pray,
And bathe his burning brow.
Wildly he called thy cherished name,
And strangers wept the while;
Reason had fled, but love's pure flame
Shed round its beaming smile.

Wild birds their tireless requiems ring,
Near his grave in a distant land;
Do strangers' hands, sweet wild flowers bring,
In that far-off golden strand,
To strew o'er his grave with gentle care?
Sweet girl, check not that tear—
Or strive to think warm hearts are there,
But weep, for he is not here!

R. T. E.

GEMS.

OUR actions are in our power; our destiny is in that of Providence.

TRUE love, like Greek fire, is inextinguishable; but, unlike Greek fire, it burns with a pleasant fragrance.

In some couples you may see, by mere inspection, the number of their conflagrations and eruptions, as in Vesuvius you can discover life.

THERE cannot be a pleasant smile upon the lips of the hopeless. The blow which crushes the life will shatter the smile.

MAN stands with bandaged eyes beneath the sword of Incomprehensible Destiny, and listens with pleasure to the whizzing of the stroke before it falls.

WELL may we love the beautiful and stately spring, whose robe-folds are valleys, whose breast-bouquet is gardens, and whose blush is a vernal evening.

To a human heart, after the apoplectic crushings of a down-pressed youth, the most violent pulses of joy are heavier than the movements of pensive sadness.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

PRESERVATION OF EGGS.

MUCH has been written about the preservation of eggs, and many are the suggestions that have been made, but none have as yet given satisfaction, and for the sole reason that the structure of the egg is not considered in relation to the physical and chemical laws which govern evaporation, permeation, and putrefaction. The shell of the egg being porous to admit air to the chicken during the process of incubation, allows also part of the liquid to evaporate, and the air to penetrate, when the eggs are not used soon after being laid; and the air acting on the animal

matter produces early decomposition and putrefaction.

To exclude the air from the egg, and to prevent the evaporation of its liquid, it has been proposed by some writers to pack the eggs in salt, lime, bran, sawdust, &c., by others to keep them immersed in lime water, in salt water, or both combined. Others, again, suggest to varnish or oil the eggs, and some even to parboil them.

There can be no doubt that were the object in view solely to preserve the eggs from becoming putrid, some of these suggestions might be employed with advantage; but there is more required than simply to preserve the eggs from putrefaction; for instance, for kitchen use, and the breakfast table, eggs ought not only to be preserved fresh, but also free from any foreign flavour, such as lime, salt, bran, sawdust, varnish, and oil, must unavoidably impart to the egg through its porous shell; and as for breeding from such preserved eggs it is out of the question. Whoever has seen any chickens hatched from salted or mouldy eggs, or from such as have been varnished or oiled? which latter process stops up the pores through which the air so indispensable to the formation and development of the chicken must be admitted.

Now, the most effective, simple, and economical plan for truly preserving eggs, and without imparting to them any foreign flavour, or rendering them unfit for hatching purposes, is to use the patent, stepped glass jars with vulcanized india-rubber joints, and proceed thus:—Immediately after collecting the eggs put the jar in hot water, and when thoroughly warm, so as to rarify the air, place the eggs in the jar, the pointed end uppermost, and pack and line with paper shavings, or cocoa-nut fibre, to prevent them from breaking; then close the jar before taking it out of the water, and it will be found that eggs preserved by this method will be fit for hatching twelve months after, and that those intended for the breakfast-table will be as fresh as on the day they were laid.—G. K. GUTHRIE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A PREMIUM of £1,500 has been paid for a three years' contract for providing refreshments at the Agricultural Hall, Islington.

JOHN BUNYAN'S tomb, in Bunhill Fields Cemetery, is in a sadly mutilated state. It is suggested that something should be done to restore the monument.

CHEESE.—The method of preparing this substance from milk is said to have been discovered by the Scythians at a very early period. Virgil describes it as the common food of the Roman shepherds.

THE friends and supporters of the British Home for Incurables will be gratified to learn that the Marquis of Westminster has presented to that institution the sum of £1,000.

In the course of a trial of an action on a cheque, it was ascertained that the cheque was post-dated. Mr. Justice Willes said it should be remembered that people making and issuing post-dated cheques were liable to a penalty of £100.

NADAR states that about the middle of January, M. de Groof will be prepared to attempt his aerial flight, with the aid neither of a montgolfier nor a balloon, but by means of an apparatus heavier than the atmospheric air, and impelled by human effort.

LADY CHARLES WELLESLEY's eldest son, who is heir to the Duke of Wellington, is shortly to be gazetted to the Grenadier Guards. He is in his eighteenth year. His lamented father served in the 5th Fusiliers, and was a most distinguished officer.

AMONG the patterns and samples posted in London during one month in 1864, we find 7,151 samples of tea, 3,304 of sugar, 1,034 of hops, a specimen of asphalt, a cribbage board, two tin canisters, an umbrella handle, a bit of liquorice, and a pair of stays.

FROM THE SEA.—A fisherman recently hauled up a silver fork, marked "Atlantic," near the spot in Long Island Sound, where the steamer was wrecked on November 27, 1846. It is described as a very heavy, old-fashioned silver fork, bearing marks of a long immersion in water.

THE Hon. Mrs. Fitzroy, widow of the late Right Hon. Henry Fitzroy, and daughter of Baron Nathan M. Rothschild, has left in her will a legacy of £400 to the National Lifeboat Institution, to be applied in the purchase of a lifeboat to be called the "Arthur Frederick," after her late son.

At a recent meeting of the Edinburgh Geological Society, Mr. Thomas Smyth read a paper "on the upheaval of the shores of the Firth of Forth during the human period," in which he stated his opinion that the southern shore of the Firth of Forth was rising at the rate of fully more than five feet per century.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALFRED H.—Should occasion arise, your wish shall be attended to.

G. IVY.—The poem entitled "Farewell to the Old Year," is declined with thanks.

EMILY.—Yes, Carfax officiated as "fisher of the law" in the case of the criminal mentioned.

ELEANOR.—Marriages by license in England cost, if special, £5; if not special, 10s.

NERDOP.—It is a breach of the strict rule of etiquette for a gentleman to cross his legs one over the other, when sitting in company.

AMABELLA BEAUCHAMP.—The handwriting is very good for a lady. If it has a fault, it consists in the words being written too closely together.

A. Z.—Medicine stains may be removed from silver spoons by rubbing them with a rag dipped in sulphuric acid, and afterwards washing it off with soap and water.

J. C. C.—There is not a word in your very friendly communication in which we do not agree; but not a line in it which we can permit ourselves to print.

P. S.—Your handwriting is certainly "clerklike," but that, we take it, is a very negative merit; "a clerklike hand" being generally much too fine in the upstrokes, and too heavy in the downstrokes, to be called good writing.

EPYRI.—Certainly, the expression was incorrect. Instead of saying, "I propose going," you should have said, "I purpose going." The handwriting is very nice indeed: it is a good specimen of the Italian.

C. de D.—The particular kind of feathers sometimes worn by ladies in head-dresses, and called *macarons*, received that designation from the bird so named by the French. (See further the "Dictionnaire de l'Académie Française.")

JOHN D'A.—The words, and music also, of the "National Anthem" are unhesitatingly attributed to Henry Carey by Mr. Chappell in his "National Airs," on evidence which he adduces, and which seems to be quite conclusive.

GUILAUME DE BOURBON.—The lines entitled "The Evening Hour" are not wholly devoid of merit; but they do not quite attain to our standard, and are, therefore, declined, with thanks.

DOR. S. is anxious to marry, and accompany her husband abroad; to Melbourne preferred. Is twenty-three years of age, of medium height, has brown hair, dark eyes, and understands all household duties, but is not accomplished.

ELEANOR.—It is proper to give an invitation to a ball within a week; but longer notice is usually afforded. Rings should not be worn on the outside of gloves at balls, parties, or on any other occasion.

M. J. B., who is forty years of age, tall, graceful figure, dark hair and eyes, good-tempered, and has a warm and affectionate heart, would like to correspond matrimonially with a gentleman not under forty-five years of age, and who has a comfortable home; a widower not objected to.

ROBIN HOOD, a bachelor of thirty years of age, is very anxious to meet with a wife of similar age, who is able to undertake household duties. Money no object, but personal character must be unimpeachable: *carte* will be forwarded if requested.

F. D. HORROR.—The pole at the barber's is a relic of the time when barbers were barber-surgeons, and represents the staff which patients held while being bled. The painted stripes on it are supposed to represent the fillets with which the arm was bound.

A. G. H., who is twenty-three years of age, of a fair complexion, and blue eyes; and T. R. H., who has dark hair and eyes, both being of many appearances, and having good prospects, would like to correspond with two young ladies, of about the same age, with a view to matrimony.

EDMUND B.—Yes, we believe there have been Bank of England notes issued for £1,000,000 sterling. We have some recollection of one such note being in the possession of Rogers, the poet, another in that of Rothschild, and a third in the possession of the late Mr. Coutts.

ANNE, who is twenty-five years of age, whose only fortune is an affectionate disposition, good temper, and domestic habits, would be glad to enter into a matrimonial correspondence with any gentleman disposed to value these qualifications in a wife.

ANNE W., who is seventeen years of age, 5 feet 2½ inches in height, fair, with grey eyes, light hair, of a cheerful disposition, would like to correspond with a young gentleman, from twenty to twenty-five years of age, with a view to matrimony.

MIRKA C. will be happy to correspond with a gentleman of moderate means, with a view to matrimony. In twenty-two years of age, dark hair and eyes, regular features, considered very pleasant in manner, and will have an ample dowry on her marriage. *Carte de visite* required.

VERONICA sends a matrimonial note, so well written, that we regret its length precludes us from inserting it in full. We can only give the gist of it. Veronica says:—"I am thirty years of age, and never had a lover; having been my father's housekeeper for nearly twenty years, and sternly forbidden to make any acquaintance, accounts partly for that fact. I am not pretty—not even prepossessing. I don't think I am ugly enough to frighten anyone, but I am decidedly

plain. My occupation's gone, my father having taken into himself a wife, and I wander about the house like one without a name. What can I do? I cannot go into society, having always led a secluded life. I have a very warm, sympathetic heart, and am an experienced housekeeper. I have not much money at present, but looming in the near distance a sufficient independence. I am neither tall, short, dark, nor fair. I think I am a kind, cheerful companion, but cannot sing, dance, or play music." Surely some of our bachelor readers will come to the conclusion that "Virginia" would make an admirable wife.

ROSE.—A tailor in the army is a soldier, and only excused from doing duty as other soldiers as a matter of favour or exception. The pay is very little; and the man can be sent to do ordinary duty as a soldier whenever the commanding officer thinks proper to order him back to the ranks.

M. U. L.—By this sign we conquer.

"Whenever the way seems long,
Or the heart begins to fail,
We sing a more wonderful song,
And tell a more marvellous tale."

C. C. A.—The following mixture is recommended as a cure for a bad cold and cough:—Solution of acetate of ammonia, two ounces; ipecacuanha wine, two drachms; antimony wine, two drachms; solution of muriate of morphia, half a drachm; treacle, four drachms; water, eight ounces. Two tablespoonfuls to be taken three times a day.

J. E.—If the paper is so absorbent as not to allow of being written on with ordinary ink, the defect may be remedied by dissolving a drachm of alum in three ounces of spring water, and spunging the paper with it. When dry, it will bear writing upon without blotting. Or you may write on absorbent paper with common ink, by mixing gum-water with it.

LILY AND VIOLET are tired of wasting their attractions on the timid and unappreciating gentlemen of Doncaster; and therefore signify to all and sundry of our bachelor readers that they are willing to be wooed and won. "Lily" is a blonde, twenty years of age, and considered pretty. "Violet" is a brunette, seventeen years of age, and considered very handsome. Both have good expectations on coming of age.

GOOD NIGHT!

Good night!—the gliding shadows come
Like heralds from the realm of sleep,
Where spirits in their distant home
Of castled light their vigils keep;
And earth itself—the moonlit earth—
Seems sleeping in the gentle light,
And winds have hushed their milder mirth
To lullabies of rest—Good night!

Good night!—the busy thoughts that fill
The day with passion, power, and pride,
On sleep's serene living still,
In phantom struggle harmless glide;
Unconscious hopes and hidden dreams,
That lay in daylight's stir unknown,
Like stars, wake with its setting beams,
And fill with light the young heart's throne.

Once more, Good night!—but echo not
The word with light and cheerful tone;
That restless spirit, wandering thought,
May be with God ere night be flown!
The languid breath, the low-pulsed heart,
Their vital watch may fail to keep—
One of its thousand strings may part,
And life's mysterious music sleep.

A. C. L.—The word clerk (in Latin, *clericus*) is essentially a clerical (or ecclesiastical) term; it is of very old use in this sense, and for a long period denoted exclusively a person in holy orders. The term at first indicated the special function and superior education of the clergy; but, subsequently, all who could read and write came to be designated as clerics, or clerks—that is, having a clerical education.

WM. FRASER.—The reason why the harp has been assumed for the arms of Ireland, has not been satisfactorily established. Henry VIII. introduced on his coins the harp, crowned on the reverse for Ireland; King James I. placed the harp as the arms of Ireland in the third quarter of the royal achievement of Great Britain, where it has ever since continued. But the origin of the harp being adopted as the Irish national symbol seems to be lost in antiquity.

A. CARPENTER.—By the Wills Act of 1833, it was enacted that no will is valid unless it be in writing, signed (in the presence of witnesses) at the foot thereof by the testator, and witnessed and signed by two or more persons in his presence. Formerly a seal was required to a will, but is now unnecessary. The personal property in question may be willed to you; and you will find a correct form of will in No. 84.

SCOTMAN, being rather envious of the matrimonial answers received by other wife-seeking bachelors, is minded to try his own fortune, and says:—"I am nineteen years of age, 5 feet 10 inches in height, rather dark complexion, and considered good-looking, of a highly respectable family, and at present studying for the medical profession. The young lady replying must be about eighteen years of age, and not too little; and *carte de visite* exchanged, if so desired."

M. C. P.—No, "Bluebeard" is not wholly a fabulous personage. The original Bluebeard was Gilles de Laval, a marshal of France in 1429, who made himself some reputation by his courage against the English when they invaded France. He was, however, of a most cruel and debauched character; and after committing numberless atrocities, was at length, for some offence against the Duke of Brittany, burnt alive in a field at Nantes, in 1440.

CASTORUS.—The custom of awarding medals for military merit in the British Army and Navy does not appear to be older than the period of the Commonwealth. The House of Commons granted rewards and medals to the officers and men of the fleet, under Blake, &c., that won the great victory over the Dutch off the Texel, in 1653; and about forty years afterwards an act was passed for awarding the tenth part of the proceeds of prizes, for medals and rewards towards naval achievements.

J. S. M.—The following pomade is recommended as a preventative against baldness:—Beef marrow, soaked in several waters, melted, and strained, half a pound; tincture of cantharides (obtained by soaking for six or seven days

one drachm of powdered cantharides in one ounce of proof spirit), one ounce; oil of bergamot, twelve drops. Or you may use for the same object the following lotion.—Zinc dust, Cologne, two ounces; oil of rosemary or lavender, of either, ten drops. These applications must be used daily for some little time; if they produce a soreness of the scalp, omit the use of them for a time, or apply at longer intervals.

ANASTAS POWIS.—A good remedy for sprains and bruises can be prepared thus:—Take one pint of train-oil, half a pound of stone pitch, half a pound of resin, half a pound of beeswax, and half a pound of tallow, or smaller proportions, of each. Boil all together for half an hour, skim carefully, pour the liquid into a gallipot, and when cold it will be fit to use. It must be spread (as thick as blither salve) upon a piece of coarse flannel cloth, then applied to the sprained part, and allowed to remain for a day or two. It will give immediate relief, and produce a speedy cure.

A VOLUNTEER ANTIQUARIAN.—Both the terms *morior* and *hæwiter* are derived from foreign languages. The first is from the Latin *morior*, a vessel in which things are pounded or mixed together (whence the term is also given to the compound of lime, cement, gravel, &c., used in building); and a glance at the huge iron engines of warfare to be found at Woolwich will readily show the derivation of the name as applied to them. The *hæwiter* was a German invention; and the name *hæwiter*, which was given to them on account of their being originally loaded with old nails, broken glass, &c., has supplied the English name *howitzer*.

L. M. GREEN.—Referring to a paragraph which appeared in our columns, giving an account of a picture found in an old house in Oxfordshire, representing King Charles I. and Henrietta Maria shortly after their marriage, this correspondent writes:—"The description there given caused me to examine an old coin attached to my Albert chain, and it appears to correspond with yours of the picture to a great extent. On one side is, as I suppose, the king and queen face to face, the king having on a sort of lace ruff round his neck, and beard pointed; and the queen having a broad frill or collar with beads round her neck, and chain with ornament attached. The inscription is as follows:—'CAR. MAG. ET. HEN. MAR. BRIT. REX. ET. REG.' on the reverse is Cupid holding a large bunch of flowers in branches; and if the coin bears any value!" We can inform our correspondent that this is a small medal struck upon the marriage of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, when the lilies of France were mingled with the roses of England. These medals must have been distributed very numerously, there being several varieties; and of some more than one pair of dies were used. Their value is nominal. The other coins alluded to are scarcer, and consequently possess somewhat more value.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—"K. W. M." has no objection to forward his *carte* on receiving that of "Amelia"—"H. H." a bachelor, of steady habits and possessed of a small income, is desirous of an introduction to "S. H." (the widow)—"Helena" would like to correspond further with "Augustus L." or "Innocenzo," and would prefer a twelve months' courtship. *Carte de visite* requested.—"Wild Day" would be very much pleased to correspond, with a matrimonial view, with "Ratlin the Reaver." Is eighteen years of age, considered pretty, 5 ft. 3 in. in height, petite, with brown hair and eyes, fair complexion, and very cheerful, good tempered, very lively and affectionate, and would be happy to exchange *cartes*—"Topasli," who belongs to Her Majesty's Navy, informs "Lara" that he offers himself to her consideration, with a view to matrimony. Is nineteen years of age, 5 feet 10 inches high, well-educated, exceedingly fond of music, and would be glad to exchange *cartes*. (Handwriting very good).—"R. V." offers himself to the acceptance of "Amelia Mastella." His qualifications are exactly those desired. Is eighteen and a half years of age, and has a private income of £250 per annum; belongs to a highly respectable family, musical and fond of cheerful home society, and does not doubt that he would make a good husband—"Solitary Carlo" is quite impatient to receive "Bella's" *carte de visite* in exchange for his own—"J. M.," a country gentleman, having nothing but his horses at present to occupy his attention, wishes to correspond with "Lucette," with a view to matrimony, and will with pleasure forward *carte*. He has about 700 acres of land in the north of England, and owns a large racing stud. Is twenty-five years of age, light hair, tawny whiskers, 5 feet 8 inches in height, and weighs 10st. 4lbs. is of good constitution, and well calculated to make a good husband—"A. C. R." intimates that he will be glad to commence a matrimonial correspondence with "Harry Leopold W." Is an orphan, and living with an only brother, who is married, and shortly going abroad, "A. C. R." not wishing to accompany him. Is considered very pretty, ladylike, and accomplished, nineteen years of age, with brown hair, fair complexion, blue eyes, 5 feet 5 inches in height, and fond of domestic duties. Has only very little fortune—"Montague" would be pleased to receive "Jessie's" photograph, as he wishes to make her acquaintance, with a view to matrimony. He has about £500 a year, and holds at present a commission in Her Majesty's service. "Montague" is 5 ft. 9 in. in height, weighs 10st. 7 lb., has dark hair, whiskers, and moustache, is very good-natured, and well calculated to make his wife happy—"Lettie" thinks she would like to correspond matrimonially with "Number Twenty-nine." Is twenty-three years of age, 5 ft. 4 in. in height, slight figure, dark hair and eyes, good complexion and features, considered good-looking, and will cheerfully undertake to make "Number Twenty-nine" a loving and obedient little wife.

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